

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1817.

- ART. I. 1. *A Chronological History of the Voyages and Discoveries in the South Sea or Pacific Ocean; illustrated with Charts and other Plates.* By James Burney, Captain in the Royal Navy. 5 vols. 4to. 1813 and 1816.
2. *An Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, with an original Grammar and Vocabulary of their language.* Compiled and arranged from the extensive Communications of Mr. William Mariner, several years resident in those islands. By John Martin, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 1817.
3. *Transactions of the Missionary Society.*

THE first of these works is a masterly digest of the voyages in the South Sea, previous to those celebrated expeditions of discovery performed during the present reign. For such an undertaking the author possessed every requisite of local knowledge, as well as practical and theoretical acquirements. He accompanied Capt. Cook in his last two voyages, and the pupil was not unworthy of such a master. His book displays a rare union of nautical science and literary research; the manner is plain and seaman-like, as it should be; there is no affectation of any kind, and the liberal and humane spirit which it breathes is honourable to his profession and his country. The second work is one of the most interesting narratives which we have ever perused.

In one of our early Numbers* we noticed the narrative of a four years' residence at Tongataboo; collected from the communications of a *quondam* missionary, by the Rev. Mr. Pigott. Mr. Mariner has been fortunate in meeting with a more competent editor, and being himself an observant as well as a respectable man, his recollections, aided by the well-directed curiosity and indefatigable diligence of his friend, have produced the fullest and most satisfactory account of a savage or semi-savage people ever laid before the public.

William Mariner, in the fourteenth year of his age, engaged as captain's-clerk in the Port au Prince privateer and whaler, going under the immediate protection of the captain, who had served his apprenticeship to the sea under Mariner's father. The lad's education had been better than is usually bestowed on those who are designed for this way of life: he had learnt some Latin and more

* Vol. iii. p. 440.

French, and had made much progress in history and geography for his age. His spirit was adventurous, mind susceptible, active and eager for knowledge, and his disposition good. In February, 1805, he sailed for the South Seas. After many of those buccaneering adventures which aggravate the evils of war, without, in the slightest degree, affecting its decision or accelerating its end, the captain died, and the ship, not being permitted to enter the close harbour at Owhyhee, because there was a sick man on board, and the natives were apprehensive of contagion, bore away for Otaheite—taking on board eight of the Sandwich islanders, as she was in want of hands on account of a leak. The leak increased alarmingly: they missed Otaheite by reason of an adverse current, steered therefore for the Friendly islands, and at the end of November, 1806, anchored at the N. W. point of Lefooga—where Captain Cook had anchored in May, 1777.

The natives came immediately on board with a present of provisions: a Sandwich islander was with them, who spoke English. He had sailed in an American to Manilla and from thence to these islands, where he had taken up his abode. This man endeavoured to convince them that the natives were disposed towards them in the most friendly manner. One of his countrymen on board thought otherwise, declared his opinion that treachery was intended, and advised Mr. Brown, the whaling master, who had succeeded to the command of the vessel, to send all the natives out of the ship, except a few chiefs. Brown was an imperious, wrong-headed and wrong-hearted man, and instead of attending to this prudent counsel, threatened to flog the poor fellow who gave it. The next day was Sunday, and the men, as they had been accustomed on Sunday, at whatever place they had touched, asked leave to go on shore. Brown replied that they might go to hell if they pleased, but that they should not go on shore till the work was done on board, for he had ordered them to careen the vessel. Presently nineteen of the men went ashore in defiance of him, and some of them took their clothes, meaning never to return to the ship,—for Brown had made himself greatly disliked by his tyrannical and brutal conduct. The day did not pass over without danger, but as the men took the alarm in time, Brown was roused to some little exertion: he objected to have so many armed natives on board: two chiefs, who were at that time preparing to massacre the crew, exerted themselves to clear the ship at his remonstrance, and the devoted victims thus obtained one night's respite from their fate. On the following morning about 300 natives came on board, and Too'i Too'i, the Sandwich islander, who was the main agent in the conspiracy, invited Brown to go on shore: he complied immediately, and went unarmed. About half an hour afterwards, Mariner, who was writing in the steerage, came

came up to the hatch for the sake of the light, to mend his pen. Looking up he saw Mr. Dixon, who was left in command, standing on a gun, and endeavouring, by signs, to prevent more of the natives from coming on board. Immediately they set up a loud cry, and one of them knocked him down with a club. Mariner turned about to run toward the gun-room, when a savage caught him by the hand; he disengaged himself, reached the gun-room, and finding the cooper there, they fled to the magazine, where, after a short consultation, they came to the resolution of revenging their comrades and procuring for themselves an easy death by blowing up the vessel. With this purpose the lad went back to the gun-room for flint and steel; but the boarding pikes had been thrown down the scuttle upon the arm-chest: he could not remove them without making a noise, which the savages would have heard, and therefore he returned to the magazine. The cooper was in great distress at the apprehension of immediate death:—Mariner, with a brave feeling, proposed that they should go upon deck and be killed at once while their enemies were hot with slaughter,—rather than be subjected to cooler cruelties. Accordingly he led the way, and seeing the Sandwicher, Tooi Tooi, and one of the chiefs in the cabin, lifted off the hatch, jumped into the cabin, presented his open hands to the Sandwicher, and addressing him by a word of friendly salutation among those islanders, asked if he meant to kill him, and said he was ready to die. Tooi Tooi promised him that he should not be hurt, for the chiefs were in possession of the ship, and taking him and the cooper under his protection, led them upon deck toward one of the chiefs who had conducted the enterprize.

A more frightful spectacle can scarcely be conceived than the deck presented—a ‘short squab’ naked savage, about fifty years of age, sat upon the companion, with a seaman’s jacket soaked in blood thrown over one shoulder, and his club, spattered with blood and brains, upon the other. A paralytic motion of one eye and one side of the mouth increased the frightfulness of his appearance. There were two and twenty dead bodies upon the deck, perfectly naked, laid side by side, and so dreadfully battered about the head that scarcely any of them could be recognized. A man counted them and reported their number, after which they were immediately thrown overboard. The savages were satisfied with their success, and abstained from any superfluous murders. They had spared two of the crew, and detaining the cooper on board they sent Mariner on shore under charge of a petty chief, who stript him of his shirt upon the way. The boy went with a sort of desperate indifference, prepared for whatever might befall him. Brown was lying dead upon the beach,—and three of the mutineers were stretched in the same condition near a fire, where the natives were about to bake

some hogs. They led Mariner away and stript him of his trowsers, exposing him thus naked to the sun, which blistered his skin shockingly. Some of the natives came up every now and then to examine him, and give scope to the cruel propensities of perverted human nature. They spat upon him, threw sticks and cocoa-shells at him which cut his head in several places, and led him about as fast as the soreness of his bare feet would enable him to walk. The first who took compassion upon him was a woman, who happening to pass by gave him an apron, with which he was permitted to cover himself. Weary at length with their brutal mockery his persecutors went into a hut to drink cava, and made him sit down in the corner, it being disrespectful to stand in the presence of a superior. While they were regaling themselves a man entered in haste and took him away: Finow, the king of the island, seeing the boy on board, had taken a liking to him; he fancied him to be the captain's son or perhaps a young chief of consequence in his own country, and had given orders to spare his life whatever other blood it might be necessary to shed in seizing the vessel.

When the poor boy was brought before Finow, foot sore, covered with dirt, his head wounded in many places and his skin blistered by the sun, the women who belonged to this savage chief uttered a general cry of compassion, and beat their breasts at seeing him. Finow put his nose to the boy's forehead,—which is a mark of friendly salutation; he was sent to wash himself at a pond, and was then anointed all over with sandal-wood oil, which alleviated the pain of his wounds and refreshed him greatly; a mat was given him to lie down, and being exhausted with fatigue and wretchedness he presently fell fast asleep. About fourteen of the Port au Prince's crew had escaped from the massacre, they were employed to bring the ship close in shore; her carronades and powder were landed for Finow's use, and she was then burnt for her iron-work. Tooi Tooi advised Finow to put all the Englishmen to death, lest when another ship arrived they should tell their countrymen what had happened, and thus produce a dreadful vengeance. Fortunately for them Finow was too much a savage to comprehend the policy of this advice: what he had done appeared to him completely justifiable upon the ground of his own interest, and Mr. Mariner says, he thought that white people were of too generous and forgiving a temper to take revenge. He gave these men leave to build a vessel, and endeavour to reach Norfolk island; but happening to notch one of their axes at the work, he refused them the use of the tools any longer: all hopes of escape were therefore removed except from the arrival of some vessel; and resigning themselves to their fate they adapted themselves as well as they could to the manners of the country.

As Mr. Mariner's adventures are from this time connected with the history of the Tonga Islands, Dr. Martin has here briefly represented their then existing state. The missionaries, in 1797, found these islands in as high a state of cultivation and beauty as they appeared to their first discoverer, Tasman, and to Captain Cook, who thought himself transported into the most fertile places of Europe. 'There was not,' says this great navigator, 'an inch of waste ground: the roads occupied no more space than was absolutely necessary; the fences did not take up above four inches each, and even this was not wholly lost, for in many were planted some useful trees or plants. It was everywhere the same; change of place altered not the scene: nature, assisted by a little art, nowhere appears in more splendour than here.' In 1799 a revolution took place, and from that time these islands have been almost uninterruptedly a theatre of horrors.

Toogoo Ahoo,* king, or, according to the native title, *How*, of the Tonga islands, is represented by Mr. Mariner as a man of that capricious and wanton cruelty which the possession of unbounded power produces in an evil disposition. 'On one occasion he gave orders, which were instantly obeyed, that twelve of his cooks, who were always in waiting at his public ceremony of drinking cava, should undergo the amputation of their left arms, merely to distinguish them from other men, and for the vanity of rendering himself singular by this extraordinary exercise of his authority.' No act of frantic wickedness is incredible in a tyrant,—nor any act of fiendish cruelty in a savage: this man was both. His uncle, Finow Loo-galalla, (or Lukolallo, as it is written in the missionary voyage,) father of the Finow whose history Mr. Mariner records, had expected to succeed to the Howship instead of his nephew; chagrin at the disappointment was thought to have shortened his life, and the missionaries repeat a report that with his dying breath he charged his sons to kill their cousin Toogoo Ahoo. Mr. Mariner gives a patriotic colouring to the action,—but it was the act of savage against savage, one merciless barbarian against another. Toobo Neuha took the lead in the conspiracy: he and his brother Finow waited on the How with a present,—thus they obtained a pretext for remaining that night, with their followers, near his house. Their followers were stationed round it to dispatch all who might attempt to escape, and Toobo Neuha entered with his axe to commit the murder. The missionary (who in the subsequent war contracted a guilt ten-fold more damning than his apostasy) says, that he ascertained his victim in the darkness by the perfumed oil on his head which is used only by the principal chief. To have killed

* The missionaries, who generally use the D where Mr. Mariner places a T, call him Dugonagaboola, thinking this to be his title. His name they write Tooga Howe.

him sleeping would not have gratified the passion, whatever it was, which instigated the deed. He struck him on the face with his hand, and as he started from a deep sleep at the blow, exclaimed, 'Tis I, Toobo Neuha! and drove down the deadly weapon. He snatched up a child of three years old whom the slain chief had adopted, and rescued him from the massacre,—but the most beautiful women of Tonga, the wives and mistresses of the How, were butchered by his followers! Dr. Martin says, that as he entered the house, and saw them sleeping on either hand, perfumed with sandal-wood and their necks strung with wreaths of the freshest flowers, he could have wept over their fate,—'but the freedom of his country was at stake.' Such language is worse than nonsensical, and deserves to be severely reprehended. The freedom of Tonga! Supposing freedom had ever been thought of or dreamt of in these islands, or that any person there knew any thing about freedom, in what manner was it to be promoted by knocking out the brains of these innocent women? Was not the object of the chief accomplished by the single murder of the How? The murders which Dr. Martin makes his sentimental and patriotic savage lament, he might have prevented by a word;—the wickedness was gratuitous, a *bonne-bouche* for his followers, a little amusement to keep their hands in. Such are the dispositions of savage man!

Mr. Mariner has, undoubtedly, represented the character of the murdered How as he heard it described;—but his information came from the murderers and from their party. Mr. Pigott tells us, that the people of Aheefo, which was the How's particular district, 'warmly took up the cause of their chief,' and the missionaries say that the news of his murder flew through the country and seemed to fire every one with indignation and a desire of revenge. One of the chiefs, to express his abhorrence in the strongest manner, ordered the body of old Finow to be taken up and fixed upon a tree for public exposure, which was esteemed the greatest indignity that could be offered to his family. A battle ensued, which fires the imagination of Dr. Martin, and he describes it in a style of language that may be thought, he confesses, 'not very consistent with the sobriety of historical narration.' The style, indeed, is such as may merit the approbation of Sir John Sinclair, who has lately informed the public that the battle of Waterloo is finely described in Ossian as translated by the Rev. Dr. Rosa. There is, however, a fine characteristic circumstance: a chief, by name Tooi Hala Fatai, who had been amusing himself with two hundred and fifty followers as ferocious as himself by engaging in the Feejee wars, and acquiring the execrable habits of those fiercer savages, returned at this time and joined Finow; he was very ill, and believing

believing that the disease was incurable, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, and died, according to his purpose, in battle.

Dr. Martin says, that Finow summoned together the partizans of liberty, and that his enemies fled in all directions conquered by that arm which had delivered the country from a tyrant. His bombast about standing like a rock and rushing like a torrent is more tolerable than this abominable abuse of language. The consequence of his conduct was, that he found it expedient to retreat from Tonga and look to his own possessions. He secured his authority in the Hapai islands, after one battle, and put to death all his prisoners, some by the French fashion of a noyade as practised by the Jacobines at Nantes, and the Buonapartists at St. Domingo: they were taken out in canoes which were scuttled and sunk immediately, or tied hand and foot in old leaky vessels and left to sink gradually. Others were tied naked to trees or stakes, and left to perish by the scorching heat of the sun,—by the tortures which boys inflicted upon them,—for in this country boys are trained to cruelty,—and by hunger. Those who were most fortunate were three or four days in dying; stronger frames endured more than a week in this dreadful state of suffering. Yet the sense of right and wrong has not wholly been effaced in this most inhuman people: ever since these atrocious acts they believe that the groans of the victims are heard frequently by night. Dr. Martin says, no doubt this is the roaring of the distant surf, or of the sea in subterraneous caverns. But the roaring of the surf can be no new sound,—and these things belong to the inner world which is in the mind of man,—they are the echoes of conscience,—and are, indeed, dreadful realities. The island of Vavaoo was given by Finow to his brother Toobo Neuha, who was to pay him an annual tribute: he himself reigned in the Hapai islands. Tonga, meantime, which had been in so flourishing and beautiful a state before the murder of its acknowledged sovereign, suffered all the miseries of anarchy and civil war. It was divided into several petty states—each at war with its neighbours, every party built a fort for itself, and Finow annually made a descent upon the island, attempting to reduce one or other of them, but they were so well fortified and intrenched that though several years had elapsed when Mr. Mariner arrived, he had not succeeded in taking or destroying one. The hope of obtaining means which might ensure his success seems to have been the chief motive for surprizing the Port au Prince. He now ordered Mr. Mariner and four of his companions to prepare for accompanying him in his annual expedition, and to get ready four twelve-pounder carronades. They collected as many of the shot as could be found, for the natives not being able to shape them for any common purpose had thrown them aside: they cut up sheet lead and made it

into rolls, to be used as shot, and directed the native carpenters to mount the carronades upon new carriages with high wheels.

While these preparations were going forward, and the natives were busily engaged in repairing their canoes and collecting weapons for the war, Finow asked Mr. Mariner whether he had a mother living, and being answered in the affirmative, seemed to be touched with compassion. He then made one of his wives adopt him as her son, telling him he need only apply to her if he wanted any thing to make his situation more comfortable, and that it was in her power to procure for him whatever he might reasonably desire. Her conduct towards him was, from that time, as if he had been her own child. Power and ambition, and the habits of savage life, had made Finow a monster of cruelty and falsehood, for all circumstances had tended thus to pervert his strong intellect; but monster as he was, he had many great qualities and some good ones. Little did he imagine when, in directing the massacre of the ship's crew, he gave orders to spare a boy whose appearance and youth had excited his compassion, that by that boy's means his life and actions should be made known throughout the civilized world, and perhaps to the latest posterity: for Finow is not one of those men whose history is forgotten as soon as read,—his character is strongly marked and prominent, one of those which in future ages will stand alone for remembrance. There is a portrait of this remarkable man in Labillardière's *Account of D'Entrecasteaux's Voyage*. He happens also to be described in the *Journal* of one of Captain Cook's officers, which is now before us: 'Finow,' says the writer, 'appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, a tall, handsome man: he had much fire and vivacity, with a degree of wildness in his countenance that well tallied with our idea of an Indian warrior, and he was one of the most active men I have ever seen. The western part of Tongataboo, with Anamooka, the Hapai islands, and all the islands to the northward, were under his jurisdiction. But what gave him more consequence was his spirit, activity, and his post as general. Whenever the people of Tongataboo went to war, they were headed by him. His followers were numerous, and more attached to him than those of any other chief; in short, he was by much the most popular man among the islands. Nevertheless, Finow, with all his good qualities, was tainted with a degree of rapaciousness that made him guilty of actions rather bordering on meanness and dishonesty, which, I believe, he was chiefly tempted to from a desire of being liberal to his adherents.' Mr. Mariner and his friendly editor will read this description of their hero in his youth with much interest.

Before the expedition set sail there occurred an instance of that utter disregard of human life by which all such men as Finow and Buonaparte

Buonaparte are distinguished. A woman, whose child, according to the accursed custom of these islands, had been strangled as an offering to the gods for the recovery of his sick father, lost her senses in consequence of the shocking act. All persons wished her dead, not so much because her existence was miserable to herself, as because it was mournful for others to behold her. Finow desired Mr. Mariner to shoot her, - for the sake of putting her out of the way, and seeing at the same time the effect of a musket shot; but the boy replied with proper feeling, that though willing to risk his life in the king's service against his enemies, it was contrary to his own religion, and to the laws of the country in which he was born, to destroy an innocent fellow-creature in cold blood. The answer excited no displeasure, and undoubtedly tended to raise the lad in Finow's esteem, but one of the Sandwichers was ordered a few days after to commit the murder. All being ready for the expedition, about one hundred and seventy large canoes sailed from the Hapai islands and Vavaoo against Tonga.

The name of this island (the Amsterdam of Tasman) has hitherto been written Tongataboo, but *tahoo* is a distinct word, the meaning of which is well known, and which here designates Tonga as the Sacred Island. Perhaps the long state of peace which this people are said to have here enjoyed, before the fashion of war was imported from their Feejee neighbours, may have been owing to the superstition which this name implies: for there were two separate authorities here, the sacerdotal and the secular, as in Japan. Tooitonga, or Chief of Tonga, was an hereditary title, the possessor of which was believed to be descended from one of the chief gods; but whether the race began by a divine or mortal mother they pretend not to determine. Veachi was the head of another such sacred family. Both these personages were superior in rank to the king by reason of their descent; to which, indeed, such respect is paid in these islands, that if the How meets a chief of nobler family than himself, he must sit down on the ground till the other has passed him. This explains Captain Cook's supposition that Finow had deceived him concerning his authority, because that chief appeared as an inferior in Fatafehe's presence, - that being the family name of the Tooitonga. It may be collected from the account in the *Missionary* Voyage*, that the Tooitonga formerly possessed civil as well as religious authority. Toogoo Ahoo was the first secular chief who resisted this, and by force of arms destroyed a power which rested wholly upon public opinion. This revolution may facilitate the introduction of Christianity into these islands, by weakening the superstition of the natives, and of

* Page 252, 274, first edition.

that class of men who are interested in upholding it. But hitherto the effects have been dreadful. While the priestly system of government continued, intestine wars are said to have been unknown among them. Tasman saw no weapons among them; and in Valentyn's account of the first discovery, it is said, that except an inclination to pilfering, they seemed to have no other evil in their mind: Dr. Martin even believes that they learnt the practice of war from the Feejees. Certain, however, it is, that they had enjoyed many generations of peace. The beautiful state in which the islands were found on their first discovery in 1642, by Cook after an interval of one hundred and thirty years, and by the Missionaries in 1797, confirms, in this point, the account which Mr. Mariner received from the people themselves. Toogoo Ahoo paid dearly for the brief authority which he had enlarged by breaking their sacred spell, and from the hour when he effected this unhappy revolution, these islands have been the scene of slaughter, famine, and every imaginable horror.

One superstition remained in full force when Finow made this his most formidable attempt upon Tonga. On the western shore of that island is a piece of ground about half a mile square, where from time immemorial the greatest chiefs have been buried; on this account it is considered sacred; no person may be prevented from landing there, and if the most inveterate enemies should meet there, they must restrain their hatred, on pain of the displeasure of the gods, to be manifested by some great calamity, or by untimely death. Here Finow landed with several of his chiefs to perform a ceremony at his father's grave. All who attended put on mats instead of their usual dress, and wreaths* of the leaves of the Ifi-tree round their necks, as significant of respect and humility. They sat down before the grave cross-legged, beating their cheeks for half a minute. One of the Matabooles (the companions, counsellors, and ministers of the chiefs) then addressed the spirit of the dead, invoking him to favour and protect Finow: 'He comes to battle hoping he is not doing wrong; he has always held Tooitonga in the highest respect, and has attended to all religious ceremonies with exactness.' Pieces of cava root were then laid as an offering before the grave. Meantime the army were painting their faces and bodies for battle in their canoes, and the enemy on shore ran up and down the beach with furious gestures and shouts of defiance, splashing up the water with their clubs, brandishing them in the air, and flourishing their spears;—a striking scene when contrasted with the inviolableness of the burial ground and the rites which were paid to the dead.

* In one of the prints in Valentyn, a man is represented with a Vandyke ruff of leaves round his neck.

Having

Having performed this ceremony, Finow and his adherents returned to their canoes, and the whole fleet proceeded against Niocalofa, the strongest fortress in the island. It was situated near the shore, occupied about four or five acres, and consisted of two circular fencings, with a ditch on the outside of each, about twelve feet deep and broad. The fencing was composed of reeds strongly inwoven and fastened by something like what seamen call sennit, made of the coco husk, to upright posts from six to nine inches in diameter, and planted at intervals of a foot and a half. The reed-work is about nine feet high, the posts about ten. The entrances are all secured by horizontal sliding pieces of wood, and over them, as well as at other places, at intervals of from forty to fifty feet, projecting platforms are formed; where the warriors, being protected in front and half way on either side by a reed-work of their own height, discharge their weapons through loop holes. Till this time Finow had never been able to take one of these fortresses, such perfect security did they afford to the inhabitants when they were resolutely defended against enemies no better armed than themselves. But against European weapons they were miserably ineffectual. The carronades produced so little apparent effect upon the reed-work, that Finow expressed his disappointment to Mr. Mariner;—he presently found that the besieged relaxed in their defence, the entrances were forced with little resistance, and when Finow beheld the mangled limbs and bodies with which the interior was strewn, he acknowledged his astonishment at the havoc which these dreadful instruments of destruction had made. About three hundred and fifty persons were lying dead, and the prisoners declared that the balls instead of proceeding straight forward when they entered a house, seemed to search about as if seeking for men to kill. Few prisoners were taken: for men, women, and children were indiscriminately massacred by the clubs of these ferocious savages; and boys who followed the expedition, as if serving their apprenticeship to war, ran their spears into those who were lying helpless upon the ground, and tormented the wounded and dying. In like manner among the Guaranies of Paraguay, when a prisoner had been felled by the butcher at one of their cannibal feasts, children were put to hammer at his head with little hatchets that they might learn how to kill their enemies. Four centuries have not elapsed since a like practice was pursued in Europe, in the highest rank, and among a people who then, as now, conceived themselves the most polished of all nations. Monstrelet tells that when the young Count de St. Pol was entered a warrior, 'his uncle made him slay several, in which he took much delight,' and the reader who remembers this will not take much compassion

compassion for that Count de St. Pol when he was brought to the scaffold. Four centuries we may hope will produce a greater amelioration in Tonga than they have done in France.

The fortress was set on fire and totally destroyed. Had Finow pursued his victory, the whole island would probably have submitted, while the dismay was fresh with which his artillery had struck them. But he retired to an island which is separated from Tonga by a narrow reef, and there consulted the gods. This ceremony is connected with a curious article of faith. It is believed in these islands that the gods frequently act immediately upon individuals, taking possession of their minds. Hysterical weeping and fainting in a woman is imputed to the direct agency of the gods, who are supposed to be accusing the patient at such time of having neglected some religious duty. A sudden depression of spirit accompanied with tears is ascribed to the same cause. This opinion has produced some extraordinary cases: A young chief, who was remarkable for his personal beauty, became on a sudden exceedingly low-spirited, fainted away, and when his senses returned found himself very ill: according to their persuasion it was a clear case of inspiration. He was taken to the house of a priest, where the sick are always carried, that the will of the gods may be known; and the priest is understood to become immediately inspired on the patient's account, and to remain so as long as the sick person continues with him. In this state of professional inspiration, the practitioner told the chief that it was the spirit of a woman which possessed him; she had died two years before, and was now in Bolotoo, their island of the Happy; she was deeply in love with him, she wished him to die that she might enjoy his company, and die in the course of a few days he would. The patient replied that he had indeed been visited by a female figure two or three successive nights in his sleep, and though he knew not who she was, had begun to suspect that she possessed him: two days afterwards he fulfilled the prediction, as might be expected. Mr. Mariner was present when the priest foretold his death. A more extraordinary case is that of Finow's son, a man whose mind seems fitted for civilization, and his heart for Christianity. He declares that he is sometimes possessed by the spirit of Toogoo Ahoo, whom his father murdered; at such times, he says, he becomes restless, uncomfortable, agitated, and in a glow of heat; scarcely feeling his own personal identity, but rather as if his own natural mind was suspended, and another had taken its place, perfectly sensible of surrounding objects, but his thoughts wandering upon strange and unusual things. Mr. Mariner asked him how he knew it was Toogoo Ahoo; his answer was—'There's a fool! how can I tell you *how* I knew it? I felt and knew it was so by

by a kind of consciousness: my mind told me it was Toogoo Ahoo.' Finow himself, though he was an unbeliever, was yet inspired by the spirit of Moomooi, one of their late kings.

These visitations are not invoked by the persons who are subject to them, though there are some who have their mind and body so much under command that they can induce the fit by volition. Among the priests it is of course the secret of their craft; and when Finow on this occasion consulted the gods, the usual preparations were made. A hog was killed and prepared on the eve, and carried, with a basket of yams and two bunches of ripe plantains, the next morning, to the place where the priest happened to be. The matabooles form a circle round him, and the chiefs sit behind them indiscriminately among the people—their religion, in this instance, acknowledging the common nature of all ranks and classes, notwithstanding the monstrous tenet that the chiefs alone are gifted with immortal souls, the lower classes being like the beasts who perish. As soon as they are all seated, the priest surrenders himself immediately to the inspiration. He sits perfectly still, with his eyes cast down, and his hands clasped before him. If the matabooles consult him while the food is shared out, he remains still, with his eyes cast down, and frequently will not answer a word till the repast is finished, and the cava too. When he begins to speak, it is in a low and unusual voice, which gradually rises to its natural pitch, or above it, and he speaks in the character of the god. This is generally done without any apparent emotion; but sometimes his whole countenance becomes inflamed, his whole frame agitated, the sweat starts on his forehead, his lips turn black and are convulsed, he weeps profusely, his breast heaves, and his utterance is choked. Before and after this paroxysm, Mr. Mariner says, he often eats as much as four hungry men could devour under other circumstances. When the fit is over, he takes up a club, and after many gesticulations strikes the ground with it, upon which the god immediately leaves him.

The advice of the gods was, that Finow should rebuild the *colo*, or fortress, which he had destroyed. While he was thus occupied, some skirmishes took place, and some of his chiefs, who had learned the Feejee fashion, proposed to kill and eat the prisoners, which was accordingly done, some thinking it a proper habit to acquire in war, and others reconciling themselves to it because provisions were scarce. When the fort was finished, Finow entrusted it to a neighbouring chief, who had acknowledged him king of Tonga: he was desirous of returning to the Hapai islands to perform a ceremony of great importance, and the gods admonished him not to delay. He did not rely upon the fidelity of the Tonga chief sufficiently to leave a hundred men in garrison with him, as he had at first intended,

and

and it was well he did not, for as soon as he was fairly on his voyage, the chief set fire to the fortress, in order that Finow might see the conflagration. Bitterly enraged as he was, his present duty did not allow him to return to take revenge. The ceremony which required his presence was one consequent upon the death of Tooitonga, the religious chief; when that event takes place, there is such a consumption of food in feasting for nearly a month, that hogs, fowls, and coconuts are *tabooed* for all except great chiefs, for about eight months afterwards, on pain of death, that by this voluntary privation time may be given to repair the previous waste. This *taboo* was now to be taken off, by a large slaughter of hogs, and a ridiculous custom of carrying them when baked whole from one place to another.

Provided as Finow was with artillery, and Europeans to serve it, he might now have resumed his attempts upon Tonga, and reduced all its chiefs to submission; but the perpetration of a new crime led to consequences which prevented him from attaining the great object of his ambition. There was in his service a natural son of the late How, by name Toobo Toa: this person had directed the conspiracy for seizing the Port au Prince, an action which sufficiently proved the ferocity and the treachery of his character. He had made a vow never to drink the milk of the cocoa-nut out of the shell till he had revenged his father's murder upon Toobo Neuha: it was to effect this object that he had joined Finow, though that chief had assisted in the assassination, and reaped the fruit of it: vengeance was his heart's desire, but the manner in which he sought it indicates a fiendish refinement of wickedness, such as has been sometimes portrayed in fiction, but happily for human nature is not often exemplified in real life. He made Finow the instrument of his vengeance; and having by repeated insinuations infused a suspicion of his brother, at length he proposed that he should be assassinated. Toobo Neuha was warned of his danger. He replied, 'Finow is my brother, he is my superior chief, he is king of these islands, and I pay him tribute: my life is at his disposal, and he is welcome to take it, for it is better to die than to live innocent and yet be thought capable of treachery.' Perhaps, well as he knew the remorseless character of his brother, he confided in his own innocence and frankness, and did not think him capable of so gratuitous and impolitic a crime. A plan was laid for his murder, with Finow's knowledge and connivance, and Toobo Neuha was killed, while his treacherous brother made only a feigned attempt to defend him. Toobo Toa was the leader of the assassins, one of whom had motives for the action as strong as his own: this person repeatedly struck the dead body, and exclaimed, 'The time of vengeance is come!—thou hast lived long enough in ease and enjoyment, thou murderer of my father! I would have declared my feel-
ings

ings long ago, if I could have depended upon others to second me; I did not fear death, but the vengeance of my chief Toobo Toa was first to be satisfied, and it was a duty I owed the spirit of my father to preserve my life as long as possible, that I might have the satisfaction to see thee thus lie stinking!"—And when he had said this, he continued to vent his passion by striking the senseless dead. Of all our evil passions, revenge is the strongest and the most enduring; and it finds its way sometimes into minds incapable of baser vices, because it wears at first the semblance of a virtue.

We have many striking pictures of savage life and manners, but never so fine a piece of savage history as is contained in these volumes. Nor is it the less valuable because it relates to people in so savage a state, and to so small a speck upon the globe: the passions are the same as those by which revolutions are effected upon wider scenes, and in this stage of society they are strongly marked, and seen without concealment, like the play of the muscles in the naked figure. Whilst the women were screaming with horror and astonishment, an adopted son of the murdered Toobo Neuha came before Finow, and striking his club against the ground, exclaimed, 'Why sit you there idle, why do you not rouse yourself and your men to revenge the death of the fallen hero? If you had fallen thus beneath your enemies, would he have hesitated to sacrifice his life in revenging you? How great a chief he was! how sadly has he died!'—If ever Finow felt compunction or shame it must have been at this time, when he dared not avow his participation in the murder, and yet confessed it by his actions. He made an artful harangue, for he was a ready orator, and positively declared that he was innocent of the deed, and knew not that it was about to take place: he admitted that he had promised to assist Toobo Toa in such a deed, but he said the promise was made to prevent him from executing it, till proper measures could be devised for preventing it altogether. This could deceive no person; but there were none who dared contradict him at that time. Mr. Mariner, who was present at the whole shocking scene, assisted in washing the body; and the wives of the deceased during the whole night mourned over it, sate close round the corpse, and sang a dismal death-song, frequently interrupting it with exclamation regarding their own misery and forlorn condition, and beating their breasts and faces. During the whole night the fratricide was present at the scene. The next day the body was removed to a neighbouring island, and there deposited in the burial place of his ancestors. Such places are called *Fytocas*, and strikingly resemble those of our British ancestors. The vault is formed of five stones and covered with a sixth, and a mound of earth raised over all, upon which a sort of shed is erected. The dimensions of the vault are about eight feet long, six broad, and
three

three deep. This was a strange funeral, for the slain chief was accompanied by his assassins to the grave. One of them, by name Chiolooa, a great warrior and a powerful man, stood forward as soon as the body had been lowered into the vault, and defied any of the Vavaoo people. 'If you harbour any thought of revenge,' said he, 'come forth at once and fight me on the spot: I am the man who acted a principal part in his death; come on then, one and all, and wreak your vengeance on my head.' This was a safe bravado; for while the Hapai people were all well armed, those of Vavaoo had been forbidden to carry weapons; and lest even this precaution should be insufficient to restrain them, the carronades were planted for Finow's security.

Under these circumstances of compulsion, the Vavaoo chiefs swore allegiance to Finow, placing their hands upon a consecrated bowl, while cava was mixed in it for the ceremonies of one of their gods. He appointed his aunt Toe Oomoo to govern them, as his feudatory, and then dismissed them. But Toe Oomoo loved her murdered nephew, and conceiving a proper hatred against the fratricide, called the chiefs together, and exhorted them to throw off the murderer's yoke. They held a council, and hesitated in their determination with evident timidity, when a sister of the governess, far advanced in years, but with a youthful as well as manly spirit, rushed in among them, brandishing a club and a spear, and demanding why they deliberated so long, when the path of honour was plain, told them that if the men were turned women, the women would turn men, and fight and die in a good cause. Her reproaches roused their spirit, and they resolved to build a fortress, and bid defiance to Finow. The chiefs' houses are generally situated together, and this assemblage of houses is called the Mooa, being in fact the capital of the island; the works were to inclose this, and to surround a space capable of holding all the inhabitants, who were about 8000 in number, with their houses and burial-places. It is mournful to see how soon the wickedness of a few individuals may change the whole habits of a people. When the missionaries came to Tonga, there were no fortifications upon these islands, and now, in less than ten years, there was no safety out of them. The people of Vavaoo knew the tremendous effect of the carronades, and reasoning well upon the means of securing themselves against such weapons, they surrounded their works with a firm wall of clay about twelve feet in height. Upon the first intelligence of these hostile measures, Finow would have hastened to reduce them; the priests in vain represented that it would be much more acceptable to the gods if he first attempted a reconciliation by amicable means; they even admonished him to do this in the name of the gods, without effect; but the unexpected arrival of his son and heir from the Navigators' islands,

Islands, after an absence of five years, made him suspend his preparations. This young prince brought with him two wives, two more were ready for him on his return, and he now married them both at once. While these ceremonies were performing Finow summoned all the men of the Hapai islands to assemble within ten days at Le-fooga, armed with clubs and spears, and bringing a good supply of provisions; two of the oldest alone for each plantation were excused from this requisition, for the yams were planted, and it was necessary to keep them clear of weeds.

A force of about 5,000 men was raised in this summary manner: they order these things in the Tonga islands as well as in France. By this time Finow had reflected calmly upon the advice of the priests, and perceived that it was the best policy to follow it. The people of Vavaoo permitted him to land with a small party, and harangue them; but the greater chiefs and the old mataboolea would not trust themselves to hear his eloquence, lest it should persuade them to mistake falsehood for truth. He moved the persons whom he addressed even to tears; they told him that their hatred was not to him, but to some of the chiefs of Hapai who were about him; that if he would reside altogether at Vavaoo, and interdict all communication with the Hapai people, they would submit to him; or they would send him his annual tribute as usual, if he would reside at Hapai and never visit Vavaoo, nor suffer any of his people to come there and trouble them. Finow spoke with his wonted powers, but he could not persuade his hearers to submission, and upon his return to the fleet, he obtained an order from the gods for proceeding to war.

When the army came before the fortress, and the guns upon which Finow depended for success were brought out, he demanded a truce, that each party might take leave of what friends and relations they might have among their opponents: in all civil wars it has happened that father sometimes fights against son, friend against friend, and brother against brother; but in Tonga this evil, frightful as it is, is increased by a custom which requires every man to join the cause of that chief on whose island he happens to be when war is declared. A scene ensued which is strangely contrasted with the more than brutal ferocity displayed by these islanders in war. Many of the garrison came out, many tears were shed, and many a last embrace was exchanged. This had continued for about two hours, when a man from the outer bank or wall of the fortress aimed an arrow at Mr. Mariner: it stuck in a tree close at his elbow, and Mariner turning round and discovering the man, shot him dead upon the spot. Finow was so violently enraged that he would instantly have killed Mr. Mariner, had he been within reach of his club;

club; but as there was time to explain the cause, his anger past away. The truce, however, was thus broken. The guns played for some hours, with little effect, upon the wall. It is customary for every professed warrior, before he goes to battle, to assume the name of the person whom he means to single out in fight: one of the Vavaoo chiefs, to express his contempt of the cannon, took the name of Fanna Fonnooa, (by which these islanders call a great gun, and which appears to bear the very natural meaning of *shoot-people*). He declared that he would run boldly up to one, and throw his spear into the mouth,—

*Nunc age, nunc totis in me conabere flammis,
Jupiter?*

The vaunt which this Capaneus of the Tonga Island had so rashly made, he performed with singular address as well as good fortune: coming up within fifteen or sixteen yards of the carronade which was under Mr. Mariner, he stood there brandishing his spear as if about to throw it; Mariner immediately fired the gun; he had waited for this, fell flat upon his face the moment the match was applied, then springing up ran nearer, and throwing his spear, struck the gun. Mariner aimed his musket at him, being, it is said, determined to punish him for this presumption, as if he felt that the credit of these European arms was in some degree at stake: an arrow luckily struck the barrel just as he pulled the trigger, and made him miss his aim, upon which the chief shouted aloud for joy, and ran back within the works.

Finow had formed his men in three divisions, and the enemy, who now collected in considerable strength, did the same. Mr. Mariner proposed to bring a carronade to bear upon them; but Finow, with a sort of generous feeling, refused to avail himself of such an advantage, when the contest was to be between man and man, upon equal ground. He would fight them, he said, upon fair terms, since they came fairly forward to attack him. The principal persons concerned in the murder of Toobo Neuha were all well known, and the Vavaoo people against each of them appointed a band of twenty men, whose sole business was to single them out and take vengeance. Most of them in consequence fell, and among others Chioolooa, whose defiance at the funeral of the murdered chief now received its proper answer. Several of the Hapai women came to the scene of action, that they might be near to assist their husbands if wounded; the wife of Toobo Toa was taken prisoner, but though he had been the chief cause of the assassination, she was treated with great respect, and sent back after a time, because she was of the sacred family. The battle continued about an hour, when the Vavaoo people were completely beaten
back

back into their fortress; but Finow thought it prudent to withdraw during the night, to a part of the island about three miles distant, and there intrench himself.

The war was now carried on by skirmishing and marauding parties. In one of these, sixty of the enemy were killed; their bodies were brought away and laid before Finow, and as the place where he was intrenched was the sacred part of the island where the gods had their houses, these bodies were divided among them and laid before their doors. Some were then restored, to be buried by their relations; three were dissected, partly for the sake of surgical instruction, and partly from an odd curiosity to discover whether the subject had at any time broken the *taboo*, or committed any kind of sacrilege, in which case they expect to find his liver, or some other viscus, enlarged and schirrous. A few bodies were eaten; for though the practice of cannibalism is still generally held in abhorrence, it is evidently gaining ground among this unfortunate people. Nothing is so remarkable among them as the fiendish cruelties which they practise without the slightest provocation; not like the American savages, upon a warrior who has been their hereditary enemy, and who defies his torturers and exults in the midst of his tortures, but upon their own countrymen, engaged in accidental hostilities which the next hour might terminate, crying to them for mercy, or supplicating at least that they may be put to death at once. In this war, the heads of four unhappy persons, who were not taken in battle, but surprized in digging provisions, were actually sawed off with oyster shells. Almost it might be believed, that a people capable of such hellish barbarity, were actually under the dominion of an evil spirit.

One of Finow's wives, and one of his sons, fled from him to the garrison, being no longer able to bear the jealousy and imperious usage of his favourite wife. Mr. Mariner met the former in her flight, and warning her of the danger in straying from the camp, perceived by her embarrassment what her intention was, and charged her with it. Immediately she fell on her knees, and with clasped hands entreated him not to prevent her from escaping from tyranny to the society of her own relations whom she loved; and she appealed to his own feelings towards his mother or what friends he might have in his own country, and bade him think how inhuman it would be in any person to prevent him from escaping to them, if an opportunity should offer; Mr. Mariner, who among these scenes of inhumanity seems to have preserved a good heart and a clear conscience, raised her up, promised to keep her secret, and bade her go where she would. In revenge for her escape, Finow ordered his people to lie in ambush for the Vavaoo women, near

a place where they used to collect shell fish, and to kill all whom they took. They murdered five of these unoffending creatures upon the spot, but being less brutal than their master, brought back thirteen as prisoners, for the sake of their services. Some dispute arose between the captors and the relations of the prisoners; and the question was referred to Finow, who refused at first to interfere, saying they had no right to bring the prisoners there to create dissension, but should have knocked out their brains according to his orders: however, he said, the best thing which could now be done, would be to cut each woman in two, and divide her between the claimants. The judgment of Finow was not like the judgment of Solomon, a proof of wisdom; it was a bravado of that brutish, or rather fiendish, spirit which he seemed to cherish, and affect as becoming the character of a statesman and a warrior; it was the jest of one who would as willingly have commanded the thing to be done, as thus have sported with the thought. The affair, however, was settled among the parties.

During this war, a chief called Palavali, belonging to Finow's army, pursued some of the enemy who fled towards a consecrated inclosure, war having its asylums in these islands, though unhappily they are less respected than the asylums for guilt in Romish Christendom. He got between them and the place of refuge; one of them attempted desperately to pass him and scramble over the reed-work, and he had so far succeeded, that when Palavali struck him furiously on the head with his club, his dead body fell within the sanctuary. The sacrilege was not intended, but the chief was sensible that he had actually incurred the guilt: he laid the case before Finow; a priest was consulted, he had recourse to inspiration, and in whatever manner the abominable suggestion arose, this minister of a wicked superstition made answer, in the name of the gods, that a child must be strangled to appease their anger. The chiefs consulted together, and fixed upon a child of Toobo Toa, by one of his female attendants: the child of a chief is always chosen on such occasions, as being worthier than others, and it is always the offspring of an inferior mother, that the life of a chief may not be sacrificed. We pass over the painful tale how the poor mother attempted in vain to conceal her infant, and how the infant moved even its murderers to compassion by its innocent smile when the cord was placed round its neck. It will be read with deep interest in its place by those good men who direct the Protestant missions. A week had not elapsed before Palavali was mortally wounded in a skirmish; when his friends would have extricated the spear by which he was pierced, he desired them to desist, saying he was certain the gods had decreed his death as a punish-

a punish-

a punishment for his late offence : this was generally believed ; it was the subject of frequent conversation, and cast a great gloom throughout Finow's army.

That wicked leader was now devising how to obtain by craft the object in which he had failed by arms. His artillery was useless against the well-constructed ramparts which the Vavaoo people had raised. Mariner indeed could easily have devised means for setting the fortress on fire ; but he had no interest in the cause in which he was engaged, considering that the war had been provoked by a foul act of treachery and murder, and he would not be the means of bringing destruction upon so many women and children. Well would it have been for the renegado missionary at Tonga if he had been capable of such feelings when he set fire to the consecrated inclosure, which the savages with whom he acted dared not profane ! Finow had made up his mind to fix his residence at Vavaoo, as being the largest and most fertile of the islands under his command ; he now artfully led the priests to understand his wishes, and they negotiated a peace. The chiefs of Vavaoo protested that it was not possible to have any reliance upon Finow's honour or his promises ; but as their lives, they said, were not of so much consequence as the peace and happiness of Toe Oomoo, her people would not oppose the elders and the priests in their wishes. A conference was held accordingly. Finow said in his harangue, that he not only forgave the leaders who had fought against him in honour of Toobo Neuha's memory, but that he should have despised them if they had not done so. It was their duty so to do till they had revenged the murder of their chief. That murder had been sufficiently revenged ; most of the assassins had received the punishment of their crimes ; he solemnly assured them that for himself he was innocent of it, and he promised, in conformity to the terms which they had proposed before the war, that he would reside in Vavaoo, and send back all his people to the Hapai islands, except a few matabooles. Peace was now made ; but the first act of Finow evinced how little he relied upon the submission of the people : he was too false himself to have any confidence in others. The rampart which had resisted his cannon was levelled to the ground, upon the plea that a fortress could not be necessary in times of peace : that which he had erected himself was suffered to stand, because in case he could not re-occupy it in time of need, it would be of no use to his enemies while he had artillery to bring against it. Five of the Vavaoo chiefs, who well knew how impossible it was to rely upon one so faithless, withdrew in time to Tonga. It was not long before the tyrant arrested all the others who had distinguished themselves against him in the war. He pretended that they were conspiring against him ;

and Dr. Martin says, if this be true, his conduct was certainly less reproachable; but every thing which Dr. Martin relates of him and of his victims leads to the inference, that the charge was false. Some of these chiefs were taken to the beach, and immediately dispatched with the club; others carried out to sea, and then left in leaky canoes, that they might sink slowly, and taste the cup of death. One of them had been remarkable for his humanity as well as courage. On the way to his death he related a strange story:—That very morning, he said, going along the road to the council where he was betrayed, and having at the time a secret presentiment that he was going to die, he met a woman of Hapai, and felt so strong an inclination to murder her,—though he knew not for what cause,—that he actually turned back and put her to death. This is one of those stories which might almost incline us to believe in demoniacal possession; and this man looked back upon the murder, contrary as the act was to all his former character and conduct, with satisfaction! It was a piece of vengeance, he said, upon the Hapai people, weak indeed, yet better than none; a drop of revenge that sweetened death.

Finow did not long enjoy the power which he had obtained by so many crimes. Treacherous and cruel as he was, he had some human charities; and fit it was that he, by whose means so many had been made childless, should suffer where he was most sensible. He had a younger daughter about six or seven years of age, whom he dearly loved; she fell dangerously sick, and was removed to a house consecrated to Tale-y-Toobo, the patron god of the *Hows*. Here daily offerings were made for her recovery; and the god was entreated to spare her for the sake of her father. 'We pray thee,' said the matabooles, 'not to be merciless: if thy anger is justly excited, we beseech thee to inflict upon the guilty one the punishment which he merits, and not to let go thy vengeance upon one who was born but as yesterday.' For about a fortnight such prayers, accompanied with expostulations also, were many times in the day addressed to the god, and a hog was sacrificed every morning; the child was then removed to the inclosure of another divinity, with no better success; and Finow then carried her to the priest of his own tutelar god, Toobo Totai, in another island. But the danger was now too imminent for the priest to hold out any hope of recovery. In the name of the god by whom he was believed to be inspired, he said, 'Why do you weary yourselves with supplicating me? If the power to restore the child rested solely with me, I would do it; be assured it is all done by the will of the gods of Bolotoo—the Land of the Departed. Every day he visited the little sufferer, and sat down by her and took her hand and shed tears. One day, however, when Finow was not present, he told the

the matabooles that if they knew why the child was sick, they would not come there to invoke him,—it was for the common good. When this was reported to Finow, he demanded at the next consultation of the priest, or rather of the god who was believed to speak in him, what was meant by it? ‘If the gods,’ said he, ‘have any resentment against us, let the whole vengeance fall on my head,—I fear it not,—but spare my child; and I earnestly entreat you, Toobo Totai, to exert all your influence with the other gods, that I alone may suffer all the punishment they desire to inflict.’

Like the votaries of ambition in more enlightened countries, Finow was a despiser of religion; and yet, as others have done before him, in this hour of affliction he seems to have applied to his gods in faith and in fear. No answer was vouchsafed to his demand; he lay down in great agitation of mind, his heart sore and his pride also wounded; he felt himself ill, and saying that he had a fore-feeling of approaching death, he wept profusely and acknowledged the justice of the gods, but lamented that he must die on his mat, instead of falling in battle. His attendant hastened to the priest to intercede for him. The priest remained some time in silence, and appeared to be much affected. He replied at length, speaking as usual in the person of Toobo Totai, the tutelary deity, that the gods of the island of the departed had long resented the irreligion of Finow, and had long debated among themselves with what punishment they should visit it; at first his death had been resolved, but Toobo Totai, who revealed their secrets, repeatedly interceded in his behalf, and winning over some other divinities to his wishes, violent debates ensued, which had in fact occasioned the late high winds and tremendous thunder in the Tonga Island; the gods, it seems, being stormy debaters. They had determined at last to save his life, because his death would be a greater evil to his people than to himself, and to punish him in a severer way by bereaving him of his most beloved daughter; for it had been irrevocably decreed that one or the other must die, and therefore her life could not be saved without taking away his. In proof of this, he bade them remark that while Finow was at this time ill, the child was much better; but to-morrow, he affirmed, the father would be greatly recovered, and then the child would relapse. The priest perhaps possessed medical knowledge enough to venture safely upon this prediction. It was fully verified; and Finow, in that state when restlessness of body seems to afford a miserable relief for restlessness of mind, removed the dying child to another island and the house of another god. ‘It is in vain to come here’ was the appalling answer which he received upon this consultation,^{and} ‘you have obtained all the information that it is necessary for you to know; I can communicate nothing farther. The child was carried

from one consecrated house to another, remaining only half an hour at each, in the hope that some pity might be found in some of the gods; these frequent removals exhausted her, and she became almost speechless. Her father Finow, he who had connived at and witnessed the murder of his own brother,—he who had exposed his enemies to sink in the sea in leaky canoes, or burnt them alive, or fastened them to stakes and trees, where they might perish by the slow agonies of thirst and hunger,—this man, feeling now in his human nature, sate through the whole night watching the progress of death in his beloved child. On the morrow she expired while they were carrying her to another station; and Finow, who, while there was a possibility of recovery, had applied to each and all of the gods of Tonga, now that hope was over, began in bitterness to defy them.

He forbade all customary religious ceremonies at her funeral: instead of mourning, he ordered the people to dress themselves with wreaths of flowers, as for a festival. On the twentieth day, the coffin was deposited in the burial-place, not in the grave, but on the top of it, that he might see it whenever he pleased; and carrying it with him whenever he went to a distance. On this day all the inhabitants of Vavaoo were commanded to be present,—illness was not even to be admitted as a reason for disobeying the summons. The women of the northern half were matched against those of the south, and they kept up a battle-royal for about an hour: about three thousand combated! When this part of the sports was concluded, the men engaged in like manner, Finow himself taking part, and exerting himself so greatly, that his party beat their opponents fairly from the field. This was but mockery of the gods: he designed a more substantial revenge, and had determined to wreak his despite against Toobo Totai by putting his priest to death; for which purpose a rope had been made ready to bind him. This resentment, as it would have fallen upon the priest, and not the god, was perhaps directed solely against him in reality; for Finow made no scruple of avowing to Mr. Mariner his doubts whether there were any such beings as the gods, and his entire disbelief in what the priests affirmed of their power over mankind: there might possibly be such beings, he said, but men were fools to believe what the priests told them. This purpose he had no time to execute. Tired with his great exertions in the sports, he lay down to rest, and was seized for death himself,—probably in a fit of apoplexy; his respiration became difficult, his lips grew purple, his under jaw was convulsed; he lost his speech, but seemed perfectly sensible of his situation, and from time to time groaned horribly. No time was lost in strangling one of his children by a female attendant, as a sacrifice for his recovery, according to the
horrible

horrible superstition of these unhappy islanders, and the belief that the gods may be appeased by the offering of life for life. Finow's eldest son, a man of such kindly and hopeful disposition that it is painful to read of his engaging in an act like this, took the little victim by force from its mother's lap, where he found it sleeping, and performed as speedily as possible the murder: before it could be performed, Finow had lost all sense and power of motion; the yet breathing body was placed upon a sort of barrow, to be carried from the house of this god to another, and as a mark of the most extreme humiliation, was placed upon the spot where Tooitonga's food was dressed, cooks being considered as the meanest class in the Tonga islands, and therefore no greater act of abasement could be performed than to lay Finow in this place, supplicating mercy. But ere this he had expired.

A character like Finow's would have well suited the Greek drama: the great masters of that drama would have desired no better elements than are to be found in the history of this remarkable man; his remorseless ambition and his natural affections, his contempt for the fables and ceremonies of his country when in prosperity, his patient submission to them in distress, his strong intellects, his evil deeds, and the death which was believed to have been inflicted on him in vengeance by the overruling divinities whom he defied. It is an established opinion among these islanders, that every man has some constitutional evil, either bodily or mental, implanted in him by the gods, for the delight which they take in punishing mankind: Finow used to say, that his violent temper was the infliction which had been allotted to him; perhaps persuading himself to a belief which reconciled him to this want of self-government, or perhaps availing himself of a doctrine which excused him to others; but he was fully aware of the infirmity, and often charged his mataboos to hold him whenever they saw him getting violently angry. Mr. Mariner seems to have been attached to him; and his historian, Dr. Martin, is so far fascinated by the better parts of his character, as to offer an excuse for his atrocious cruelties, saying that 'this was perhaps, on all occasions, to a certain degree justifiable, as examples to keep others in terror; a method undoubtedly not the best, but such as may be easily overlooked in a state of society like that in which he lived.' We hope this very reprehensible passage will be expunged in the future editions. True it is that men must be judged according to the circumstances of their age and country, and that the cruelties of Finow, being in conformity with the manners of the people, are not deserving of the same condemnation as those of Buonaparte, which were committed in direct opposition to the modern usages of war, and the spirit of an age in which humanity had rapidly been gaining ground, both among governments
and

and nations, till the fatal French Revolution threatened to re-barbarize the world. The acts of the Tonga tyrant may be accounted for without supposing him to have been a much worse man than many of his countrymen, but they are not in any degree *justifiable*, as Dr. Martin had thought proper to assert; and if that gentleman had reflected a little, he would have seen that the most inhuman punishments have never produced the effect of deterring men from crimes. Men who dare the gallows would just as readily dare the wheel or the stake: such punishments outrage humanity, without in the slightest manner promoting the objects of justice.

Great apprehensions had been entertained that fresh wars would ensue upon the death of this formidable chief. The prince however who succeeded to his rank and name was told by the priest not to fear rebellion, for that he was the peculiar care of the deities, and he was commanded to reflect on the circumstances of his father's death as a salutary lesson to himself. Still he deemed it necessary to prepare against an hostile attack at the funeral. The body was brought out upon the *marly*, an open grass plat, or lawn, set apart for public ceremonies. Here all the chiefs and matabooles were seated, habited in mats, their mourning dress. A number of women, the kindred, widows, concubines, and servants of the deceased, with others who came there to shew their respect to the dead, had been mourning over the corpse; they were dressed in ragged mats, 'the more ragged the more emblematical of a spirit broken by grief;' their cheeks and breasts black with the bruises which they had inflicted on themselves, and their eyes swollen with tears. The men cut themselves with stones and knives and shells, and beat their heads with clubs, calling with a wild and passionate eloquence upon the dead to witness their fidelity. They reeled with the blows, which were so violent as to produce a temporary loss of reason; and these excesses might, in some instances, have been carried to fatal lengths, if Mr. Mariner had not been instructed to take the instrument from them in such cases; a native who had done this must have employed it upon himself, but he being a foreigner, was never expected to follow the customs of the country further than was convenient. After this shocking scene had lasted for about three hours, the body was carried to the burial place, and that of his daughter carried after it, that, as it was his wish to have it always near him during his life, it might now be buried with him. And here the young How discovered his prudence in preparing against danger: he said, that as his father had been the first person who had introduced guns in the wars of Tonga, it was fit that his funeral should be honoured with them; accordingly the carronades were twice fired when the procession set out, and Mr. Mariner was ordered to load them, as if for a third salute, but he was privately

vately instructed to load them with shot this time, and carry a lighted match.

This precaution was not necessary. Finow II. if we may so call him, had made up his mind to reside wholly at Vavaoo, which was his birth-place, and to keep it in peace by dismissing all who were discontented, or whom he thought dangerous to the other islands, and cutting off all communication with them. When the funeral was over, he assembled the chiefs, and harangued them in a speech, of which we have the original given us, and a perfectly literal translation: its substance may be thus rendered, with the least possible deviation from the idiom:

Listen to me, ye chiefs and warriors. If there is one among you discontented with the way in which we sit here, now is the time to go to Hapai; for not at all will I permit one to remain with his mind discontented and wandering. My mind has been heavy, beholding the great destruction occasioned by the unceasing war of the chief now prostrate in the burial-place. We have been doing much, and what is the consequence?—the land is unpeopled and overrun with weeds, there are none to cultivate it;—if we had remained at peace, it would have been populous still. The great chiefs and warriors are fallen, and we remain associated with the Tooas. How can it be helped? Are we mad? I think our lives are already too short. How foolish to shorten that which is not long enough! Who among you shall say in his mind I deserve death, I am weary of life? Behold, have we not acted like people who are foolish-minded? We have been seeking things which deprive us altogether of things truly useful. I will not say to you, give up your thoughts of fighting. Let but the front of war approach our land, and any come to plunder our homes, and we will shew them that while our fields prosper, so doth our courage. Why should we desire to increase our territory? This land is large enough to supply us with food, more than we can consume. Perhaps I have not spoken wisely; the elders are sitting near me, I entreat them to say if I am wrong. I am yet a youth; I should not be wise in governing, if my mind were like that of the prostrate chief, to act of its own will, not listening to their discourse. Thanks for your love and fidelity towards him. Finow Fiji (his uncle) and the matabooles are here; they know my frequent inquiries concerning the good of our government. Do not say in yourselves, wherefore do we listen to the silly talk of a boy? Recollect while I speak it is the echoing of the mind of Toe Oomoo, and Ooloovaloo, and Afoo, and Foloo, and Alo, and all the chiefs and matabooles of Vavaoo. Listen ye to me! If there is any one of another land—any one discontented at remaining in this way, this is the only opportunity to depart, for let this pass, we shall not communicate with Hapai. Choose then your dwelling-place; there is Fiji, there is Hamoa, there is Tonga, there is Hapai, there is Fotoona and Lotooma. Let those be marked who love to remain in lasting peace, they only shall remain. I will not suppress the courage of one warlike mind. See now, there is war in the land of Tonga and of Fiji—chuse which ye will to exercise your bravery then.

then. Arise, go each one to his home, and recollect that to-morrow the canoes depart for Hapai.

On the same day, this Tongan philosopher made another address to his people upon the happiness and the reward of industry. The attendants of the chiefs, he said, used to depend for support upon the provisions which the chiefs allotted them; and he well remembered that, in a time of famine, more of these people died than of the Toas, who tilled the ground for others as well as themselves; because, however great might be the tax, they always reserved enough for their own support. He dwelt upon the pleasure which men felt on beholding the work of their own hands; and exhorting all to apply themselves to agriculture, he declared that he would order a piece of ground to be cleared, and assist in planting it himself. The fortress which his father had demolished was now rebuilt, for motives which may remind the reader of the policy of more refined courts. Finow Fiji observed to his nephew, that as the chiefs and great warriors would reside there, they could not form cabals and parties so easily as if they dwelt at a distance, because they would be immediately under his observation. This fortress, having been found proof against artillery, secured him against any attack from Hapai, where Toobo Toa was in possession of two of the guns taken from the Port-au-Prince. The intentions of that chief, however, appear not to have been hostile; he had been sincerely attached to the late Finow, and bore no sentiment of ill will toward his son. It was the custom that an annual tribute from the first fruits of each island should be sent to Tooitonga,—a proof perhaps of the secular authority which this personage originally possessed, and certainly that a close bond of union had formerly subsisted between the whole group. The people of Hapai sent a chief of the sacred family to know in what manner they should make this tribute, seeing that all communication had been prohibited, and by the same messenger Toobo Toa entreated permission to perform the usual ceremonies at Finow's grave, and take his last farewell of a great chief, whom while living he so highly esteemed, and whose memory he had so much reason to respect. The tribute was permitted to come in a single canoe, and it was allowed also that this same canoe should come at any time, provided she brought no more persons than properly constituted a crew. This was done partly from religious motives, and partly that the Hapai people might see how well they were armed and fortified. And as Finow began to think that too severe a system of prohibition would be supposed to indicate weakness or fear, and might provoke the hostilities which it was intended to prevent, he permitted Toobo Toa to come with as many followers as he pleased, limiting their stay however to a single day.

The

The chief came with about sixty of his warriors, in mourning dresses, their heads shorn, and the leaves of the *ifi* tree round their necks. They made their lamentations over the grave of the late How, and wounded themselves according to the custom. Toobo Toa called upon the deceased to behold these proofs of his love and fidelity, and declared that he felt the same sentiments toward his son, although there now appeared to be a breach between them; and that his wish was to maintain a friendly understanding with Vavaoo, that he might sometimes prepare *cava* for the young Finow, and send presents to him to evince his respect and loyalty to the family. In the evening he had a conference with Finow and his uncle; he expressed his wish to be tributary to Vavaoo, though he acknowledged that it might be politic to keep him and his people at a distance while any near relations of Toobo Neuha were living, and that indeed such a separation was the only means of preserving peace. His people, he said, must be employed, for if they were idle they certainly would engage in war against Vavaoo, or in conspiracies against himself; he should therefore go with a strong army and assist his friends in Tonga. Finow objected to receive the offered tribute: Vavaoo, he said, yielded enough for its inhabitants, and if he consented, the people would suppose it was an act of alliance and friendship which would ill agree with their feelings toward the man who had killed their beloved chief Toobo Neuha. Toobo Toa could not oppose this argument, but the tears ran down his cheeks during the conference, and Mr. Mariner believes that he suffered as much in the kinder feelings of his nature as in his pride. He performed a ceremony by which the young Finow was recognized as his superior, and returning to Hapai, soon left that island to bear a part in the wars of Tonga.

It was not long before Tooitonga fell ill: every day one of his young relations had a little finger cut off, as an offering for his sins: and as he grew worse, several children were sacrificed: he was carried to the cooking-place, as the late How had been, and after these cruelties and vain humiliations he died. As the existence of this sacred chief constituted the only bond of union between the islands, and Finow unhappily found it expedient to keep his own people in a state of complete separation, he determined that the office should die with the late possessor. The people easily consented, because it released them from a tax; and they reasoned that, as Tonga had been as much favoured by the elements and seasons, though devoid of his presence, as those islands which had enjoyed him,—there was no use in a Tooitonga. Thus it is that men reason from motives of mere selfishness;—thus too it is that institutions lose their hold upon the minds of men, and revolutions, which are always productive of immediate evil, are brought about:

about: for it must not be supposed that the Tonga islanders were become in any degree less superstitious, or more enlightened. Human sacrifices would still be offered,—and perhaps become more frequent as manners were becoming more ferocious;—the Tooitonga would have favoured the missionaries if he had dared,—but he advised them to desist from ‘the pernicious practice of praying; for otherwise, it would, he feared, be attended with bad consequences to himself as well as them, the people being much dissatisfied with him for suffering them to follow it.’ While he retained his full authority it appears that these islands enjoyed a most remarkable continuance of peace and consequent prosperity; as soon as it was disturbed, civil wars began,—and will probably continue till a handful of cannibals alone remain, unless some beneficial change be effected by European means.

The policy of the younger Finow is the result of a mind humaner and more addicted to meditation than all around him. How far he may have succeeded in preserving his own island in peace we have as yet no opportunity of knowing. A party from Hapai attempted to land during the night with the intention of making all the havoc they could, but they were intercepted and defeated with loss. Shortly after, as Mr. Mariner was fishing at sea, he espied a sail just in the line of the horizon. He had three servants in the canoe and they refused to make toward her, saying they knew that their chiefs never meant to let him go if they could help it. This was no time for hesitation, or compunction,—they made for the shore, and one man declared that if Mr. Mariner resisted, he would die in opposing him, rather than let him escape. The Englishman uttered a Tonga curse, and thrust the muzzle of his musquet into the man’s loins, making a mortal wound;—there was little reason to regret this wretch,—he had murdered two of his children to put them out of the way, and in time of scarcity had killed and eaten his wife. The others, in fear of a like fate, obeyed his orders and put about. It was just when the sun sunk below the horizon that he got sight of the ship, and he did not come up with her till daylight. What a night for an Englishman! As soon as he came alongside, without stopping to hail, he jumped into the main-chains, and had nearly been knocked overboard by the sentinel, who took him for a native. It was a brig from Port Jackson, with mother-of-pearl on board from the Society islands, bound now for the Fijis, there to make up her voyage with sandal wood,—and from thence to China. Having got on board, Mr. Mariner obtained an axe as a present for Finow, and sent a message requesting him to come to the ship. The young king came accordingly, and brought as a present for his departing friend five large hogs and forty yams, weighing from thirty to seventy pounds each. He was very desirous

of

of accompanying him to England, that he might acquire a *Papa-langi* mind, that being the name by which they call their white visitors. And when the captain refused to bring away a prince from his own country, to one where he might perhaps find himself, for a time at least, not only without patronage, but without protection, he made Mr. Mariner swear by his father and by the God who governed him, that he would endeavour to return for him in a ship, and take him even by force of arms, if the people should attempt to prevent him from executing his purpose.

In this brief abstract of a most interesting story, many circumstances, highly curious in themselves, have been necessarily passed over. There are, however, some scattered facts which particularly deserve notice. A species of fowling is fashionable in these islands, which is performed by means of a decoy bird. The sportsman conceals himself in a sort of cage or bower, made of wicker work, and covered with green leaves; a cock bird is fastened on the top, and a hen bird within; both cocks and hens are attracted by their call, and are shot with arrows when they perch within sure distance. This pastime is only practised by great chiefs, as it requires great care to train the decoy birds, and great expenses to maintain them,—or rather their keepers, an insolent race of men who frequently abuse their privileges. The birds are fed upon plaintains, which these fellows are authorized to demand from any person whatsoever, even if food be scarce, and the owner himself should be in want: it is not a little remarkable to find oppression uniformly growing out of the passion for field sports, even in such rude governments as this. One of the Tonga chiefs, who was a kinsman of Finow, had the most famous bird of this kind that ever had been known;—Eclipse was not more famous among horses, nor Snowball among greyhounds, than the Chief of Hihifo's bird among the sportsmen of the Tonga islands. It was, however, an uncomfortable property; if he had had the most beautiful woman in all the islands—a very Helen—for his wife, she would not have been coveted so much. Many chiefs had requested him to give them the bird, and many times he had been engaged in war for refusing their demand. At length Finow sent a special message to obtain it; the chief represented that it was become almost a point of honour for him to keep the bird, since he had undergone such danger, and so many lives had been sacrificed in maintaining it: but as Finow had so strong a desire for an excellent bird, he would make him a present of two, not, indeed, so good as the one in question,—which was certainly the best that ever had been trained,—but still exceedingly valuable. Finow was vexed at the refusal: he went out to try the two, and the sport was so successful, that his heart was more than ever set upon obtaining the only bird in the world which exceeded these. This

sort

sort of interest upon such a subject, and in such a personage, seems like a story in the Arabian Tales. He prepared a costly present, containing axes, iron bolts, a looking-glass, and a grindstone, besides many articles of home manufactory, and sent a second and more solemn embassy. This second attempt succeeded: the Chief of Hihifo, thinking it prudent, perhaps, to rid himself with honour of so troublesome a possession, said that he had no time to sport with the bird, because he was so constantly occupied in warfare, and therefore, as it was not consistent with the character of a chief to retain that from another which he could not use himself, he would resign this precious bird to Finow, notwithstanding the immense care it had cost him. The first thing Finow did after he had obtained the object of his wishes was to order all the dogs in Vavaoo to be killed (except a few belonging to the chiefs) because they destroyed the game,—just in the same spirit which made the late King of Naples exterminate the cats in the island of Ischia, and our William the Conqueror depopulate half Hampshire. He then went out with his bird; the first day he had very great sport; the second day the bird, either from illness, or fatigue, or caprice,—to which birds as well as taller bipeds are subject, would not make the call. Finow knocked it on the ground, beat it with an arrow, and, having almost killed it, gave it away, exclaiming how vexatious it was to find so little pleasure in a bird which had cost him so much trouble. Vanity of vanities,—all is vanity! Had Finow succeeded in all his schemes of conquest to the utmost extent of ambition, he would not have enjoyed any more permanent satisfaction.

One of Captain Bligh's men was murdered by the natives upon the island of Tofooa. His name was John Norton, quarter-master of the Bounty, and he is spoken of as a man of worthy character, who supported an aged parent out of his wages. They killed him upon the beach, and stript the body, then dragged it up the country to one of their *marlies*, or lawns, and there left it exposed for two or three days before they buried it. This story was related by the islanders to Mr. Mariner, and they added, that from that time no grass had grown along the line where they dragged the corpse, nor upon the spot where it had lain while unburied. Such a tale induced him to visit the place, and he found a bare line, as they had stated, in a place where there could be no frequency of passers to have trodden a path, and at its termination a bare spot, lying transversely, about the length and breadth of a man. Dr. Martin observes, that such accounts, however trivial, deserve to be mentioned, and he explains the wonder, to his own satisfaction, by supposing that it is an old path which has been for some years disused, forgetful that such a solution fails to explain the manner in which

which the path terminates. John Wesley would have believed it supernatural, and have classed the story with that of the Brothers' steps behind the Museum.

There is a cavern in the island of Hoonga which can only be entered by diving into the sea, and has no other light than is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one European language, so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse. There was a tyrannical governor at Vavaoo, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection: it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence. The youth, who had found the cavern, and had kept the secret to himself, loved this damsel; he told her the danger in time, and persuaded her to trust herself to him. They got into a canoe; the place of her retreat was described to her on the way to it,—these women swim like mermaids,—she dived after him, and rose in the cavern; in the widest part it is about forty feet, and its medium height is guessed at the same, the roof hung with stalactites. Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clothing, mats for her bed, sandal wood oil to perfume herself; here he visited her as often as was consistent with prudence; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leander wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had long loved in secret, when he had no hope. Meantime he prepared, with all his dependants male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji islands. The intention was so well concealed that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him at the point of their departure if he would not take with him a Tonga wife; and accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her, jumped overboard, and just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his long disappearance, rose with his mistress from the water. This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have to be perfectly delightful,—a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returning to Vavaoo enjoyed a long and happy life. This is related as an authentic tradition,—it may be so;—but there are poets in the Tonga islands, and of no ordinary genius, as the following specimen will evince:—We have given it with no other variation from Dr. Martin's idiomatic version than what the English idiom requires, except where we have made it more literal by the help of his own vocabulary:—

Let us walk to Licoo, that we may behold the going down of

the sun: we will listen to the whistling of the birds, and the moaning of the wood-pigeon. We will gather flowers near the precipice at Matawto; we will sit down and share the provisions brought us from Licoo Onë. We will bathe in the sea, and rinse in the Vaoo Aca, and anoint with sweet scented oil; we will string flowers, and plait the *chi* plucked at Matawto. While we are standing upon the precipice at Ana Manoo we will look down breathless upon the distant sea below. As our minds are reflecting the great wind whistles toward us from the great Toa trees in the inland upon the plains. My mind is enlarged beholding the surf below endeavouring in vain to tear away the firm rocks. It is evening; let us go to the Mooa (the town). Hark! I hear the band of the singers. Are they learning a boo-ola (a torch-light dance) for to-night on the *Malai** (or lawn) at Tanea? Let us go there. We shall think of our former state when war had not torn our land. Alas,† war is a terrible thing! Behold the land is overgrown with bushes, and heaps of men are sadly dead. Our chiefs are unsettled, they shall not go often alone by moonlight to their mistresses. Let us forbear to think,—how can it be helped that our land is at war! The land of Fiji has brought the war to our land of Tonga, let us then act like the Fiji people. Let us forbear to think, perhaps we may be dead to-morrow. Let us dress with the *chi-coola*, and bind our waists with bands of the *gnatoo*; we will put on coronals of *jiale*-flowers and necklaces of hooni to display our sun-coloured skins. Hear the applause of the many people! Now the *oola* is ended, and they are distributing the food of the feast. To-morrow let us go to the Mooa. The young men beg eagerly for our wreaths;—this is their flattery: ‘Our women coming from Licoo have no beauty: their sun-coloured skins are not fine! their fragrance is like the hill of Mataloco and Vybooa.’ I am eager to go to Licoo, let us go to-morrow.

The language appears to be singularly sweet: it abounds with vowels more than the Italian, the Greek, or the Welsh; their proportion to the number of consonants being nearly as four to three, and scarcely a single word ends in a consonant. Some of their songs have neither rhyme nor metre, others have both; this is noticed in the manuscript journal before us,—as a specimen the officer wrote down one by ear, although ignorant of its meaning: we insert it in a note,‡ the measure will be apparent to every reader;

Mr.

* In the Narrative this word is always written Marly; in this place and in the Vocabulary it is spelt as above. We have noticed several little variations of this kind, which no persons will wonder at who have ever considered the difficulty of writing from the ear.

† Their ejaculation may vie in euphony with any of the Greek interjections—it is *Olaoué*.

‡ O chicheto—O chiche matra la
O chicheto—Vette yala yala—

Mr. Mariner and Dr. Martin may perhaps be able to arrange the words properly, correct the inaccuracies, and translate it. This writer also, who was well skilled in music, describes in a lively manner their concerts, in which music is combined with dancing.* They have drums of hollowed wood, about four feet long and one and a half in diameter, each of which is beaten upon by three or four men with sticks; their other instrument is a hollow piece of bamboo, with which they keep time by striking one end against the ground, the orchestra is surrounded by a ring of men singers, 'while the women sing and dance in a circle round all. They generally begin with a single voice in a slow and solemn style, the women marching softly round; this is soon accompanied by an instrument, the other voices and instruments gradually joining till they arrive at the loudest pitch. They then begin by degrees to quicken their time both in music and dancing to the quickest possible. Sometimes in the middle of their career a full stop is made, and the most profound silence observed for about a minute, when out they set again most furiously. In some of their pieces they practise the *diminuendo* in the same degrees of gradation, both with respect to time and noise. The whole is full and musical, mostly in the minor key or flat third, but in so uncommon a style, that I could never get hold of more than a dozen following notes. Their organs and flutes have very little variety, and are never used in their concerts.'

Of all the inhabitants of Polynesia whom Captain Burney had seen, he gives the preference decidedly to the Tonga islanders; a

Keonemar, keonemar, koar, koar, koar,
Keo vahey, keo vahey, kobey, kobey, kobey,
To allelelay
Ki allubey.

* There is a dance in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, which both in character and costume bears a striking resemblance to one which Captain Cook describes:—

Full fetis damosellis two,
Righte young and full of semely bede,
In kirtels and none othir wede,
And faire ytressed every tresse,
Had Mirthe ydoen for his noblesse
Amid the carole for to daunce;
But herof lieth no remembraunce
Howe that ther daunced quaintely,
That one would come all prively
Ayen that othre, and when thei ware
Together almoste, thei threwe ifere
Their mouthis so, that thro their plaie
It seemed as ther kist alwile:
To dauncen well couthe ther the gise;
What should I more to you devise?
Ne bode I never thinnis go
Whiles that I sawe hem dauncin so.—*v. 776.*

great deal is now known of three other groups, the Society Islands, the Sandwich, and the Marquesas; and though we have no information concerning either, which can be compared in fullness and interest to Mr. Mariner's, enough has been obtained to prove the justness of his opinion. The women are much less immodest than in the other islands, and maternal affection exists as strongly in them, as among those nations where the instincts of nature are fostered and strengthened by the sense of duty. This is because, in ordinary times, the women are treated with respect and tenderness, and are therefore, perhaps generally, as strongly attached to their husbands as the wives in Europe. The natives of Fiji, Hamoa, and the Sandwich Islands, who were at Tonga, used to censure the men for suffering the women to lead such easy lives, saying that they ought to work hard, and till the ground, war being sufficient occupation for men. But the Tongans replied that women ought to do such things only as were womanly, and became the tenderness of the sex; the stronger body should perform the harder work. It is, however, to be feared that as the Fiji customs acquire prevalence, and habitual wars are brutalizing their manners, in this point, as in others, they may be rapidly degenerating towards a savage state.

The deference which is paid to the Fiji people, who are the most ferocious of all the Polynesian nations, is not founded wholly upon their celebrity for war. The Tonga islanders go to study surgery among their neighbours, and some tremendous operations are described which they perform with success. In all cases of wounds they are very apprehensive of tetanus, and never permit the patient to wash himself, nor cut his hair, nor his nails, till he is tolerably well recovered, unless the wound is such that it can first be laid completely open. They notice that wounds in the extremities, and more particularly in the feet and hands, are liable to produce this tremendous affection; that any alarm, or sudden noise, will bring it on; and they positively assert that the mere sensation occasioned by cutting the hair or nails has not unfrequently had the same dreadful effect. It occurs very commonly in the Tonga, but still more frequently in the Fiji, where a singular mode of treatment has been invented. The practitioner passes a reed wetted with saliva into the urethra, so as to occasion a considerable irritation and discharge of blood; if the general spasm be very violent, a double thread is looped over the end of the reed, and when the reed is felt in the perinæum, they cut down upon it, seize the thread, and withdrawing then the reed make a seton of the passage, the two ends of the thread hanging from the orifice in the urethra, and the double part from the artificial opening; and they draw it occasionally

occasionally backward and forward, which excites very great pain, and a copious discharge of blood. Mr. Mariner has seen the operation performed; about three or four persons in ten are said to be recovered by the treatment; the Fiji islanders speak of the success as more certain. The same operation is resorted to for wounds in the abdomen, upon a mistaken notion that any extravasated blood in the cavity of the abdomen may thus be carried off through the urethra.

Circumcision is practised here—a fact which bears forcibly against the hypothesis that Polynesia has been originally peopled from America, as Zúñiga attempts to shew. He argues that these islands must have received their first inhabitants from the east, because in the torrid zone the east wind generally prevails, and by that wind Indians from the Palaos are frequently driven to the Philippines; whereas it is not known that any of the Philippine Indians have ever by any accident been drifted to the eastward islands. This writer also thinks that he has discovered some words both in Chili and Patagonia, agreeing with the Tagala, one of the Philippine languages;—the specimens which he has given are very far from establishing this opinion: but he thinks himself authorized to affirm that the Philippines as well as Polynesia were peopled from Chili and Peru. A fact of more importance than any which he has advanced in favour of this most improbable story, is noticed by Captain Burney:—a fermented beverage, similar in its mode of preparation to the *Cava* of the South Sea Islands, is made by the natives of Chili, and by them called *Cawau*;—the same preparation with the same name is found on the opposite coast of South America, among the Tupi tribes in Brazil.

This is undoubtedly a remarkable fact; but it is the only one which might appear to indicate any connection between the Polynesian and American tribes. In no other custom, as far as our reading (which happens to have been directed particularly to that subject) can enable us to judge, is there any resemblance; the superstitions and their national character are totally different; nor is the physical character less so: these two divisions of the world seem to have been peopled by different races. Nor has any thing resembling the Aztec or Toltec antiquities been found in Polynesia. What Zúñiga says of the prevalent winds would bear with great force against a supposition that those islands have been peopled by a succession of accidents; but this supposition is highly improbable, though even a far longer time were allowed for it than has elapsed since the Deluge. Admitting, however,—what we verily believe to be even absurdly improbable,—that in the course of four thousand years so many accidents should have happened as to have peopled all the groups and single islands which lie scattered at

such wide intervals, from the Indian archipelagos to the * Sandwiches, or to Easter Island; in that case a much greater difference than actually exists would be found in their customs, superstitions, and especially in their relative state of civilization. For it is not imaginable that the chance company of a canoe, driven out to sea, and cast upon a distant island, should carry with them many of the arts of their country, or the means of perpetuating them.—There is decisive proof of a Malay origin, or rather of a common origin with the Malays, in all the Polynesian vocabularies. Even in Madagascar, Captain Burney shows that the numerals are manifestly cognate with those in Sumatra and in Cocos Island. According to our judgment, the South Sea Islands must have been settled as colonies by some forgotten people in the East, who were either so far civilized as to colonize for the purposes of commerce,—or had perhaps attained that higher state in which colonization is pursued without any views of mercantile gain, as necessary for the health and security of the state. The character of their priestcraft, the sacred language which exists in some of these islands, the *Tooi-tonga* of the Tonga islands, and the allegorical mythology, indicate much less than the unequivocal testimony of their dialects, a relation to the East,—the land of allegory and of priestcraft.

The accounts which Captain Burney has collected with such diligence from every accessible source, in all languages, show that the Polynesians when they were first discovered by the Spaniards two centuries ago, were much in the same state as when they were visited by Captain Cook. A lamentable change has taken place since our establishment in New Holland, and since the American and our own whalers have frequented their sea. They have acquired the arms, the vices, and the diseases of Europe in addition to their native stock. But on the other hand, there seems a reasonable assurance that civilization and Christianity have actually taken root in the Society islands. Those missionaries to whose unwearyable zeal and admirable perseverance we bore a willing and a grateful testimony when they were insulted by those who sat in the chair of the scorner, are now reaping the fruits of their long labours. They have a school in the island of Eimeo, which is attended by persons of all ages; they have printed Spelling-books, Catechisms, and the New Testament-history in the language of the country, and were printing the Old Testament part of the scrip-

* In Zúñiga's History of the Philippines, the islands of San Duisk are frequently mentioned, and the translator has not discovered the curious blunder. The Spanish author or his printer has fallen into the unhappy mistake of supposing that *San* must have the same meaning in Sandwich as in Santiago, and have thus created Lord Sandwich a Saint:—a metamorphose quite as extraordinary as that of St. Vitus into a pagan idol.

tural history—their press is at Botany Bay. Many places of idolatrous worship have been destroyed, and some of the priests have literally committed their idols to the flames. The king appears to be a sincere convert. He says in one of his letters—‘Jehovah himself, He it is that causeth the growth of his own word; for that reason it prospers,—it grows exceedingly.’ If the work should proceed here as happily as it has begun, and Christianity with all its accompanying blessings be established firmly in a single island, the converted islanders will soon become objects of envy and imitation. Meantime, as the Missionary Societies extend their views, we hope the Tonga Islands will not be overlooked. A translation of the Gospels might be accomplished in this country, by means of these volumes, with Mr. Mariner’s aid, and the Missionaries would thus be spared whole years of painful labour.

ART. II.—*Dissertation prefixed to the Supplemental Volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, exhibiting a General View of the Progress of Metaphysical, Moral and Political Philosophy in Europe, from the Revival of Letters.* By Dugald Stewart, F. R. S. &c.

WE entertain sentiments of unaffected esteem for the writings of Mr. Stewart, and have taken more than one opportunity of expressing it; nevertheless, as we are aware that our approbation is burthened with more conditions than his professed disciples will probably allow to be reasonable, of course we shall not be disappointed to find, that the justice which we are willing to render him should appear, to many of our readers, somewhat penurious. But those who have studied the science to which he has devoted himself, in other writings as well as in his, will we trust acquit us of any wilful partiality. We cheerfully acknowledge the many amiable qualities discernible in every thing that he has written: *Quis enim neget illum bonum virum et comem et humanum fuisse?—De ingenio ejus in hisce disputationibus, non de moribus, queritur;* our difference with him is upon matters of opinion; not because we are prepossessed in favour of the tenets of any other writer, but for reasons, the validity of which our readers have an opportunity of judging.

His writings are evidently the production of a superior man, whose taste has been cultivated by much and various reading; and they have served to embellish the dry department of knowledge which he has taken under his protection, with graces of which metaphysics had never before been thought susceptible. We are

far from undervaluing the importance of this service; but still we must be permitted to say, that we feel doubtful whether the science be proportionably indebted to him for many of those more substantial improvements which, after all, are what, in its present stage, it most requires. In fact, although Mr. Stewart is endowed in a remarkable degree with some of the qualities which are essential to the character of a fine writer, yet compared with any of the great names in philosophy, we cannot bring ourselves to look upon him as a powerful reasoner. Independently of the errors which we conceive to be mixed up with the very conception which he has formed of the proper aim of metaphysical philosophy,—a subject briefly touched upon on a former occasion, and respecting which we may hereafter take an opportunity of saying something more,—he does not appear to us to manage his argument, such as it is, with any extraordinary dexterity. His conclusions do not always follow with exactness from his premises; and when it is otherwise, we think they seldom possess so much importance as he commonly supposes. To speak more explicitly, he is generally too fond of *skirmishing* with his adversaries; instead of grappling with the strength of his subject, he always seems to be desirous of bringing the matter to issue by *affairs of posts*; even when he is successful in this or that particular opinion, if indeed we may speak from our own experience, we rise from his writings without any settled knowledge of his views or any material changes being effected in the original position of our general principles.

But then, on the other hand, there is a warmth and animation in his manner, which, even in the bleakest and most barren parts of his subject, seems never to desert him; and combined as this fine quality is, with a rich imagination and a very great command of words, it imparts to his productions a character of eloquence, such as mere didactic works are not generally found to possess.—It is, however, a sort of eloquence which, as it seems to us, belongs more properly to oratory than to philosophy; emanating apparently from his own feelings rather than from the nature of the subject, and having commonly more dependence upon the qualities of his diction than upon the greatness or real importance of his ideas.

This, unquestionably, is a considerable merit; it is one, however, which, of itself, cannot be supposed to carry a man far in subjects that are only valuable on account of the useful truths to which they may be expected to lead; and accordingly, we do not find that the publications of Mr. Stewart have met with that extensive circulation, which the popular nature of his talents would appear, in other respects, so well calculated to have ensured them. In truth, we cannot help thinking that our excellent author has, in some degree, mis-

misunderstood the real character of his genius, in devoting himself to so abstruse a branch of the science of the human mind, as logic. In the investigation of the theory of taste, or of morals, in short, in any of the graver departments of polite literature, we feel persuaded that his success, flattering as it has been upon the whole, would have been much more marked and extensive.—As it is, we think we have had occasion to observe, that the number of his readers is not quite so great as that of his admirers; and even the former seem, as far as we can judge, to take up his writings quite as much from an opinion as to the extraordinary merit of his style, as with a view to any profit which they expect to derive from his philosophical speculations.

It may, perhaps, partly be in consequence of our particular views upon the subject of metaphysical philosophy, that we confess this last to be our own case. Nevertheless the pleasure which we receive from Mr. Stewart's style is by no means so unmixed, as that we could venture to recommend it to our readers as a model for their imitation; because, as it is absolutely without simplicity, it is not of the highest class of excellence; nor does it furnish the purest or most faultless specimen even of the class to which it belongs. Mr. Stewart's language is rich and copious, but it is, generally speaking, singularly deficient in exactness and precision. And although his phrases are, with a few exceptions, pure and such as are used by good writers, yet his general manner of expressing himself seems to be founded rather upon the general principles of grammar, than upon the nice idiom of a spoken language. We shall perhaps be thought fastidious in what we are going to add; but we feel something that we desire and miss, even in that dignified elegance and urbanity of manner, by which his writings are distinguished. The fact is, it is too dignified; too reserved and sustained. Moreover, our author's periods, though judiciously constructed for the most part, are far too slow and measured, and not unfrequently far too rhythmical; this last we must take an opportunity of saying is among the greatest faults which any style can possess, though not unusually mistaken for a beauty, particularly among the Scottish writers of English; who from want of practice in the colloquial prosody of the language, or from what other cause we know not, (except indeed it be that which Cicero gives,) seem to be possessed with an idea, that a way of speaking which would not be tolerated in conversation even upon the gravest subjects, nor be approved by persons of taste even in the pulpit or at the bar, forms nevertheless the very perfection of what is commonly called fine writing. *Itaque Caria et Phrygia et Mysia, quod minime polita minimeque elegantes sunt, adsciverunt suis auribus*

auribus opimum quoddam et tanquam adipata dictionis genus, quod Rhodi nunquam probaverunt, Græci autem multo minus, Athenienses vero funditus repudiaverunt.

Having said thus much respecting the merits of Mr. Stewart's writings in general, we now come to the consideration of the work itself. Our author styles it 'A Dissertation exhibiting a general View of the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy, since the Revival of Letters in Europe.'—It is, in general, exceedingly light reading, and we have derived from it some profit and more amusement; we confess, however, that had it not been for the information which he gives us in the title-page, we should have been rather puzzled had we been questioned as to the precise object for which we supposed it to be intended. It appears to us a sort of 'perambulation of learning' from which we come away, if we may be allowed to continue the metaphor, without remembering much more than that we have had a very pleasant walk, in company with a very sensible companion, during which we met with many agreeable persons whom we had no expectation of seeing so much of, and others again, whom we might more reasonably have hoped to see a good deal more. The remarks which our author makes upon each as they successively appear before him, are often just and entertaining; yet we own that in general they seem to be merely insulated criticisms upon the literary merits of individuals, for which a proper place might have been found in the body of the work, but which might, in a great variety of instances, have been omitted without inconvenience, in a work professing to give merely a synoptical view of the progress of human opinion in general.

In the plan which Mr. Stewart has adopted, if he has not consulted his *strength* he has at least consulted his *ease*: for supposing a person to have the requisite talent and information, the task which our author has performed is one which, with the assistance of the historical abstracts of Buhle or Tenneman, cannot be supposed to have required any very laborious meditation. Had our author tried his strength with D'Alembert, indeed, it would have been another matter. The object which he attempted in his preface to the French Encyclopædia was one of exceeding difficulty; and on that account quite beyond his powers; which, except in mathematics, were only moderate. But a philosophical account of the objects and limits of speculative science; of the relation in which the various branches of it stand towards each other; of the progress which each has made; of the causes by which their further advancement has been respectively retarded; of their present state; and of the problems which still remain undiscussed or undetermined; is a desideratum in philosophy which it would have given

us pleasure to find the eloquent pen of Mr. Stewart employed in supplying, but which we willingly admit he is not to be blamed for not having attempted on the present occasion. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* is assuredly a very useful work, and we make no doubt that the supplementary volumes with which it is now proposed to complete it, will be respectably prepared; but we think that Mr. Stewart, in contributing, by way of a preface to it, the popular and, in many parts, able essay, which we are now examining, has performed quite as much, or even more than either the public or his employers had any right to expect.

We are informed in the Advertisement prefixed to the first volume of the Supplement already published, that the

'Dissertation,' before us, 'forms the first of a series of similar discourses, with one of which each volume in the work will commence; and whose object is to exhibit a rapid view of the progress made since the revival of letters, first in those branches of knowledge which relate to *Mind*, and next in those which relate to Matter. In so far as regards the philosophy of mind and its kindred branches, this historical sketch is brought down in the present *dissertation* to the beginning of the last century; and the inquiry will be concluded in another dissertation to be prefixed to the *third* volume. The *second* volume will commence with a similar view of the progress of the mathematical and physical sciences during the same period, by Professor Playfair; who will in like manner conclude the history of these sciences in another discourse to be given with the fourth volume. This series will be concluded by a dissertation on the history of chemical discovery and chemical theory, by Mr. William Thomas Brande, to be prefixed to the *last* volume.'

We have made this extract merely for the purpose of acquainting our readers with the matter of fact which it contains; but we cannot resist a temptation to observe, that both the division which is here made of human knowledge and the order in which the various dissertations are to be given to the world seem to be exceedingly arbitrary. We shall not however stop to examine the grounds of these arrangements but proceed to the consideration of our author's *Dissertation*.

He informs us at the conclusion of his Preface, that the sciences to which he means to confine his observations are 'metaphysics, ethics and political philosophy;' and he commences his labours by reviewing, in a rapid way, the effect produced on all these branches of human knowledge by the discovery of the Pandects, the revival of letters, the Reformation, and other subsidiary causes. Our author's remarks upon these subjects are all of them sensible, and expressed with liveliness; which upon a subject that has been so much and so often trodden is all that it was possible to perform. A large portion however of his first chapter is taken up with an expo-

exposition of the mischievous effects which he supposes the writings of Machiavel to have produced upon the political morals of Europe in the age immediately subsequent to that in which he lived. We have not leisure for entering upon an examination of the particular grounds on which our author builds the opinions he entertains upon this subject, but we cannot help thinking that he refines not a little in attributing so much of the political character of the time in which Machiavel wrote to the causes which he assigns. It would, we believe, be much more safe to explain the depraved morality of Machiavel's writings by the peculiar circumstances of the age and country in which he lived. The political maxims which prevailed among the petty states of Italy during the fifteenth century will be found recorded and reduced into a sort of theory of government in the 'Prince;' but to suppose that this work was materially instrumental in introducing them to *practice* is, we conceive, mistaking the effect for the cause. A much better explanation of the wicked principles of politics which spread from Italy over a great part of Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries will be found by comparing the history of those times with the remarks which Thucydides makes in his third book upon the Machiavelism which wars and continued dissensions had created in Greece at the period in which he wrote.

Before we quit this chapter, we cannot avoid noticing the silence of our author respecting the influence which the revival of Greek literature in Europe exercised upon the metaphysical taste of the times immediately following. It is indeed true, as he remarks, that no substantial improvement took place in the science itself in consequence of that event; nevertheless, the changes which it produced were sufficiently remarkable, in a literary point of view, fully to deserve notice in any historical sketch of the subject. To commence the history of metaphysics, as our author may be said to do, with the writings of Bacon, is not without inconvenience. So many of his opinions, and so many particular passages in his works, can only be fully explained by reference to the metaphysical notions that prevailed at the time in which he lived, that a person altogether unacquainted with these will necessarily be liable to misunderstand sometimes the scope of his philosophy. The metaphysical science which at present exists is not among the number of modern inventions; it has been handed down, in regular descent, from the times of Grecian philosophy; question has begotten question, and opinion has begotten opinion, in such a way, that in order to understand the metaphysics of one age it will commonly be found necessary to know something of the metaphysics of the age immediately preceding. However, as we have no room for supplying the omission of Mr. Stewart respecting the state of the metaphysical sciences

sciences at the period when Bacon began to write, we shall follow our author's steps and proceed with him to the second chapter, the subject of which is the state of philosophy 'from the publication of Bacon's philosophical works till that of the Essay on the Human Understanding.'

Ego cum me ad utilitates humanas natum existimarem, says Bacon in his Fragment De Interp. Nat. et curam reipublicæ inter ea esse, quæ publici sunt juris, et velut undam aut auram omnibus patere interpretarer, et quid hominibus maxime conducere posset quæsi, et ad quid ipse a natura optime factus essem deliberavi—me ipsum autem ad veritatis contemplationes, quam ad alia magis fabricatum deprehendi; ut qui mentem et ad rerum similitudinem (quod maximum est) agnoscendam, satis mobilem, et ad differentiarum subtilitates satis fixam et intentam haberem, qui et querendi desiderium, et dubitandi patientiam, et meditandi voluptatem, et asserendi cunctationem, et respiscendi facilitatem, et disponendi solitudinem tenerem; quique nec novitatem affectarem, nec antiquitatem admirarer, et omnem imposturam odissem. We know not that among all the many long and laboured panegyrics which we have met with upon Bacon's character as a writer any one is to be found more just or better discriminated than this which we have extracted from his own works. The tone, indeed, in which he talks of himself and of the qualities of his genius, is somewhat high, considering who it is that speaks; but he attributes to himself nothing more than he really possessed; for he was truly a man of admirable wisdom; with all his moral errors a sincere lover of mankind, and with all his intellectual errors sincerely zealous for truth.

But the soundness of an author's philosophical opinions is not always proportioned to the greatness of his genius; and accordingly, although we profess as much veneration for the powers of Bacon's mind as Mr. Stewart himself can well be supposed to feel, and possibly not less admiration for his writings, yet we cannot but think that when our author rests the fame of Bacon upon the superior knowledge, which he supposes his works to display, of the *proper objects of philosophy* and of the *resources and limits of the human understanding*, it is placing them precisely in the least favourable point of view in which they can well be looked at. No doubt there are many observations upon this subject scattered through Bacon's writings which, taken separately, reflect great credit upon his good sense; but we are now speaking of his philosophical views in general; and these are manifestly so loose, wavering and erroneous, that when we hear Mr. Stewart perpetually talking of the *Baconian school*, and the *Baconian logic*, and describing his own particular doctrines in philosophy as modelled upon Bacon's precepts, by way of contradistinction from those who profess to be followers of

Locke

Locke in philosophy, we should sometimes be tempted to suspect, did we not know the unimpeachable integrity of Mr. Stewart's opinions, that he and Dr. Reid were merely availing themselves of Bacon's venerable name, (to use an expression of this last,) *vice licitorum aut viatorum, ad summovendam turbam ut dogmatibus suis viam aperirent.*

'The merits of Bacon,' says our author, 'as the father of experimental philosophy, are so universally acknowledged that it would be superfluous to touch upon them here. The lights which he has struck out in various branches of the philosophy of mind have been much less attended to; although the whole scope and tenour of his speculations show, that to *this* study his genius was far more strongly and happily turned than to that of the material world. It was not as some seem to have imagined, by sagacious anticipation of particular discoveries, that his writings have had so powerful an influence in accelerating the advancement of that science. In the extent and accuracy of his *physical* knowledge, he was far inferior to many of his predecessors; but he surpassed them all in his knowledge of the laws, the resources, and the limits of the human understanding. The sanguine expectations with which he looked forwards to the future were founded solely in his confidence in the untried capacities of the mind; and on a conviction of the possibility of invigorating and guiding by logical rules those faculties, which, in all our researches after truth, are the organs or instruments to be employed. "Such rules," as he himself has observed, "do in some sort equal man's wits, and leave no great advantage in pre-eminence to the excellent notions of the spirit. To draw a straight line, or to describe a circle by aim of hand only, there must be a great difference between an unsteady and unpractised hand, and a steady and practised; but to do it by rule or compass, it is much alike."

'Nor is it merely as a logician that Bacon is entitled to notice on the present occasion. It would be difficult to name another writer prior to Locke whose works are enriched with so many valuable observations on the intellectual phenomena. Among these the most valuable relate to the laws of memory and imagination; the latter of which subjects he seems to have studied with peculiar care. In one short but beautiful paragraph concerning poetry, (under which title may be comprehended all the various creations of this faculty,) he has exhausted every thing that philosophy and good sense have yet had to offer on what has since been called the *beau ideal*; a topic which has furnished occasion to so many false refinements among the French critics, and to so much extravagance and mysticism in the *cloud-capt* metaphysics of the new German school. In considering imagination as connected with the nervous system, more particularly as connected with that species of sympathy to which medical writers have given the name of *imitation*, he has suggested some very important hints which none of his successors have hitherto prosecuted; and has at the same time left an example of cautious inquiry worthy to be studied by all who may attempt to investigate the laws regulating the union between Mind and Body. His illustration of the different classes of

of prejudice incident to human nature is, in point of practical utility at least, equal to any thing on that head to be found in Locke; of whom it is impossible to forbear remarking, as a circumstance not easily explicable, that he should have resumed this important discussion without once mentioning the name of his great predecessor.—The improvement made by Locke, in the further prosecution of the argument, is the application of Hobbes's theory of association to explain in what manner these prejudices are originally generated.

‘In Bacon’s scattered hints on topics connected with the philosophy of the mind, strictly so called, *nothing is more remarkable than the precise and just idea they display of the proper aim of this science.* He had manifestly reflected much and carefully on the operations of his own understanding, and had studied with uncommon sagacity the intellectual character of others. Of his reflections and observations on both subjects, he has recorded many important results; and has in general stated them, *without the slightest reference to any physiological theory concerning their causes, or to any analogical explanations founded on the caprices of metaphorical language.* If on some occasions he assumes the existence of *animal spirits* as the medium of communication between soul and body, it must be remembered that this was then the universal belief of the learned; and that it was at a much later period not less confidently avowed by Locke. Nor ought it to be overlooked (I mention it to the credit of both authors) that in such instances the *fact* is commonly so stated as to render it easy for the reader to detach it from the *theory*. As to the scholastic questions concerning the *nature and essence of mind*,—*whether it be extended or unextended? whether it have any relation to space or to time? or whether (as was contended by others) it exist in every ubi but in no place?* Bacon has uniformly passed them over in silent contempt; and has probably contributed not less effectually to bring them into general discredit, by this indirect intimation of his own opinion, than if he had descended to the ungrateful task of exposing their absurdity.

‘While Bacon, however, so cautiously avoids these unprofitable discussions about the nature of mind, he decidedly states his conviction, that the *faculties* of man differ not merely in degree but in kind, from the instincts of brutes. “I do not therefore,” he observes on one occasion, “approve of that confused and promiscuous method in which philosophers are accustomed to treat of pneumatologys, as if the human soul ranked above those of brutes, merely like the sun above the stars, or like gold above other metals.”—p. 52.

Our author then proceeds to quote Bacon’s remark upon the mutual influence which thought and language exercise over each other, and upon the dependence which subsists between them. Having attributed to the views of Bacon upon this subject quite as much importance as they are entitled to, and animadverted upon the *capital error* into which he falls, by inferring from the more artificial construction of the ancient languages, that ‘the human intellect was much more acute and subtle in ancient, than it is now in modern times,’ Mr. Stewart concludes his long eulogium of

Bacon’s

Bacon's opinions concerning the science of the mind, by summarily observing that,—

‘It would be endless to particularize the original suggestions thrown out by Bacon on topics connected with the science of mind. The few passages of this sort already quoted, are produced merely as specimens of the rest. They are by no means selected as the most important in his writings; but as they happened to be those that left the strongest impression on my memory, I thought them as likely as any other to invite the curiosity of my readers to a careful examination of the rich mine from which they are selected.’—p. 54.

We have given the above passage at length, in order that upon a question about which we differ very widely from Mr. Stewart, we might place ourselves above all suspicion of having garbled or misrepresented his sentiments. The decision of it is perhaps of no material importance in a philosophical point of view; nevertheless, as our author is on all occasions holding up Bacon as the model whom metaphysical writers should emulate, it may perhaps be not without use to examine under what conditions this advice should be received.

Now we are willing to allow that the hints which Mr. Stewart has extracted from Bacon's writings as ‘specimens’ of the soundness of his metaphysical opinions in general, display perfectly good sense; though we confess, at the same time, that we do not thoroughly understand the reason of that profuse admiration which they would appear to have excited in our author's mind. But be this as it may, we think it will be admitted, that however wise the remarks in question may be, they belong more properly to the *practice* than to the *theory* of our knowledge, and might have been made in the first instance, or afterwards acquiesced in, by a person who might nevertheless entertain very erroneous notions respecting the nature of the mind itself, and of that science of which mind is the object; and consequently that when Mr. Stewart praises his author for the *surpassing knowledge which his writings display of the laws, the resources and the limits of the human understanding*, and for the *precise and just ideas which they evince of the proper aim of the science of the mind*; even supposing this praise to be ever so justly deserved in point of fact, yet the propriety of it is by no means proved by the particular instances which he adduces. If Mr. Stewart or our readers continue of a different opinion, it will not be difficult to bring the matter to issue by a reference to the writings of Bacon himself.

Mr. Stewart praises his author for having avoided all *physiological theories respecting the causes of the intellectual phenomena*, (with an exception to his hasty acquiescence in the received opinion concerning the operation of *animal spirits*.)—Let us hear Bacon himself—‘The faculties of the soul,’ says he, *De Aug. lib. iv. c. iii.*
‘are

'are well known : viz. the understanding, reason, imagination, memory, appetite, will, and all those wherewith logic and ethics are concerned. In the doctrine of the soul, the *origin* of these faculties must be *physically* treated, as they may be innate or adhering to the soul.' What we are to understand by the word '*physically*' he explains on more than one occasion ; for example, lib. iv. c. i. he tells us, 'that among these doctrines of union, or consent of soul and body, there is none more necessary, than an inquiry into the *proper seat and habitation of each faculty of the soul in the body and its organs*. Some indeed have prosecuted this subject ; but all usually delivered upon it, is either controverted or slightly examined ; so as to require more pains and accuracy. The opinion of Plato, which seats the *understanding in the brain, courage in the heart, and sensuality in the liver*, should neither be totally rejected nor fondly received.'

Again our author tells us, that '*as to the scholastic questions concerning the nature and essence of mind, whether it be extended or unextended*,' and so on, '*Bacon has uniformly passed them over in silent contempt*.' With what propriety this can be said, our readers shall judge ; only premising, that in the language of the schools, *extended, divisible, and separable*, as applied to matter and mind, are generally used as parallel expressions. In the very same chapter of the book, *now in the very passage immediately following that which our author has quoted*, respecting the promiscuous manner in which philosophers treat of the souls of men and brutes, we find the following words :—'The doctrine of the inspired substance (by which we must understand the *sentient* part of our nature) as also of the rational soul, comprehends several inquiries, with relation to its *nature* ; as whether the soul be *native or adventitious, separable or inseparable*, and the like ? But the points of this kind, though *they might be more thoroughly sifted in philosophy than hitherto they have been*, yet in the end they must be turned over to religion.—But in the doctrine of the sensitive or produced soul ; even its *substance* may be justly inquired into ; though this inquiry seems hitherto *wanting* : for of what signifi-
cancy are the terms of *actus ultimus, forma corporis*, and such logical trifles, to the knowledge of the soul's substance ? The sensitive soul must be allowed a corporeal substance, attenuated by heat, and rendered invisible ; as a subtle breath, or *aura*, of a flaming and airy nature, having the softness of air in receiving impressions, and the activity of fire in exerting its action ; nourished partly by an oily and partly by a watery substance,' and so forth.—Lib. iv. c. iii. So much for the '*uniformly silent contempt*' with which Mr. Stewart thinks Bacon has so '*cautiously avoided unprofitable discussions about the nature of mind*.'

Another topic of praise, is the *peculiar care* with which he fancies his author to have studied the subject of 'Imagination' as connected with the nervous system, more particularly as connected with that species of *sympathy* to which medical writers have given the name of imitation. In addition to the instances adduced by Mr. Stewart in his note, we might add the following, of the merits of which our readers may, if they are so inclined, make experiment. 'There be many things that work upon the spirits of man by secret *sympathy and antipathy*: the virtues of precious stones worn about the person have been anciently and generally received; and curiously assigned to work several effects. So much is true; that stones have in them fine spirits, as appeareth by their splendour; and therefore they may work by consent upon the spirits of men to comfort and exhilarate them.' Again he tells us, that 'there are divers sorts of bracelets fit to comfort the spirits; and they be of three intentions—refrigerant, corroborant, and aperient,' and proceeds to point out which sort is best adapted for each of these purposes. We shall adduce only one instance more, out of *some hundreds* to be found in his Natural History, in illustration of the justness which our author is pleased to discover in Bacon's views upon the subject of Imagination. 'The writers of natural magic,' says he, 'report that the heart of an ape worn near the heart, comforteth the heart and increaseth audacity. It is true that the ape is a merry and bold beast. And the same heart likewise of an ape applied to the neck or head, helpeth the wit, and is good for the falling sickness; the ape also is a witty beast and hath a dry brain, which may be some cause of attenuation of vapours in the head. Yet it is said to move dreams also. It may be the heart of a man would do more, but that it is more against men's minds to use it; except it be in such as wear the relics of saints.'—Nat. Hist. Cent. x.

But the topic on which Mr. Stewart chiefly dwells, both in the present and on former occasions, while panegyriizing the philosophy of Bacon, is the respect which it pays to the '*limits, the laws and resources of the human understanding*;' and this we cannot help thinking is by much the most extraordinary topic of any which he has selected. There is scarcely a page in the *Novum Organon*, that does not furnish a contradiction to it; and as to Bacon's Miscellaneous Philosophical Works, one might almost suppose that they were written in express refutation of it. In the summary which Bacon himself gives of what he conceives ought to be the objects of philosophical inquiry, are the following; and we select those which he principally dwells upon in his works: '*The prolongation of life: the restitution of youth in some degree: the retardation of age: the altering of statures: the altering of features: versions of bodies into other bodies: making of new species: im-*
pressions'

pressions of the air and raising tempests: greater pleasures of the senses, &c. So little indeed can Bacon be considered as having risen in any great degree above the age in which he lived, with respect to his views as to the proper aim of philosophy, or the proper limits of the human understanding, that he even goes so far in his 'Natural History' as to give us formal receipts for the making of gold, and performing many of the other prodigies which he enumerates, all which he tells us, he judges very possible.—See Nat. Hist. cent. iv. s. 326. Mr. Stewart we know will say, that these errors ought to be charged upon the age in which Bacon lived; and to a certain extent this is true; but, we fear, that after all allowances have been made, still some degree of blame will necessarily adhere to him. For, with the exception of the disciples of Raymond Lully and Jordano Bruno, the extravagant speculations in which Bacon wished to embark philosophy, had long been abandoned by sober inquirers. He himself complains of it; and designates such persons as *ignavi regionum exploratores, qui ubi nihil nisi pontum et cælum vident, terras ultra esse prorsus negant*. So far indeed was he from ascertaining the proper aim and boundaries of genuine science, that instead of hailing with approbation or applause the discoveries which the Italian astronomers, by means of the telescope, were every day adding to the stock of real knowledge, he writes to his friend Matthews, desiring him 'to tell the astronomers of Italy to amuse us less with their fabulous and foolish traditions, and come nearer the experiments of sense; and tell us that when all the planets, except the moon, are beyond the line in the other hemisphere for six months together, we must needs have a cold winter, as we saw it was last year.' Now we can easily comprehend, as we before observed, how a person having embraced an erroneous theory concerning the nature and proper objects of science, should nevertheless be capable of making many sound practical observations such as Mr. Stewart alludes to in the long extract given above; but we think our readers will agree with us in thinking that the description of errors which the passages we have selected contain, are such as no person could possibly have fallen into, whose 'knowledge of the laws, and limits, and resources of the human understanding' was so profound as our author supposes Bacon's to have been. It may also be useful to remark, that these errors were not mere excrescences that grew upon the views which Bacon entertained upon the subject of philosophy; as a very brief account of these views will easily shew.

Bacon divides natural philosophy into two parts; the first consists in the investigation of causes; the second, in the production of effects; the causes to be investigated are either final or formal causes, or else material and efficient causes. The former consti-

tutes what Bacon calls metaphysics; the latter, what he understands by physics. This last Bacon looks upon as a branch of philosophy very inferior in point of dignity and importance to the other; and accordingly, to ascertain the most probable means of improving our knowledge in *metaphysics*, that is to say, in the *science of formal causes* (for he banishes the investigation of *final causes* as barren of advantage) is the great object which he proposes to himself in the *Novum Organon*. To give an exact definition of the meaning which Bacon attaches to the phrase, *formal causes*, is rather difficult; because his language upon this subject is uncertain in a very remarkable degree; we shall, however, be able to collect his meaning with sufficient accuracy for our present purposes, by considering of what nature those *effects* were, to which he expected that a knowledge of these causes would lead.—‘*Physics*,’ says he, ‘directs us through narrow, rugged paths, in imitation of the crooked ways of ordinary nature; but he that understands a *form*, knows the ultimate possibility of superinducing that nature upon all kinds of matter:’ that is to say, as he himself interprets this last expression, is able to superinduce the nature of gold upon silver, and to perform all those other marvels to which the alchemists pretended. The error of these last, as he is at great pains to convince us, did not consist in proposing to themselves things impossible to accomplish, but in hoping to arrive at their ends by fabulous and fantastical methods. Agreeably to this view of the subject, one leading object of the first part of his *Instauratio Magna* is to point out the necessity of resorting to more effectual and practicable methods of ascertaining the *formal causes* on which depend the effects he hopes to produce; and the *Novum Organon* (which forms the second part of his *Instauratio*) consists altogether of a set of logical rules for conducting the investigation. That the rules which he lays down, are wise and salutary *with reference to physics*, and such as do infinite credit to his acuteness, we are happy to admit; how far we are indebted to them for the rapid progress which these last sciences have made subsequent to the times of Bacon, is a question about which it is difficult to form an explicit opinion. But this we think is sufficiently clear, that if Bacon is to be allowed any considerable share in the honours which modern experimentalists have acquired, he may in many respects be compared to the husbandman in *Æsop’s fable*: ‘Who when he died told his sons that he had left them gold buried under ground in his vineyard; and they digged all over the ground, and gold they found none; but by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of their vines, they had a great vintage the year following.’

We have expatiated so largely upon the opinions which Mr.

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Stewart holds, respecting Bacon's metaphysical merits, that it is not in our power to enter into any detailed examination of the judgment which he passes upon the services that Bacon has rendered to political and ethical science. Indeed our sentiments upon this subject so entirely coincide with Mr. Stewart's, that we could do little more than repeat and enlarge upon the very just observations which he has made; and expressed much better than we could hope to do. If we have any thing to desire (we do not say to blame) in this part of our author's essay, it is that, in the attention which he bestows upon the merits of Bacon, he has not spoken more of his rich imagination, his powerful wit, and the penetrating wisdom which he displays upon that useful, and, to the greater number of persons, most interesting of all subjects, commonly called the *world*. This last appears to us to have been the characteristic quality of Bacon's genius; and which he carried with him to the consideration of every subject to which he directed his thoughts.* For, as we may partly perceive in those remarks which our author quotes from his works, it was *men* rather than *things* that he had studied, the mistakes of *philosophers* rather than the errors of *philosophy*. In fact, he was no lover of abstract reasoning; his writings are indeed full of refined and most acute observations, but it seldom requires any effort of reason on our part to apprehend their wisdom. His judgments are commonly delivered *ex cathedra*; or if he endeavours to elucidate them, it is by simile and illustration and pointed animadversion, more than by direct and appropriate arguments. No doubt, the qualities which we are now attributing to him, are of a high order; and in the degree in which he possessed them, much more rare and valuable than a mere talent for general reasoning; this last, however, is absolutely indispensable in philosophy; it admits of no substitute, and the want of it is so marked in Bacon's philosophical writings, that whatever merits they may possess, considered as a map in which the relative position of the sciences is noted down, or however useful they may be with reference to the many sound practical remarks which they may contain, upon the various mistakes and prejudices to which mankind are liable; yet

* "I remember," says he, (Sir Joshua Reynolds) "Mr. Burke, speaking of the *Essays* of Sir Francis Bacon, said he thought them the best of his works." Dr. Johnson was of opinion "that their excellence and their value consisted in their being observations of a strong mind operating upon life; and in consequence you find there what you seldom find in other works."—*Some account of Sir Joshua Reynolds, prefixed to Malone's Edition of his Discourses*, p. xxviii.

We are glad to be able to defend our opinions concerning the inferior merits of Bacon's philosophical writings compared with his other works, from the charge of singularity or presumption, by sheltering ourselves under the authority of such names as Burke and Johnson.

to speak of them in the unqualified terms of admiration which Mr. Stewart is in the habit of using, to place them in a higher or even in the same rank as the philosophical writings of Locke, affords only another instance to shew how necessary it is for us to be upon our guard against the eloquence and imagination of a writer, in questions that do not properly fall within their provinces. Had Bacon possessed no more imagination than Locke, or had Locke possessed all the imagination of Bacon, the *philosophical* merits of each would have remained the same; but how different would have been the respective judgment which Mr. Stewart passes! And here our excellent author must excuse us for saying, that we think we have perceived both in his writings and in those of Dr. Reid, a studious design, we will not say of detracting from the reputation of Locke, but certainly of very greatly lessening the praise to which his writings have hitherto, both in this country and abroad, been thought entitled.* But we dare not trust ourselves upon this subject at present; the singular veneration, not to call it gratitude, which we feel for a writer, to whose works we think ourselves indebted for more valuable improvement than to any single human production, would otherwise lead us into a discussion which will be more properly placed in our examination of the sequel, which our author promises us, to the present Dissertation. In the mean time we shall keep the road which he himself has taken.

The next succession of writers who pass in review, are Hobbes, Cudworth, Montaigne, Charron, De la Rochefoucauld. With respect to the first of these, Mr. Stewart very justly remarks, 'that it is only by considering Hobbes's opinions in connection with the

* It would be easy to verify what we have here said from other parts of Mr. Stewart's writings; but the following note is, we think, sufficiently characteristic of his sentiments. Mr. Stewart is, in general, so profuse in his applause of common-place writers, that his liberality savours sometimes even of affectation: the extract, however, will shew that he can, when he pleases, be more discriminating. In a letter of Warburton's to Hurd, a comparison is instituted between the merits of Locke and Malebranche. After noticing the comparative neglect into which the writings of the latter had gradually fallen, Warburton continues—"But the sage Locke supported himself by no system on the one hand, nor on the other did he dishonour himself by any whimsies. The consequence of which was, that neither following the fashion, nor striking the imagination, he, at first, had neither followers nor admirers; but every where clear and every where solid, he at length worked his way, and afterwards was subject to no reverses. He was not affected by the new fashions in philosophy, who leaned upon none of the old; nor did he afford ground for the after-attacks of envy and folly by any fanciful hypothesis, which, when grown stale, are the most nauseous of all things."

The foregoing reflections, says Mr. Stewart, 'on the opposite fates of these two philosophers, do honour, on the whole, to Warburton's penetration; but the unqualified panegyric on Locke will be now very generally allowed to furnish an additional example of that "national spirit which," according to Hume, "forms the greatest happiness of the English, and leads them to bestow on all their eminent writers such praises and acclamations as may often appear partial and excessive."'—p. 122.

circumstances of the times and the fortunes of the writer, that a just notion can be formed of their spirit and tendency.' The extraordinary interest which the political writings of Hobbes excited in his own age, arose almost entirely from the political events by which the minds of men were then agitated. Now, that his opinions possess no other interest except what they derive from their intrinsic value, they are deservedly fallen into neglect; nor can it be the wish of those who are friends to religion and rational liberty, to recal them into notice. In other respects, however, his writings are entitled to some consideration: he was a man of a powerful and penetrating understanding, and as Mr. Stewart, with an unwonted familiarity of expression observes, 'even when he thinks most unsoundly himself, has that power of *setting his readers a-thinking*, which is one of the most unequivocal marks of original genius.' The great antagonist of Hobbes, in his own age, was Cudworth; it is principally against the philosophical opinions of the former that the ponderous artillery of the treatise of *Immutable Morality* and the *Intellectual System* was directed. But those who have ceased to think about the opinions of the *Philosopher of Malmesbury*, are still less likely to think much about Cudworth's refutation of them. Respecting the works of this last, indeed, we cannot speak with confidence; we have made more than one attempt upon them, but always found ourselves in a short time so suffocated with learning, and blinded with the dust and rubbish of the Alexandrine philosophy, that we were fain to desist. Mr. Stewart, however, tells us, that some gold may nevertheless be found in Cudworth's writings; and we have, in fact, no doubt, that those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the ancient theories, will really find in him much that is valuable.

From Cudworth our author passes to the continent; and the first writer whom we find him noticing is Montaigne; in considering whose writings, Mr. Stewart says—

'I need scarcely say that I leave entirely out of the account what constitutes (and justly constitutes) to the generality of readers, the principal charm of his Essays; the good nature, humanity, and unaffected sensibility which so irresistibly attach us to his character,—lending, it must be owned, but too often, a fascination to his *talk*, when he cannot be recommended as the safest of companions. Nor do I lay much stress on the inviting frankness and vivacity with which he unbosoms himself about all his domestic habits and concerns; and which render his book so expressive a portrait, not only of the author but of the Gascon country gentleman two hundred years ago. I have in view chiefly the minuteness and good faith of his details concerning his own personal qualities, both intellectual and moral. The only study that seems ever to have engaged his attention, was that of *man*; and for this he was sin-

gularly fitted by a rare combination of that talent for observation which belongs to men of the world, with those habits of abstracted reflexion, which men of the world have commonly so little disposition to cultivate. "I study myself," says he, "more than any other subject; this is my metaphysic, this is my natural philosophy." He has accordingly produced a work *unique* in its kind; valuable in an eminent degree, as an authentic record of many interesting facts relative to human nature; but more valuable by far, as holding up a mirror in which every individual, if he does not see his own image, will at least occasionally perceive so many traits of resemblance to it, as can scarcely fail to incite his curiosity to a more careful review of himself. In this respect, Montaigne's writings may be regarded in the light of what painters call *studies*; in other words, of those slight sketches which were originally designed for the amusement or improvement of the artist; but which, on that account, are the more likely to be useful in developing the germs of similar endowments in others.²—76.

We do not exactly see the connection, nor indeed the exact sense which the two concluding members of the last sentence possess; but the account which is here given of the writings of Montaigne is lively, and upon the whole just. We doubt, however, whether his writings 'hold up a mirror' in which we are likely to correct the faults of our minds; for, like other vain people, Montaigne seems to have prided himself upon his defects quite as much as upon his perfections. Be this as it may, in what respect the qualities which our author points out can justify him, in placing Montaigne 'at the head of the French writers who contributed, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, to turn the thoughts of his countrymen to subjects connected with the philosophy of mind,' requires more explanation than Mr. Stewart seems to have thought necessary. According to the principle on which he proceeds, no line seems to be drawn, which would exclude Chaucer or Shakespeare, or any other writer whose productions evince an intimate acquaintance with human nature, from having in like manner 'assigned to them a distinguished rank in the history of modern philosophy.' It is indeed true, to use the words of his friend Charron, that Montaigne indulged himself *dans une pleine, entière, généreuse et seigneuriale liberté d'esprit*; and his writings, consequently, would naturally rise into high favour among the French wits of later times; but this *lordly liberty of thinking* which he exercised, was plainly a mere caprice of his, hanging so loosely upon him, and obviously so little founded in reason or reflection, that we feel some difficulty in supposing, with our author, that 'he has done more perhaps than any author to introduce into men's houses what is now called the *new philosophy*.' That his writings did not produce this bad effect upon his own age, or upon the age immediately succeeding, is, we think,

think, unquestionable; and we cannot but hope, that many satisfactory explanations are to be found of the scepticism by which the eighteenth century was so unfortunately distinguished, without charging any part of it upon a writer who has already more sins to answer for than his friends find it easy to excuse.

We have said thus much upon the subject of Montaigne, led away, rather by the kindness which we feel for a favourite companion, than by the importance which we conceive his writings possess, with reference to the history of metaphysics. As we have not the same motive for expatiating upon the subject of Charron—who in all his qualities, both good and bad, is directly opposite to Montaigne—we shall pass on to De la Rochefoucauld. The observations which Mr. Stewart makes upon the subject of this last—as is the case with most of the rapid criticisms with which the Dissertation before us abounds—are in themselves sensible and pleasing; if there be any fault to be found with them, it is, that in too many instances they are irrelevant to the subject-matter he has in hand. The professed object of the essay now before us is to give a view of the progress, not of *morals and politics*, but of moral and political *philosophy*. And accordingly it was not required of him, to estimate the merits of every writer whose productions may seem directly or indirectly connected with morality and politics, as exhibited in the *practice* of mankind at different periods of modern history, but of such writers only as have thrown, or attempted to throw light upon the *abstract principles* on which the politics, and morals, and opinions of mankind depend. This misapprehension, of what we conceive to be our author's real subject, is perhaps not so great in the instance of the writer whom we are now touching upon, as in Fenelon, the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, Cervantes, Pascal, and many others, whom it would be easy to name; because De la Rochefoucauld is very commonly considered as the author of a *theory of morals*, and not merely of certain opinions respecting the motives into which, speaking of men as he had found them, their actions were chiefly resolvable. This mistake our author has pointed out with his usual judgment.

'That the tendency of these Maxims,' says he, 'is upon the whole unfavourable to morality, and that they always leave a disagreeable impression upon the mind, must, I think, be granted. At the same time it may be fairly questioned, if the motives of the author have in general been well understood, either by his admirers or his opponents. In affirming that self-love is the spring of all our actions, there is no reason to suppose that he meant to deny the reality of moral distinctions, as a philosophical truth; a supposition quite inconsistent with his own fine and deep remark, that *hypocrisy is itself an homage which vice pays to virtue*. He states it merely as a *fact*, which, in the course of his experience as a man of the world, he had found very generally verified

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in the higher classes of society; and which he was induced to announce without any qualification or restriction, in order to give more force and poignancy to his satire.'—p. 83.

The justice of our author's opinion will immediately appear, if our readers will compare the eighty-first and eighty-third maxims, in which De la Rochefoucauld compares *that which men have called friendship*, with the feeling which alone is really entitled to the name. It is true he tells us, that in preferring others to ourselves, we are only consulting our own taste and gratification; but to infer from this that *self-love* is therefore, in his opinion, at the bottom even of our most disinterested feelings, is plainly nothing more than a verbal generalization. We were glad to find our author vindicating De la Rochefoucauld from so senseless and sophistical an opinion: when we say that he is too reserved in his commendation of the admirable good sense, as well as good taste, which the *Maximes Morales* display, we are perhaps only accusing him of the enviable fault of thinking too favourably of mankind. 'In reading De la Rochefoucauld,' says he, 'it should never be forgotten, that it was within the vortex of a court he enjoyed his chief opportunities of studying the world; and that the narrow and exclusive circle in which he moved was not likely to afford him the most favourable specimens of human nature.' We know not how this may be, but we think that there is scarcely a maxim of De la Rochefoucauld, but may be verified in one degree or other, among all classes of people: to say that each particular maxim will be found equally true in the case of every individual is another matter; but there are few of them, we apprehend, among those which are of a nature to be susceptible of general application, that will be found, even with respect to the best of us, *wholly* false. However, we have said more than enough upon the subject of De la Rochefoucauld; it is time to follow our author into his remarks upon a writer in whose works we shall find far fewer truths than among the *Maximes Morales*—we mean the celebrated Descartes; a person who occupies so conspicuous a situation in the history of modern philosophy, that we shall be under the necessity of bestowing much more attention upon him, than the intrinsic value of his philosophical writings would perhaps seem to require.

'The power of reflection,' says Mr. Stewart, 'it is well known, is the last that unfolds itself; and in by far the greater number of individuals it never unfolds itself in any considerable degree. It is a fact equally certain, that long before the period of life when this power begins to exercise its appropriate functions, the understanding is already pre-occupied with a chaos of opinions, notions, impressions, and associations, bearing on the most important objects of human inquiry; not to men-

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tion the innumerable sources of error and delusion connected with the use of a vernacular language, learned in infancy by rote, and identified with the first processes of thought and perception. The consequence is, that when man begins to reflect, he finds himself (to use an expression of M. Turgot) lost in a labyrinth into which he had been led blindfolded. To the same purpose it was long ago complained of by Bacon, "That no one has yet been found of so constant and severe a mind, as to have determined and tasked himself utterly to abolish theories and common notions, and to have applied his intellect altogether smoothed and even to particulars anew. Accordingly, that human reason which we have is a kind of medley and unsorted collection, from much trust and much accident, and the childish notions which we first drank in. Whereas if one of ripe age and sound senses, and a mind thoroughly cleared, should apply himself freshly to experiments and particulars, of him better things were to be hoped."

'What Bacon has here recommended, Descartes attempted to execute; and so exact is the coincidence of his views on this fundamental point with those of his predecessor, that it is with difficulty I can persuade myself he had never read Bacon's works. In the prosecution of this undertaking, the first steps of Descartes are peculiarly interesting and instructive; and it is *these* alone which merit our attention and pursuit. As for the details of his system, they are now only curious as exhibiting an amusing contrast to the extreme rigour of the principle from which the author sets out; a contrast so very striking as to justify the epigrammatic saying of D'Alembert, that "Descartes began with doubting of every thing, and ended in believing that he had left nothing unexplained."—p. 90.

A method of philosophy, recommended by Bacon, and praised by so competent a judge as Mr. Stewart, necessarily possesses a weight of authority in its favour, which we can hardly hope to lessen by any remarks of ours. But, however, we can see things only in the light in which they appear to our apprehension; and accordingly we are obliged to state, that after an attentive consideration of the philosophy of Descartes, and of the views upon which it was projected, we are still incredulous of the claim which either of them possesses to much of our approbation. Descartes tells us, in his *Meditations*, that having shut himself up in a peaceable retirement, for the express purpose of erecting an entirely new system of philosophy; he began by dismissing from his mind, not only all the theories and opinions which preceding writers had delivered upon the subjects of his inquiries, but moreover all those common notions and axioms which mankind had till then regarded as self-evident and incontestable.

'I will suppose,' says he, 'not that God, who is the sovereign source of truth, but that some evil genius, no less crafty than treacherous and powerful, has used all his industry to deceive me. I will imagine that
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the heavens, the air, and earth, colours and sounds and figures, and all external objects are mere reveries ;—snares laid for the express purpose of entrapping my credulity. I will consider myself, as having neither hands, nor eyes, nor flesh, nor blood ; as having no senses, in short ; but as believing in all things contrary to reason. I will obstinately adhere to this opinion ; by which means, even if I should not be so fortunate as to arrive at the knowledge of any truth, at least I shall be able so to suspend my judgment as to avoid the admission of error, and so to prepare my mind against the acts of this arch-deceiver, as to render all his attempts to impose upon my credulity, fruitless.—*Med. i. § xiv.*

Having in this manner resolved to believe in nothing except upon demonstrative evidence, and to reject without any qualification whatever should appear to be in the *slightest degree* doubtful, he proceeds in quest of some truth upon which he may rely with confidence. The first which he discovers is, that *he thinks* ; upon this truth, then, he proposes to build up his system. First, he deduces from it the fact of his own existence as a thinking substance ; and then from the clearness and precision with which he was able to *conceive* the existence of some substance more perfect than himself, he infers the *fact* that such a being must actually have been from all eternity. Having thus proved to his own satisfaction, the existence of a Deity, he argues from the nature of those attributes which he must necessarily possess, that to suppose he would permit us to be deceived by the faculties with which he has endowed us, is a contradiction ; consequently whatever ideas we clearly and instinctively perceive must necessarily be true. In this manner, having demonstrated the existence of a Supreme Being from the clear conception which we are able to form of his attributes, and demonstrated back again from those attributes, that whatever we are able to conceive with clearness must of necessity be *truths*, Descartes imagined that he had laid the foundations of our knowledge upon grounds not to be disputed, and proceeded accordingly in the erection of his superstructure.

Such are the *first steps* which Descartes took towards the accomplishment of his enterprize ; it would be superfluous to notice the many evident errors which they exhibit, in point of logic ; the principles of philosophy which they imply are worthy of more attention perhaps ; but we fear, that if we can at all agree with Mr. Stewart, in designating them as *interesting and instructive*, it is only by turning his expression towards a sense which is the opposite of that in which he uses it.

Mr. Stewart dates from the inventions of Descartes ‘ the origin of the true Philosophy of the Mind.’ By which, if he means the philosophy of Berkeley, or Hume, or Dr. Reid, the *fact* is perhaps correctly

correctly stated; our doubt is, with respect to the propriety with which the expression 'true philosophy' is used; and the reasons upon which we ground our doubts, will partly be gathered from the remarks which we shall have occasion to offer upon the philosophical project which we have just been explaining; and which, in some points of view, our author seems to look upon with a degree of admiration which we find it difficult to participate.

To begin then with that part of it which consisted in rejecting, without distinction, all that former writers had thought, and trusting entirely to the unassisted light of his own understanding for the attainment of truth; when we consider how inconsiderable the results were, and still are, by which the labours of metaphysical writers have been attended, this practice may seem not without plausibility; but the advantages of it, we apprehend, are only in appearance. When people are travelling to an object of which they do not know before-hand the exact position, they cannot expect to reach it, on the first trial, by the shortest and most direct road. For a similar reason we cannot always march straight forwards to our objects in philosophy; it is more frequently only by examining the opinions of others, and observing the grounds and causes of the mistakes which they committed, that we are ourselves conducted eventually to the truth. But even were it otherwise, to reject the experience of others without examination, and to make the systematic exclusion of their opinions an essential part of our plan, would not seem to be a very judicious contrivance. If the reasons on which they are grounded be wrong, of course we are not obliged to adopt them; but if on the contrary they be in any respect grounded on solid foundations, not to avail ourselves of the assistance they might afford merely because others were the authors of them, would seem to be the part of a writer who may be suspected of having other feelings to gratify besides his love of truth.

But it may be asked by what rule are we to distinguish between the comparative probability of the many contradictory opinions that we meet with in the writings of philosophers? We answer; by the same rule by which we distinguish among our own opinions; and he who has not the presumption to suppose himself capable of forming a judgment upon the reasonings of others, ought, we apprehend, in most instances, to have the modesty to be very doubtful about his own. If there be any exceptions to this we will venture to say that it is only in the case of subjects manifestly placed beyond the reach of human reason. So that the true conclusion to be drawn whenever contradictory opinions in philosophy may be supported by equally probable arguments, is, that those who maintain them are alike unprovided with the necessary data to proceed upon; in which case it is the duty of a sensible man

man not to resume the discussion from the beginning, as Descartes did, but rather to abandon it altogether.

So much then for that part of Descartes's method, which consisted in rejecting the opinions of others; and, with respect to the particular plan which he himself attempted to execute, we are so far from acquiescing in the approbation which Mr. Stewart seems disposed to feel, of the principle on which it rests, that we cannot help regarding it as founded upon a total misconception of the real object of science.

The business of natural history is to record particular facts, and the business of philosophy, as is now well understood, is simply to explain them by others more general. Accordingly, in the same manner as the proper object of that part of the science of the mind, which is usually called *moral philosophy*, is to ascertain the *general principles* upon which our particular *feelings* depend, so it is the business of what is called *logic* (taking the word in the comprehensive sense in which it was used by the ancients) to give a similar account of our *opinions*. When metaphysicians shall have succeeded in accomplishing this, so as to give a satisfactory explanation of the nature and degree of evidence which naturally belongs to these last, according to the different circumstances connected with the respective sources from which our various opinions proceed, they will have fulfilled every thing which they ought to engage themselves to perform. How far the assurance which all men necessarily feel in their own existence, and in the existence of the things around them, in the truth of the geometrical axioms, and so forth, be, *speculatively* speaking, too great or otherwise, are points which beings endowed with other faculties may determine, and which those who are anxious about such sort of questions may discuss; but which, whether determinable or indeterminable, have nothing that we are able to perceive in common with the object of real and legitimate philosophy. The question which the metaphysician has to ask is simply this: Whether the account he gives of the phenomena he attempted to explain be correct *in point of fact*? If this be conceded to him he may pile his arms; he has performed all that he undertook to accomplish: those who still continue doubtful about the evidence which the Almighty has thought a sufficient ground for their belief, may state their difficulties, if they please, to those who are willing to examine them, but they have no right to lay either the blame or the burthen of them upon philosophy. If it be asked how do we know that there is an earth and a heaven, that we have eyes and ears, that two and two make four, and that the whole is greater than its part? it belongs to the province of the metaphysician to furnish the information which is required; but if the inquiry be continued, and it be asked accord-
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ing to Descartes; but how do we know that neither our reason nor our senses *deceive* us? he may, we think, very fairly reply, that these are questions which he is not called upon to answer, and that those who interrogate him concerning them have misunderstood the real object of the science which he professes. The former of these questions, however, Descartes seems to have thought of little or no importance, except in subordination to the latter; it is to this that he points the interest of his reader, and the consequence has been, that the greater part of the metaphysical speculations which have attracted attention in latter years, have been occupied in settling a set of subtle problems, which whether reasonable or unreasonable, practicable or impracticable, belong, we conceive, to a sort of *transcendental theology*, and not to any thing which can properly be called *science*.

Dr. Reid, we remember, observes somewhere, that he believes there is no man endowed with a turn for metaphysical disquisition, but has at one period of his life felt the doubts which Descartes proposed to remove. If this be so, it only shews how little a metaphysical turn of mind has to do with a sound judgment in philosophy: for we cannot but think it to be an imputation upon the good sense of any man of mature age to have been ever really and seriously bewildered by such insipid speculations. If once we suppose, with Descartes, that the evidence of our senses, and of our reason, may be made a question; that the existence of a material world, and the truth of the geometrical axioms are points that may be debated, the discussion which arises is manifestly and *prima facie* indeterminable; because the only testimony by which we can decide it is disqualified by the *hypothesis*. As well might we take out our eyes to examine their construction as hope to shew by *reasoning* the abstract credibility of our *reason*. No doubt it is possible to conceive, in the way of a supposition,—for we may *conceive* any thing, however chimerical,—that the only evidence which we possess, or are even able in our imaginations to require, for the perception of truth, is nevertheless uncertain; nature, however, has taken care that we shall *feel* it to be quite otherwise, and whoever asserts that he believes it to be not so, is either imposing upon himself, or endeavouring to impose upon others.

Abstractedly such speculations as these which we are now speaking of, are merely foolish; and if they were confined to those who interest themselves about opinions no farther than as they are matters of curiosity, they would be as harmless as any other of those ‘laborious effects of idleness,’ as Cowley phrases it, with which idle men amuse themselves. But when they are promulgated by authority, as questions of great importance to determine in morals and philosophy, and debated, as such, with seriousness and gravity

gravity by men who are well known to be really zealous for truth, the agitation of them, in that case, becomes by no means a matter of so much indifference. We do not wish to impute blame to Descartes for the abuses which have been made by others of his philosophical opinions, nor are we desirous of putting any uncharitable construction upon the motives of these last; but we think that we are now justified by experience of the fact in saying, that future writers will do well to give the matter some previous consideration before they venture upon similar experiments. The truths which Descartes called into question are the pillars upon which all human opinion ultimately rests; and before he gave the sanction of his then celebrated name to the renewal of the obsolete discussion, as to the safety of their foundations, it would have been praiseworthy in him to consider beforehand a little more maturely what additional security he had it in his power to offer. It is much more easy to doubt that which is certain than to prove that which is doubtful; *mihi enim*, says a more acute thinker than Descartes, *non tam facile in mentem venire solet quare verum aliquid sit, quam quare falsum*. But the chance of any good to result in the former case bears no sort of proportion to the injury that may possibly be occasioned. For to take the instance before us,—supposing Descartes had perfectly succeeded in demonstrating, *after a scientific manner*, the propositions which he affects to believe doubtful,—it is extremely difficult to see to what useful conclusion the fullest acknowledgment of such truths could by possibility lead. But the necessity of the attempt being once admitted its failure is by no means to be looked at with equal indifference; the assumption that they may be doubted implies that they require a proof; and this failing, as we have endeavoured to shew from the nature of the case it necessarily must do, indiscriminate scepticism becomes a common-place, which, as experience has proved, may be directed to subjects that are of more importance than philosophy to the happiness of mankind.

That the doubts and difficulties which are still supposed to hang upon the questions to which we are now alluding, are merely verbal, and derive all their weight from the technical language in which they are proposed, we are fully convinced. But when we consider how little Descartes assisted to lay the shadows by which the science of the mind has been haunted ever since the publication of his *Meditations*, and what discredit has been brought upon it in consequence of his rashness, we certainly cannot agree with Mr. Stewart in looking upon him as a writer to whom the world has any debt of gratitude to pay,—on the score of metaphysics at least. Neither can we agree in thinking that the mistakes which we have endeavoured to point out,

out in the first conception of the plan which Descartes projected, was in any degree redeemed by the ability displayed in the attempt which he made to put it into execution. With respect to the greater number of his opinions, our author agrees with us in thinking, that they were wild and extravagant; but still he seems to imagine that Descartes's metaphysical writings display, in general, great power of genius; we confess we cannot bring ourselves to view them in the same light; nor do we think that the instances which Mr. Stewart selects as specimens of his author's talents for speculative philosophy, are either so important or so original as to require any very strong expressions of praise.

'Descartes,' Mr. Stewart tells us, 'was the *first who clearly saw that our idea of mind is not direct but relative*,—relative to the various operations of which we are conscious. What am I? he asks in his second meditation: A thinking being—that is, a being doubting, knowing, affirming, denying, consenting, refusing, susceptible of pleasure and pain. *Of all these things I might have had complete experience without any previous acquaintance with the laws and qualities of matter*; and therefore it is impossible that the study of matter can avail me aught in the study of myself. This accordingly Descartes laid down as a first principle; that *nothing comprehensible by the imagination can be at all subservient to the knowledge of the mind*; and that the sensible images involved in all our common forms of speaking concerning its operations, are to be guarded against with the most anxious care as tending to confound, in our apprehension, two classes of phenomena, which it is of the last importance to distinguish accurately from each other.'—'If anything,' he continues, 'can add to our admiration of a train of thought, manifesting in its author so unexampled a triumph over the strongest prejudices of sense, it is the extraordinary circumstance of its having first occurred to a young man who had spent years, commonly devoted to academical study, amid the dissipation and tumult of camps. Nothing could make this conceivable but the very liberal education which he had previously received under the Jesuits at their College of la Flèche, where we are told that, while yet a boy, he was so distinguished by habits of deep meditation, that he went among his companions by the name of the *philosopher*. Indeed it is only at that early age that such habits can be cultivated with success.'—p. 94.

Now we cannot help thinking, that the approbation which Mr. Stewart bestows upon the greatness of Descartes's merits, as explained in the extract just given, is expressed with much more emphasis than the reasons which he states render necessary. To describe the reasoning of a writer as 'an *unexampled* triumph over the strongest prejudices of sense' would be an exaggerated expression, in almost any case; and with respect to the particular 'train of thought' to which it is in the present instance applied, we doubt whether it be quite correct in point of *fact*. When our author points out Descartes as 'being the *first who clearly saw that our idea of mind is not*

direct but relative,—relative to the various operations of which we are conscious, and who accordingly laid it down as a first principle, that nothing comprehensible by the imagination can be at all subservient to the knowledge of mind;’ we own (even supposing the fact to be as here stated, that Descartes *was* the *first* who saw this) that we see nothing in the discovery which any man of good sense, whose ideas had not been confused by metaphysical distinctions, might not, without any extraordinary effort of meditation, have arrived at. As a proof of this, and at the same time as a proof that, in point of fact, Descartes was not the *first* who perceived these incontestible truths, we may adduce the following passages which occur to us, from the writings of Cicero. *Non valet tantum animus, ut se ipsum videt; at ut oculus, sese non videns, alia cernit. Non videt, autem, quod minimum est, formam suam. Fortasse; sed id quoque: sed relinquemus; vim certe, sagacitatem, memoriam, motum, celeritatem, videt. Quâ facie quidem sit, aut ubi habitet, ne quærendum quidem est.* And in another place: *Sic mentem hominis, quamvis eam non videas, et Deum non vides, tamen ut Deum agnoscis ex operibus ejus, sic ex memoria rerum et inventione, &c.* We think the above quotations sufficiently prove that ‘Descartes was not the *first* who perceived that our idea of mind was relative;’ and although the ancient philosophers may not have deemed it necessary to lay down formally as a *first principle* that ‘nothing comprehensible by the imagination can be at all subservient to the knowledge of mind:’ yet so fully aware were some of them of the principle itself, that the same admirable writer whom we have just quoted, and who in his philosophical works may generally be considered as speaking the sentiments of a school, urges this very topic in his first Tusculan as an argument to refute the objections of those, who denied the immortality of the soul merely from the difficulty which they found in conceiving it to exist in a state of separation from the body. We may also observe, that when Descartes defines himself to be ‘a doubting, knowing, affirming, denying being,’ and so on, and affirms that he might have learned this without any *previous experience of the laws and qualities of matter*, he would have found it difficult, we apprehend, to make good his assertion, except upon the hypothesis of *innate ideas*. It is true, a knowledge of our minds is not to be acquired by ‘studying matter;’ but if our author agrees with Descartes in thinking that we might have discovered the attributes of our minds, independently of, and previous to, the exercise of our external senses, he must have in his eye, we suspect, some theory of his own upon the subject, with which we are not acquainted.

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all the admiration which Mr. Stewart expresses for the 'train of thought' which appears to him 'so *unexampled* a triumph over the strongest prejudices of sense.' Before we conclude our strictures upon his account of the Cartesian Philosophy, we may perhaps as well notice one or two other inaccuracies into which we think he has fallen in the estimate of its merits. Mr. Stewart observes—

'Among the principal articles of the Cartesian Philosophy which are now incorporated with our prevailing and most accredited doctrines, the following seem to be chiefly entitled to notice.

'1. His luminous exposition of the common logical error of attempting to define words which express notions too simple to admit of analysis. Mr. Locke claims this improvement as entirely his own; but the merit of it unquestionably belongs to Descartes, although it must be owned that he has not sufficiently attended to it in his own researches.

'2. His observations on the different classes of our prejudices; particularly on the errors to which we are liable in consequence of a careless use of language as the instrument of thought—the greater part of these observations, if not the whole, had been previously hinted at by Bacon; but they are expressed by Descartes with greater precision and simplicity, and in a style better adapted to the taste of the present age.

'3. The paramount and indisputable authority, which in all our reasonings concerning the human mind, he ascribes to the evidence of consciousness.

'4. The most important, however, of all his improvements in metaphysics, is the distinction which he has so clearly and so strongly drawn between the *primary* and the *secondary* qualities of matter. This distinction was not unknown to some of the ancient schools in philosophy; but it was afterwards rejected by Aristotle and by the schoolmen; and it was reserved for Descartes to place it in such a light, as (with the exception of a very few sceptical or rather paradoxical theorists) to unite the opinions of all succeeding inquirers. It may be proper to add, that the epithets *primary* and *secondary*, now universally employed to mark the distinction in question, were first introduced by Locke; a circumstance which may have contributed to throw into the shade, the merits of those inquirers who had previously struck into the same path.' (p. 95.)

Now, with respect to the second and third of the articles which Mr. Stewart here enumerates, we might perhaps pass them over in silence; 'to express with greater precision and simplicity, and in a style better adapted to the taste of the present age,' the observations of another, no doubt, may sometimes be rendering great service, but it is not exactly to be mentioned among a writer's contributions to the *prevailing and accredited doctrines of philosophy*. With regard also, to the 'paramount and indisputable authority which in all our reasonings concerning the human mind, he ascribes

to the evidence of consciousness,'—if Descartes had simply said, that we can have no knowledge of any kind except by means of those feelings and ideas of which we are conscious; he would not indeed have made a very original and profound remark; but, however, he would have made a just one. But the peculiarity of Descartes's opinions on the subject of consciousness consists in supposing, that truth is not merely made known to us by means of consciousness, which would be a self-evident observation; but that it essentially and *by definition* depends upon this last; in such a manner as that whatever ideas we perceive with clearness and precision, are necessarily true. This doctrine approaches, we are aware, very nearly to what may be called the leading article in the Philosophy of Dr. Reid: Mr. Stewart, however, is hasty in taking it for granted, that it is on that account 'admitted into the prevailing and accredited doctrines' of the present day; and perhaps still more precipitate in concluding that it is, for the same reason, true.

Our author is also hardly correct in stating that the merit of having first noted the error of attempting 'to define words too simple to admit of analysis belongs unquestionably to Descartes rather than to Locke.' We can easily conceive, that both the one and the other may deserve the praise of having made this useful observation, but the praise of having made it *first* belongs in reality to neither. Andrew Caisalpine, a writer whose fame was by no means extinguished in the time of Descartes, in his book '*Peripateticorum questionum libri quinque*,' on the subject of the *Philosophia prima*, lays down the canon here alluded to, in a very philosophical manner; and refers it, if we remember rightly, to Aristotle, who in the seventh book of his *Metaphysics*, more than once observes, that the nature of simple ideas is not to be discovered by reasoning and definition.*

Mr. Stewart is also, we conceive, incorrect in stating that the distinction which Descartes pointed out between the primary and secondary qualities of matter, though known to some of the ancient schools of philosophy in Greece, *was afterwards rejected by Aristotle*. Upon what passage in Aristotle's works Mr. Stewart grounds this assertion, he does not mention; but the following quotation will shew that if Aristotle really be guilty of the error which is attributed to him, he incurred it with his eyes open; for we think the distinction between the objective and subjective reality of our perceptions, is as plainly pointed out in Aristotle's *Metaphysics* as in any of the passages which our author adduces from Descartes.

* Φαίνεται τοιούτο, ὅτι ἐπὶ τῶν ἀπλῶν οὐκ ἔστι ζήτησις οὐδὲ διδασκαλία, ἀλλὰ ἑτέρος τρόπος τῆς ζήτησεως τῶν τοιούτων. *Metaph.* l. vii. c. xvii.

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'That the immediate objects of our perceptions, as well as our perceptions themselves, do not really exist, is perhaps true; for these are affections and actions of the percipient; but that the substances which cause sensation in us, should not really exist, is impossible. For sensation does not come of itself into the mind, but there is something besides sensation which much necessarily exist previously to it. For that which causes motion must necessarily precede the motion that it communicates; nor is this the less true because these two are relative to each other.* We can hardly believe that a writer who appears to have understood thus accurately the reasons upon which the distinction between the *primary* and *secondary qualities of matter* is founded, should nevertheless have rejected the distinction itself, in the unrestricted sense which the words of Mr. Stewart would lead us to suppose. One word more upon the subject of this famed distinction, and we have done.

Those who are familiar with the writings of Mr. Stewart will probably have observed that he entertains no very profound respect for the character of our English seats of learning; 'immoveably moored to the same station,' to use his own ingenious illustration, 'by the strength of their cables and the weight of their anchors,' he seems to think them of no other use than to enable 'the historian of the human mind to measure the rapidity of the current by which the rest of the world are borne along.' We certainly do not feel flattered by the opinion here expressed of the seminaries in which we received our education; but, however, we have no quarrel with Mr. Stewart on this score. Considering universities in the light in which he views them, as mere societies of learned men incorporated for the purpose of facilitating the progress of science and rearing a succession of professors and philosophers, we can easily conceive that he should see much to disapprove of, in institutions that are manifestly projected with a view to many other objects. But although Mr. Stewart is at liberty to think lowly of the usefulness of our universities, he ought still to speak of them with fairness; and not shew a disposition to find fault upon imperfect evidence. On this account, we were sorry to observe that his prejudices should have made him so far forget the liberality which he displays upon most subjects, as the following passage seems to imply:—

'So slow,' says he, speaking of the distinction between the *primary* and *secondary qualities*, 'is the progress of good sense, when it has to struggle

* το μὲν οὐ μᾶντε τὰ αἰσθητὰ εἶναι, μᾶντε τὰ αἰσθηματα, ὥς αληθεὶς τοῦ γὰρ αἰσθημένου περὶς τούτου ἐστὶ· το δὲ τὰ ὑποκειμένα μὴ εἶναι ἃ ποιεῖ τὴν αἰσθησιν, ἀληθινὸν οὐ γὰρ δι' ἡ αἰσθησις αὐτὴ ἑαυτῆς ἐστίν, ἀλλὰ ἐστὶ τι ἕτερον παρὰ τὴν αἰσθησιν, ὃ ἀναγκαῖον εἶναι τῆς αἰσθησέως· το γὰρ κίνησιν τοῦ κινουμένου, φύσει πρότερον ἐστὶ· κἂν εἰ λεγέται· ἄλλος ἀλλὰ ταῦτα οὕτα, οὐδὲν ἕτερον. Met. lib. iv. c. v.

against the prejudices of the learned, that as lately as 1718, the paradox so clearly explained and refuted by Descartes, appears to have kept some footing in that University from which, about thirty years before, Mr. Locke had been expelled. In a paper of the Guardian, giving an account of a visit paid by Jack Lizard to his mother and sisters, after a year and a half's residence at Oxford, the following *precis* is given of his logical attainment. "For the first week (it is said) Jack dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribbons were of the same colour; or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My Lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvement, was one day almost angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her finger as she was lighting the lamp of her tea-pot, in the midst of her anguish, Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her, that there was no such thing as heat in the fire."—p. 97.

What the state of logical science may have been at the university of Oxford in the year 1718, we do not pretend to know, nor are we solicitous to inquire; but that a writer so much above the influence of vulgar feelings as the author before us generally is, should nevertheless, in a grave dissertation upon the progress of philosophy, venture to deduce any conclusion whatever upon the subject on such slight grounds as are here stated, has, we confess, made us also moralize 'upon the slow progress of good sense when it has to struggle with the prejudices of the learned.'

In the first place, the metaphysical opinions with which Jack Lizard amused his mother and sisters, are surely not given by Mr. Addison as a *precis* of the attainments to be made by those who were educated at the University of Oxford at the time when he was writing; and supposing them to be the only acquisitions which, after a year and a half's residence, Jack had obtained, this would only prove how little proficiency he must have made in the philosophy which he had been taught. For we think we may take upon ourselves to say, that neither Aristotle nor the schoolmen, nor any sect of philosophers as yet heard of, ever maintained that *lap-dogs when pinched feel no pain*. As to the young philosopher's belief that the colour was not in the ribbon, nor the heat in the fire, we apprehend it to be sound doctrine, and obviously borrowed more immediately from that writer whom, Mr. Stewart takes an opportunity of sarcastically observing, *the University of Oxford had expelled thirty years before*. As if the University of Oxford had any exclusive reason to blush for having yielded in common with the rest of the nation to the violence of an arbitrary ruler! The act itself was not the act of the University, but of James the Second, by whose express command, and
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under the peremptory authority of whose written warrant, as *Visitor of Christ-church*, the expulsion took place. Whether James could legally insist upon compliance we are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to decide. It is however evident, from the correspondence which took place, that the college unwillingly submitted as to a measure which it could not resist without obviously compromising the peace and safety of its members; and under such circumstances to designate Oxford, not by its proper name, nor by any epithet of civility, but, periphrastically, as *the University which expelled Locke*, is we really think neither candid nor courteous.

The writers who next pass in review are Gassendi, Malebranche, and the author* of the *Art de Penser*. The criticisms which Mr. Stewart passes upon their writings are lively and elegant, and such as will probably conduce to render his essay more acceptable to the general reader, than a graver view of his subject might have done. But his subject is, a review of the progress of *Philosophy in Europe*; and on this account, whatever pleasure we may have received from the characteristic observations which he extracts from the writings of his authors, and the literary anecdotes with which he intersperses his strictures, still we cannot help saying, that they take up room which might have been occupied by more appropriate matter. It is the absence of this of which we complain, and not the presence of the other. Those who have read the works of Malebranche and Gassendi, will learn nothing more of their *philosophy* than they were previously acquainted with; and those who have not read them, will find it difficult, we think, even to understand the exact scope of many of our author's observations. In saying this, we speak from experience of the fact; for we have read Malebranche and have not read Gassendi; and as our knowledge of the philosophical tenets of the former was in no respect increased, so neither was our ignorance of the writings of the latter at all removed, by the view which our author has taken of them. In the praise which he bestows upon the *Recherche de la Vérité*, we heartily acquiesce; with the exception, perhaps, of the *Art de Penser*, it is, we think, the best philosophical work in the French language, and, with the exception of the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*, at least equal to any metaphysical production that is to be found in ours. The arguments by which Malebranche endeavours to shew that our knowledge of a material world is only *occasional and intermediate*, is founded, we think, upon a much more philosophical view of the subject than Berkeley's

* The author of this admirable treatise is commonly supposed to be Anthony Arnauld, to whom our author ascribes it; we may, however, just notice that Baillet, in his *Jugemens des Savans*, vol. i. p. 52, imputes it to a person of the name of le Bon.

theory, to which it very nearly approaches; and although the arguments by which he supports his opinions are not put into so logical a shape and kept so close together as in the writings of the latter, yet Malebranche reasons much the more accurately of the two, and exhibits a much more comprehensive acquaintance with the real grounds of his argument. This, however, is a subject upon which we hope to have an opportunity of speaking more at large on a future occasion; Mr. Stewart promises us a sequel to the Dissertation now before us, in which the writings of Berkeley and Hume will probably occupy a prominent situation.

With the expectation of being shortly gratified by the fulfilment of this promise, we shall now bring our remarks to a close. We owe Mr. Stewart many thanks for the amusement which he has afforded us: to make any apologies for the freedom which we have taken of differing from him in opinion on so many occasions, would be paying him a compliment, which, we are persuaded, he himself would think unnecessary.

ART. III.—*The History of Java.* By Thomas Stamford Raffles, Esq. late Lieut.-Governor of that Island and its Dependencies, F. R. S. and A. S. &c. In two Volumes, with a Map and Plates. pp. 1072. London. 1817.

FEELINGS of regret have accompanied us through the perusal of much the greater part of these two bulky volumes—that one of the finest islands in the world should, with so little ceremony as it would seem, have been consigned over to its former oppressors. Perhaps, however, on this point neither Governor Raffles nor ourselves will be admitted as competent judges; there may have been, and doubtless were, substantial reasons on general principles of policy for forcing on the Dutch the re-possession of an island, ‘the loss of which was no immediate or positive evil to them.’

‘For many years’ (it is Mr. Raffles who speaks) ‘prior to the British expedition, Holland had derived little or no advantage from the nominal sovereignty which she continued to exercise over its internal affairs. All trade and intercourse between Java and Europe was interrupted and nearly destroyed; it added nothing to the commercial wealth or the naval means of the mother country; the controul of the latter over the agents she employed had proportionally diminished; she continued to send out governors, counsellors, and commissioners, but she gained from their inquiries little information on the causes of her failure, and no aid from their exertions in improving her resources, or retarding the approach of ruin. The colony became a burthen on the mother country instead of assisting her, and the Company which had so long governed

governed it, being itself ruined, threw the load of its debts and obligations on the rest of the nation.'

The Commission which, in 1790, was sent out to ascertain the real state of the Company's finances, reported the arrears of their debt to amount to about eighty-five millions of florins; and they observe—

'When we take a view of our chief possession and establishment, and when we attend to the real situation of the internal trade of India, the still increasing and exorbitant rates of the expenses, the incessant want of cash, the mass of paper money in circulation, the unrestrained peculations and faithlessness of many of the Company's servants, the consequent clandestine trade of foreign nations, the perfidy of the native princes, the weakness and connivance of the Indian government, the excessive expenses in the military department and for the public defence; in a word, when we take a view of all this collectively, we should almost despair of being able to fulfil our task, if some persons of great talents and ability among the Directors had not stepped forward to devise means by which, if not to eradicate, at least to stop the further progress of corruption, and to prevent the total ruin of the Company.'—*Introd. p. xxxi.*

As these Commissioners did not consider the affairs of the Company to be quite hopeless, the Directors, 'men of great talents and ability,' among other sagacious measures, curtailed the salaries of their civil servants, which were already far too small to enable them to live honestly, and keep up that appearance which is so essentially necessary where a few hundreds are to lord it over as many millions—as if men, who had fled from a state of poverty in Europe, would submit to remain in the same state among the tepid swamps of Batavia and Bantam, and to sweat and groan under velvet coats and plush breeches in an equinoctial climate and under a vertical sun, with the daily dread and monthly certainty of a fever, a flux, or a quotidian ague! The evils which must have resulted from this economical system are fully stated by Mr. Raffles; (*Introd. p. xli*;) but the final expiration of the Company followed so closely on the heels of these sage regulations, as not to allow them time to operate. Another plan was then adopted: the councils of the French prevailed in Holland, and Daendels, the creature of Buonaparte, was sent out to see whether any and what spoils could be collected from this once splendid seat of the Oriental empire of the Batavian republic. This man succeeded in raising a larger revenue from the island than any of his predecessors had been able to do, but it was effected by 'forced services and contingents, and all the tyranny which they render necessary.' He tells his employers, indeed, that, in the midst of the disastrous circumstances with which he was surrounded,—'he found it necessary to place himself above the usual formalities, and to disregard every law, but that which en-
joined

joined the preservation of the colony entrusted to his management:—the meaning of which cannot be misunderstood, and will not easily be forgotten by those who were the victims of its practical application.

It was from a knowledge of the wretched state to which the Dutch dependencies in India had been reduced, that we were disposed to call in question the splendid prospects of 'an augmentation of British power and prosperity,' held forth by Lord Minto on its capture in 1810; and induced to think that, 'having dispossessed the enemy, the wisest and most profitable policy would be that of delivering the island into the hands of the natives.*' The perusal of Mr. Raffles's book has tended to confirm us in that opinion; the more so, as we are given to understand, that the Dutch are rapidly falling into their old state of misgovernment, and have it in contemplation not only to forbid all foreigners from frequenting the ports of Java; but, under some antiquated treaties, to prohibit the sovereigns of several of the great islands of the archipelago from admitting foreign ships into their ports, and to compel them to trade exclusively with themselves. Such preposterous pretensions should be resisted in limine. If, however, the Dutch can be so utterly regardless of their own interests, after the experience which the Javans have had of a better government, as to renew their odious imposts, and forced services, we shall hear, without surprise, that the native chiefs have at length united with the determination of driving them from the island. Men who have felt the mild and equitable sway of the British government; who have been relieved from all 'forced services,' from all undefined and vexatious imposts, and not only allowed, but encouraged, to bring their commodities to a free and open market, will not easily be persuaded to place their necks again under the galling yoke from which they had so recently escaped. They heard of the restitution of the island to the Dutch with terror and dismay, and nothing but the strong assurance of the continuance of the system adopted by the British government, and steadily pursued by Mr. Raffles to their entire satisfaction, was able to tranquillize their fears. For the sake then of this 'amiable and ingenuous,' this 'mild, generous, and warm-hearted people,' as Governor Raffles terms the Javanese, more than for that of any fancied 'augmentation of British power and prosperity,' we could wish, as it was not surrendered to the natives, that we had kept possession of the island.

Of the vast mass of information respecting Java, which Mr. Raffles has collected on the spot, and thrown somewhat hastily together, we must content ourselves with a very brief analysis; and

* No. XII. Art. X.

we believe the best and indeed only way of putting our readers in possession of the contents of the two volumes, will be to follow the author regularly through them, according to his own arrangement of the materials, which however is not the best, either for perspicuity or compression. The first volume treats of—the geography, geology, meteorology, zoology, and botany of Java—of the several natives and foreign settlers, the amount of the population, &c.—of the agriculture and condition of the peasantry—of the manufactures and commerce of the island—of the character of its inhabitants, the nature of the native government, judicial institutions, laws, police regulations, military establishments, and revenue—of the court ceremonies, rank and titles, festivals, amusements, dramas, bull-fights, and other customs—of the language, literature, and fine arts.

The second volume contains an account of the religion, antiquities, temples, sculpture, inscriptions, coins, ruins, &c. the history of Java from the earliest traditions to the establishment of Mahometanism, and from that period till the arrival of the British forces in 1811—with an Appendix of 260 pages, on many curious subjects—specimens of languages, vocabularies, alphabets, numerals, translations of inscriptions, &c.

Passing over the uncertain etymology of the *Java* of Europeans, or *Jawa* of the natives, we proceed to give a sketch of its actual state and condition. 'When it was determined,' says our author, 'to introduce an entirely new system of internal management, by the abolition of the feudal service, and the establishment of a more permanent property in the soil, it was deemed essential that a detailed survey should be made of the different districts successively in which the new system was to be introduced.' This survey furnished the principal data for constructing a very excellent chart of Java, of which the least praise that can be bestowed on it is, 'that its superiority over those which have previously appeared is such as to justify its publication.' From this chart it appears, that the extreme length of the island is about 660 miles, the breadth from 130 in some places to 50 or 60 in others, and the area about 50,000 square miles. The island of Madúra on the east, being separated only by a strait in some parts not more than a mile broad, is considered as one of the provinces of the Javan empire; the strait itself forms the important harbour of Surabáya. Madúra is about 90 miles in length by 30 in breadth. A part of Java is still known by its division into *native provinces*, being nominally divided between two native sovereigns—the *Susuhunan*, or Emperor of Java, who resides at *Súra-kérta*, on the *Solo* river; and the Sultan, who resides at *Yúgya-kérta*, near the south coast, in the province of *Matárem*.

The principal harbour, next to Surabáya, is that of Batavia, which

which is a kind of roadsted sheltered by several islands. The best, perhaps, is that of Marák, on the north western point next the Strait of Sunda; but it is so unhealthy, that a party of men from one of our ships of war, who were sent to make a survey of it, after the capture of the island, almost all perished during the operation. Indeed the whole of the northern coast, from the smoothness of the sea, and the numerous islands with which it is studded, may be considered as a harbour. The most important river is that of Solo, which, at *Súra-kérta*, becomes a stream of considerable breadth and depth, and is navigable from that place to the sea at *Grésik* by vessels of a peculiar construction, very flat and long, and carrying from ten to two hundred tons: they take pepper, coffee, and other articles of produce, from the interior provinces to *Grésik*, and return with salt and foreign merchandize; they arrive at *Grésik* in eight days from *Súra-kérta*, but they make only a single voyage in a season, as they require nearly four months to work up the stream. The river of Surabáya is the second in point of magnitude; it is formed from numerous streams uniting in the interior, and discharges itself into the ocean by five outlets. Several other rivers fall into the sea along the northern coast; and countless rivulets, which, though not navigable, serve to irrigate the plains and valleys through which they flow. 'It would be vain to attempt,' says our author, 'numbering those which are precious to the agriculturist; they are many hundreds, if not thousands.' A few insignificant streams discharge their waters into the sea on the southern coast, which is for the most part precipitous, and very little known or frequented. Among the mountains of the interior are scattered several small but beautiful lakes, most of them supposed to be the craters of extinct volcanoes.

Java is almost wholly volcanic; and a series of mountains, evidently betraying their origin, and varying in their elevation from five to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, extends through the whole length of the island. 'The several large mountains in this series,' says Mr. Raffles, 'and which are in number thirty-eight, though different from each other in external figure, agree in the general attribute of volcanoes, having a broad base gradually verging towards the summit in the form of a cone;' but they exhibit indications less equivocal of their origin; craters completely extinct; others with small apertures which continually discharge sulphureous vapours or smoke, and some which have emitted flame within a recent period.

The ridges of smaller mountains or hills, extending in different directions, also exhibit traces of a volcanic origin, though in many of them a stratified structure and submarine origin may be discovered. They are said to be generally covered with large rocks
of

of basalt; and, in some instances, to consist of wacken and hornblende, which is found along their base in immense piles. Hills of calcareous constitution, with flat or tabular tops, and others of a mixed nature, partly calcareous and partly volcanic, are also found; the latter mostly on the southern coast: as they branch inward, and approach the central or higher districts, they gradually disappear, and give place to the volcanic series, or alternate with huge masses of basaltic hornblende, at whose base, or in the beds of rivers which proceed from them, are frequently found various kinds of siliceous stones, as common flints, prase, hornstone, jasper, porphyry, agate, cornelian, &c.; no granite has hitherto been discovered.

Mr. Raffles says that the constitution of the island is unfavourable to metals; that the only notice of the existence of gold or silver is contained in the first volume of the *Batavian Transactions*, and that the attempts recently made held out no encouragement to reward the operations of the miner, and were, therefore, soon abandoned. No diamonds are found, nor any other precious stones—‘but schist,’ he says, ‘quartz, potstone, feldspar, and trap are abundant,’ so that though there is no granite, the component parts of granite are not wanting; porphyry is also said to be found in Java.

The soil is for the most part rich and of remarkable depth; for rice it requires no manure, and will bear, without impoverishment, one heavy and one light crop in the year. The seasons, as in all countries situated within a certain distance from the equator, are distinguished not by hot and cold, but by wet and dry. The westerly winds, which bring rain, generally set in during the month of October, become more steady in November and December, and gradually subside, till, in March or April, they are succeeded by the easterly winds and fair weather, which continues for the remaining half year. The heaviest rains are in December and January, and the driest weather in July and August, when the nights are coldest and the days hottest. Thunder and lightning are very frequent. Occasional showers, even in the driest season, refresh the air, ‘and the landscape is at all times of the year covered with the brightest verdure.’ The thermometer of Fahrenheit has been observed on the northern coast, and particularly in the large and low capitals of Batavia, Samaráng, and Surabáya, above 90° ; but by a series of observations published under the authority of the Dutch government, it has been found usually to range between 70° and 74° in the evenings and mornings, and to stand about 83° at noon. In the interior, among the hills, it seldom runs higher than from 67° to 70° , and on the summit of Sindóro it has been observed as low as 27° . On the whole, the climate of the island, with the exception of Batavia and some other low swampy

swampy places on the northern coast, is considered by professional men as on a level, in point of salubrity, with the healthiest parts of British India, or of any tropical country in the world. But Batavia was the storehouse of disease and mortality. Mr. Raffles gives a Table (in the Appendix, No. 2) discovered among the Dutch records, by which it would appear that the amount of deaths in this city, from the year 1730 to the year 1752, exceeded a million of souls, nearly 50,000 a year!

The vegetable productions of Java, which contribute to the food and sustenance of man, are of great richness and variety. Rice is here, as almost every where else in the east, the staff of life:—that there are ‘upwards of a hundred varieties of this grain’ is however about as correct as if we should say there are above a hundred varieties of wheat or barley in England. The mays, or Indian corn, is an important article in the agriculture of the island, as is the *kachang* (*dolichos*). The sugar cane, coffee shrub, pepper, indigo, tobacco; several tuberous roots of the convolvulus, *dioscorea* and *arum*; the *dolichos bulbosus* and *ocymum tuberosum*; the *iatropha manihot*; nutmegs, cloves, and cinnamon; most of the European plants, and great numbers that afford oils, all contribute abundantly to the necessities and luxuries of the inhabitants, and furnish valuable articles for commercial export, more especially those of coffee and pepper.

Of fruits they have the cocoa nut, the mangustan, the durian, the rambutan, the jack, the mango, the plaintain, the pine-apple, the guava, the custard-apple, the papaw, the pomegranate, and the tamarind, besides great variety of oranges, lemons, citrons and the shaddock; together with peaches, pears of China, and other fruits peculiar to that empire and the islands of Japan.

Plants for ornament, and plants famed for their medical qualities, are not wanting in Java: equally abundant are those whose fibres are convertible into rope, thread, and cloth. The teak grows in considerable forests; but it does not appear that many trees exist of a size sufficient for ship building. Like the oak, it requires the growth of a century before it arrives at perfection. The island produces besides, a great variety of other trees for house carpentry, furniture, &c., and some which yield resins and gums.

There is a fine breed of small horses on the island, strong, fleet, and well made, and a superior race from Sumbáwa, said to resemble the Arab in every respect except size. They have buffalos, cows, sheep, (with hair,) goats, and hogs. Tigers and jackalls abound; the woods are infested with the rhinoceros, the wild buffalo, and the wild hog; and the aggregate number of mammalia, Mr. Raffles says, amounts to about fifty.

Among the domestic fowls the turkey is the scarcest; the goose the

the next; but the common fowl, the duck and pigeon are abundant. The peacock flies wild in the forests. The number of distinct species of birds is stated to be somewhat more than two hundred, of which one hundred and seventy have been described. The edible birds-nests, exported in large quantities to the Chinese market, have long been known as the production of a small swallow, (*hirundo esculenta*,) but the process of forming them was not understood. The inference turns out to be true, as Mr. Raffles has observed, 'that the mucilaginous substance of which the nests are formed, is not, as has been generally supposed, obtained from the ocean;' and Dr. Horsfield is also right in conceiving it to be 'an animal elaboration.' On the dissection of one of these birds by Sir E. Home, he discovered a set of secretory organs peculiar to itself, by which there is little doubt the mucilaginous matter of these nests is elaborated. This little animal, frequenting the rocks and caverns of Java, furnishes an article of commerce, the annual value of which exceeds half a million of Spanish dollars. The best nests are those which are found in the bottom of deep, damp caverns, where they imbibe a nitrous taste, well suited to the palate of the Chinese. The collectors of these birds-nests are at great pains to cleanse the rocks, and to fumigate the caverns by burning sulphur in them, when they are left undisturbed for two or three years. The most valuable nests are those newly built, and taken before the eggs are laid; but to collect them in this state would be at once to destroy the breed, and therefore the usual time of gathering them is just after the young ones are fledged. Slaves are generally employed in the European part of the island; they are lowered by ropes down yawning chasms of immense depth into which the sea gushes with the most tremendous roar beneath them; others cling to the narrow ledges of rocks suspended between sea and air 'like one that gathers samphire;' and, with that occupation, bird-nesting in Java may truly be called a 'dreadful trade:' the poor slaves, however, think themselves well rewarded for their toil and danger with a buffalo, of which they make a feast, not a *sacrifice*, as it has been called, and at which no priests attend either to give a blessing or to charm away the danger.

The crocodile of Egypt is found in the rivers, and that species of lizard usually, but erroneously, called the guana, but which, Mr. Raffles says, is the *lacerta monitor*. Turtles and tortoises, frogs, snakes, and insects, are numerous. Of esculent fish there is great variety; Doctor Horsfield, it seems, has enumerated thirty-four species that frequent the rivers, seven the pools or stagnant waters, and sixteen that are caught in the sea. This hasty sketch is sufficient to shew how plentifully this island is stored with productions

tions that are valuable both in a domestic and commercial point of view.

The Javans exhibit the general traces of their origin from a Tartar stock; and still retain so striking an affinity in their usages and customs, as, in the opinion of our author, 'to warrant the hypothesis, that the tide of population originally flowed towards the islands, from that quarter of the continent lying between Siam and China:' they exhibit also the milder features of the Hindoo.—Mr. Raffles seems to think that the Asiatic islands were peopled at a very remote period, and long before the Birman and Siamese nations rose into notice: this, however, is mere conjecture; nor do we exactly see how it could well be, if the tide of emigration to the islands flowed from Siam. We may venture however to concur with Mr. Raffles in another opinion, that the 'striking resemblance in person, feature, language, and customs, which prevails throughout the whole Archipelago, justifies the conclusion; that its original population issued from the same source;' and that the peculiarities which now distinguish them, 'are the result of a long separation, local circumstances, and the intercourse of foreign traders, emigrants, or settlers:'—thus, the Javans of Java, the Malays of Sumatra, and the Bugis of the Celebes, evidently betray, in their features and language, the same original stock; but the first, by their moral habits, superior civilization, attachment to soil and agriculture, have obtained a broader and more marked characteristic than the other two, who are more maritime and commercial, more devoted to speculations of gain, and more accustomed to distant and hazardous enterprizes. We do not, however, think that this superiority of the Javanese character is so much owing to the greater fertility of the island, as to its being the refuge of an ingenious and highly polished people from the peninsula of Hindostan, of which fact Mr. Raffles has afforded the most unequivocal proofs, which we shall have occasion hereafter to mention more at large.

The Javans are in general of a taller stature than the Bugis, but inferior to the Malays. Their colour is that of 'virgin gold;' their limbs are slender, their wrists and ankles particularly small; the forehead high; the eye of Tartar cast; the nose small and somewhat flattened; the mouth well formed; the cheeks prominent; the beard scanty; the hair lank and black. 'The countenance is mild, placid, and thoughtful; and easily expresses respect, gaiety, earnestness, indifference, bashfulness, or anxiety.' The women are in general less good-looking than the men, and when old appear hideously ugly; those of the higher class, who are not exposed to hard labour and to the weather, have a greater share of personal beauty.

beauty. The manners of the Javans are easy, courteous, and respectful even to timidity: pliant and graceful, the people of condition carry with them an air of fashion and good breeding, and are not in the least disconcerted by the stare of the curious.

Mr. Raffles has given two Tables of the population of Java. The first was taken by the Dutch, and, we are told, is not much to be depended on: the second, by the English government, and under far more favourable circumstances for ensuring accuracy. From the latter it appears, that the population of Java and Madúra, according to a census taken in the year 1815, amounted to 4,615,270 souls, the number of males and females being nearly equal; the average is therefore above one hundred to a square mile. The population of the native capital, *Súra-kérta*, is estimated at 105,000, and that of *Yúgya-kérta* at something short of this: that of Batavia had dwindled to 60,000, or about one-half of its former number; on which Governor Raffles observes,

‘If we look at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, the capitals of the British government in India—if we look at the great cities of every nation in Europe—nay, if we even confine ourselves to the capitals of the native princes of Java, we shall find that population has always accumulated in their vicinity;—and why was this not the case with the Dutch capital? The climate alone will not explain it. Bad government was the principal cause; a system of policy which secured neither person nor property—selfish, jealous, vexatious, and tyrannical. It is no less true than remarkable, that, wherever the Dutch influence has prevailed in the Eastern seas, depopulation has followed. The Moluccas, particularly, have suffered at least as much as any part of Java, and the population of those islands, reduced as it is, has been equally oppressed and degraded.’—p. 65.

It appears from the records of the Dutch Companies, that the tyranny and extortion of their servants frequently caused the natives to abandon their villages—and drove whole districts into the interior and native provinces. The measures of Marshal Daendels went still farther in producing emigration, by instituting a rigorous conscription of the Javan peasantry. The conscripts were generally sent by water, and ‘a mortality similar to that of a slave ship in the middle passage, took place on board these receptacles of reluctant recruits.’ Besides this supply for the army, one half of the male population were ordered to be held in readiness for other public services:—the making of roads alone, during the administration of Daendels, is stated to have cost the lives of at least ten thousand persons. Other drains are enumerated by Governor Raffles, all of which, however, were immediately removed on our taking possession of the island—and this gave such a stimulus to industry, and begot such a confidence in the people towards the rulers, that the short period even of three or four years afforded the

strongest reason to believe that the population of the island was rapidly increasing.

Among the foreign settlers, the Chinese are the most numerous, as well as the most important; these quiet and industrious people, under a system of free trade and free cultivation, would have rapidly accumulated. 'They arrive at Batavia from China,' says Governor Raffles, 'to the amount of a thousand or more annually, in Chinese junks, carrying three, four, and five hundred each, without money or resources; but by dint of their industry, soon acquire comparative opulence.' They have few religious scruples; none that prevent them from intermarrying with Javan women, or with the slaves whom they purchase; their progeny are called by the Dutch *per-nâkaus*: vast numbers, however, who have made their fortunes, return in the annual junks to China. In Java they live under their own chiefs, subject to their own laws; they are more intelligent, more laborious, and more luxurious than the natives; in a word, 'they are the life and soul of the commerce of the country.'

The Bugis and Malays are established in the maritime towns only; and, like the Chinese, have their own officers, who are responsible to the government for the conduct of the people under their command. The majority of the Arabs on the island are priests; they are a mixed race, and prevail most on the eastern extremity of the island, where Mahomedanism was first planted. The Javans possess no slaves; those which are found on the island are the property of Europeans and Chinese alone, and are generally procured from the islands of Bali and Celebes; they amount to about 30,000. The Dutch did not, especially of late years, encourage the traffic in slaves; and those unfortunate beings who were reduced to that condition, were generally well treated by them.

The condition of the peasant of Java would, under a mild and equitable system of government, be truly enviable. His cottage or hut costs him not more than from two to four rupees, or from five to ten shillings; the pliant bamboo furnishes him with the materials for the walls, the partitions, and the roof: the dwellings of the petty chiefs are larger, but do not exceed in value forty shillings each. Those of the chiefs and nobles are still larger; they have supports and beams of timber, and cost about ten or fifteen pounds. The Chinese have buildings of brick and mortar.

The cottages of the Javans are never insulated, but formed into villages, whose population extends from fifty to two or three hundred inhabitants; each has its garden; and this spot of ground surrounding his simple habitation, the cottager considers as his peculiar patrimony, and cultivates with peculiar care.

'He labours to plant and to rear in it those vegetables that may be most useful to his family, and those shrubs and trees which may at once
yield

yield him their fruit and their shade; nor does he waste his efforts on a thankless soil. The cottages, or the assemblage of huts that compose the village, become thus completely screened from the rays of a scorching sun, and are so buried amid the foliage of a luxuriant vegetation, that at a small distance no appearance of a human dwelling can be discovered; and the residence of a numerous society appears only a verdant grove or a clump of evergreens. Nothing can exceed the beauty or the interest which such detached masses of verdure, scattered over the face of the country, and indicating each the abode of a collection of happy peasantry, add to scenery otherwise rich, whether viewed on the sides of the mountains, in the narrow vales, or on the extensive plains. In the last case, before the grain is planted, and during the season of irrigation, when the rice fields are inundated, they appear like so many small islands rising out of the water. As the young plant advances, their deep rich foliage contrasts pleasingly with its lighter tints, and when the full-eared grain, with a luxuriance that exceeds an European harvest, invests the earth with its richest yellow, they give a variety to the prospect, and afford a most refreshing relief to the eye. The clumps of trees, with which art attempts to diversify and adorn the most skilfully arranged park, can bear no comparison with them in rural beauty or picturesque effect.—p. 82.

Every village forms a community within itself, each having its officers, its priest, and its temple appropriated to religious worship—forming a true picture of the ancient and original form of patriarchal administration. The towns are divided into squares and streets; and the palaces of the princes or sultans are composed of several squares 'of gradually decreasing sizes, and arranged one above and within the other; a style which is general among the Hindoos, and strongly marks the architecture of the Burmans and Siamese.'

The furniture of the cottage is equally simple with the cottage that contains it, and consists but of few articles; the bed is nothing more than a mat with pillows; the inhabitants use neither tables nor chairs; but sit cross-legged, and, in common with other Mahomedans, make use of the right hand only at their meals. As Mahomedans, they have an aversion from swine's flesh and intoxicating liquors; and many families, preserving the remains of a superstition derived from their Hindoo ancestors, abstain from the flesh of the bull or the cow. Rice is in fact the chief article of their subsistence; they use no milk nor any preparation from it: white ants, grubs and worms are common articles of food. Their rice is frequently boiled in steam, and in this case is beautifully white. Indian corn is usually roasted in the ear; curry, pastry, and sweetmeats are almost in universal use. Various pungent pickles and condiments are used with almost every species of food. There are few, Mr. Raffles says, who are not able to obtain the

káti, or pound and a quarter of rice a day, with fish, greens, and salt, if not other articles to season their meal. Famine is unknown; and although partial failures of the crop may occur, they are seldom so extensive as to be felt by the whole community. Water is the principal and almost exclusive beverage; it is generally drank warm; sometimes a little cinnamon or other spice is thrown into it; and tea is commonly taken between meals. Of these there are two a day—one just before noon, and the other between seven and eight in the evening. The betel leaf and areca nut are indispensable articles for all classes: and the use of that deleterious drug, opium, is far too extensive for the health and happiness of the inhabitants—but it raises a revenue for the government, and on this ground the consumption of it is encouraged.

We must pass over the chapter on the importance of the Agriculture of Java, in which, however, will be found many very curious particulars. It may suffice to state that the Javans are a nation of husbandmen, that 'to the crop, the mechanic looks immediately for his wages, the soldier for his pay, the magistrate for his salary, the priest for his stipend, and the government for its tribute. The wealth of a province or village is measured by the extent and fertility of its land, its facilities for rice irrigation, and the number of its buffaloes.' This number in the provinces under the British government, containing about half the population, or two millions and a half, was, by a return of stock taken in 1813, found to be 402,054, and of oxen 122,691, while that of sheep did not exceed 5000: of goats there were about 24,000. For the mode of cultivating rice, maize, cocoa-nut, oil-plants, sugar-cane, coffee, pepper, indigo, cotton, and tobacco; and the nature of the tenure on which lands are held, and which is not very dissimilar from that system which, in India, regulates the respective claims of the Ryot and the Zemindar, we must refer the reader to the work itself; in which he will not be disappointed in his research for information on all these subjects. Our limits equally forbid us to dwell on the chapters in which are described the manufactures of Java and its handicraft trades, in all of which, however, it may be observed that the Chinese have a very considerable share. As little could we attempt, in our contracted space, to give any intelligible account of the trade of the island, or follow Mr. Raffles in describing its advantageous situation for commercial intercourse with the Oriental Islands, India, China, Japan, &c. &c.—These chapters would, in our opinion, have come in better after the Manners, Customs, and Character of the natives had been described. To this part of the book we hasten.

The Javanese are far from being deficient in natural sagacity or docility. Like most eastern nations, they are enthusiastic admirers

mirers of poetry, and are said to possess a delicate ear for music. Though ignorant and unimproved, they are far from wanting intelligence in the general objects of their pursuit; they are very tractable; possess a quick apprehension of what is clearly stated, and attain a rapid proficiency in what they have a desire to learn. They are remarkable for an unsuspecting and almost infantine credulity; lending an easy credence to omens, prognostics, soothsayers, and quacks; they are the ready dupes of any religious fanatic, and give credit, without scruple or examination, to the claims of every pretender to supernatural powers. Listless and unenterprising, as they generally are, no sooner is their religious enthusiasm excited, than they become at once adventurous and persevering, esteeming no labour arduous, no result impossible, and no privation painful.

'We witnessed (Mr. Raffles says) an instance, both of their simplicity and of their energy, connected with this part of their character, which excited our astonishment. The population of some of the districts of *Bányamás* contributed their voluntary labour in 1814 to the construction of a broad high road, from the base to the summit of one of the loftiest mountains on the island, (the mountain *Súmbing*,) and this extraordinary public work was almost completed before intelligence of its commencement reached the government. It was in consequence examined, and found to be a work of immense labour and care, but without the least appearance of object or utility. Upon inquiring into the motive of such a singular undertaking, it was learnt that a general belief prevailed that there was a very holy man at the top of the mountain, who would not come down till there should be a good road made for him.'—(p. 246.)

Their village settlements constitute so many patriarchal societies, in which a spirit of kindness and benevolence almost universally prevails. This patriarchal spirit is traced in the reverence paid to age, in the veneration for the counsels of experience, in the submission to the commands of their superiors, in the warmth of their domestic attachments, and the affectionate and sacred awe with which they regard and protect the tombs and the ashes of their fathers. Our author thus describes the general moral character of the Javans.

'When not corrupted by indulgence on the one hand, or stupified by oppression on the other, the Javans appear to be a generous and warm-hearted people. In their domestic relations they are kind, affectionate, gentle, and contented; in their public, they are obedient, honest, and faithful. In their intercourse with society they display, in a high degree, the virtues of honesty, plain dealing, and candour. Their ingenuousness is such that, as the first Dutch authorities have acknowledged, prisoners brought to the bar on criminal charges, if really guilty, nine times out of ten confess, without disguise or equivocation, the full extent and exact circumstances of their offences, and communicate, when required,

required, more information on the matter at issue than all the rest of the evidence. Although this may, in some degree, be the result of the former use of torture, it cannot be wholly so.—p. 248.

Mr. Raffles says it is a mistake to suppose this people addicted to those acts of vengeance proceeding from an irresistible phrenzy, called *mucks*, where the unhappy sufferer aims at indiscriminate destruction, till he himself is killed like a wild beast, whom it is impossible to take alive. These fits of desperation, he tells us, are peculiar to the class of slaves, and take place exclusively in Batavia, Samaráng, and Surabáya—that is to say, in the large towns containing a mixture of all nations. Without questioning the superior authority of Mr. Raffles over that of casual visitors, we may venture to say that on Celebes, and many other of the Asiatic islands, it is not merely the slave,

‘Who runs a *muck* and tilts at all he meets;’—

there are instances on record where whole villages, nay whole armies, have madly devoted themselves to inevitable destruction to avenge an injury or an insult. Indeed in a subsequent page Mr. Raffles himself says,

‘The phrenzy generally known by the term *muck* or *ámok* is only another form of that fit of desperation which bears the same name among the military, and under the influence of which they rush upon the enemy, or attack a battery, in the manner of a forlorn hope. The accounts of the wars of the Javans, as well as of the Maláýus, abound with instances of warriors running *ámok*; of combatants, giving up all idea of preserving their own lives, rushing on the enemy, committing indiscriminate slaughter, and never surrendering themselves alive.’—p. 298.

It has been truly said that men are just what their rulers make them; and there is much reason to think that if the Javans were really guilty of the robberies and assassinations of which they are accused, the crimes were more owing to the misgovernment of the Dutch, than to any natural propensity in the people to such atrocities.

‘The English,’ says Mr. Raffles, ‘never used bars or bolts to their houses, never travelled with arms, and no instance occurred of their being ill-used. The Dutch, on the contrary, placed no confidence: all their windows were barred, and all their doors locked, to keep out the treacherous natives, as they called them; and they never moved five miles abroad without pistols and swords.’

The nature of the government, as exercised by their own princes before the arrival of the Dutch, and at present by the Susuhúnán, or Sultan, or, as he is sometimes termed, the Emperor of Java, in the native provinces, is little calculated to improve the mind or condition of the subject. It is

‘in principle a pure unmixed despotism; but there are customs of the country

country of which the people are very tenacious, and which the sovereign seldom invades. His subjects have no rights, or liberty of person or property: his breath can raise the humblest individual from the dust to the highest distinction, or wither the honours of the most exalted. There is no hereditary rank, nothing to oppose his will. Not only honours, posts, and distinctions depend upon his pleasure, but all the landed property of his dominions remains at his disposal, and may, together with its cultivators, be parcelled out by his order among the officers of his household, the members of his family, the ministers of his pleasures, or the useful servants of the state. Every officer is paid by grants of land, or by a power to receive from the peasantry a certain proportion of the produce of certain villages or districts.—p. 267.

After this it is almost a mockery to talk of the administration of justice; the duties prescribed for the judge are such as they ought to be, but they are only on paper; it is here as in China,—the practice of the people differs from what they profess. Justice, however, is said to be administered and the courts regulated according to the Mahomedan law, tempered by the ancient superstitions and local customs of the country. The villages, each, possess a constitution within themselves, independent of the supreme governing power, precisely similar to that of a Hindoo village, and here, at least, the inhabitants have a chance of meeting with justice, especially as the right of election of their own chief is acknowledged, though not always allowed to be practised. It is scarcely necessary to say that the British government on the island shewed its desire to protect the privileges of these societies, and in particular that of electing their own chief.

The external marks of that excessive humiliation which forbids a man to stand erect in the presence of his superior, are so little considered here as a degradation that they are practised in all ranks. When a native chief moves abroad, all whom he passes must lower their bodies to the ground till they actually sit on their heels; and instead of an assembly of people rising on the entrance of a great man, as in Europe, they all sink to the ground, and remain in that attitude during his presence; this posture is called *dódok*, and may be translated into English by the word *squatting*. Mr. Raffles gives a ludicrous instance of its inconveniences.

‘In travelling myself through some of the native provinces, and particularly in Madúra, where the forms of the native government are particularly observed, I have often observed some hundreds drop on my approach, the cultivator quitting his plough, and the porter his load, on the sight of the *Túan Besar*’s carriage. At the court of *Súra-kérta*, I recollect that once, when holding a private conference with the *Susúnan* at the residency, it became necessary for the *Ráden Adipáti* (prime minister) to be dispatched to the palace for the royal seal: the poor old man was, as usual, squatting, and as the *Susúnan* happened to be seated with his

face towards the door, it was full ten minutes before his minister, after repeated ineffectual attempts, could obtain an opportunity of rising sufficiently to reach the latch, without being seen by his royal master. The mission on which he was dispatched was urgent, and the Susúnan himself inconvenienced by the delay; but these inconveniences were insignificant, compared with the indecorum of being seen out of the *dédok* posture. Where it is necessary for an inferior to move, he must still retain that position, and walk with his hands upon his heels until he is out of his superior's sight.—p. 309.

The Hindoo origin of these simple people is sufficiently indicated by the vestiges of their institutions, which the Mahomedanism of three centuries has not been able to obliterate. To the eastward of Surabáya, are the *Zeng'ger* mountains, on which is found the remnant of a people who still follow the Hindoo worship, and who, with the *Bédui* of Bantam, are the depositaries of that religion existing at this day in Java. These people exhibit an interesting singularity and simplicity of character: they occupy about forty villages, the site of which, as well as the construction of the houses, differs entirely from what is elsewhere observed in Java. The latter are not shaded by trees, but built on spacious open terraces, rising one above the other, each house occupying a terrace, and being in length from thirty to seventy, or eighty feet. The head of the village takes the name of *Peting'gi*, and the *Dúkuns*, or priests, have the care of the state records and the sacred books: they know nothing of those from whom they received these books; they were handed down (they say) by their forefathers, and they consider it as a sacred duty to transmit them to their children, and to perform the *puga* (praise-giving) according to their directions: these books are written on the *Pontar*-leaf, and contain an account of the origin of the world, and the attributes of the Deity; they also prescribe the various forms of worship. The whole population does not exceed twelve hundred souls; and Mr. Raffles says 'they occupy, without exception, the most beautifully rich and romantic spots in Java;' a region where the thermometer is frequently as low as 42°; where the summits and slopes of the hills are covered with Alpine firs, and where plants common to an European climate flourish in luxuriance. He describes them as a quiet, inoffensive people, whose moral character is highly extolled by the native agents and European residents; 'they seem (he adds) to be almost without crime, and are universally peaceable, orderly, honest, industrious and happy.'

At the opposite extremity of the island, in the interior of Bantam, is another tribe of people called the *Bédui*, the descendants of those who escaped into the woods after the fall of the western capital of *Pajaj'aran* in the fifteenth century, because they would

not

not change their religion; and who, when at length they submitted to the Sultan of Bantam, did it on condition that they should not be compelled to adopt the doctrine of the Koran: they retain some singular customs, but their numbers are inconsiderable. In the island of Bali, however, to the eastward of Java, containing nearly a million of inhabitants, a perfect system of Hindooism prevails.

'In Bali not more than one in two hundred, if so many, are Mahomedans, and the great body of the people profess the creed, and observe the institutions of a religion which has become extinct in the rest of the archipelago. On Java we find Hinduism only amid the ruins of temples, images, and inscriptions; on Bali, in the laws, ideas, and worship of the people. On Java this singular and interesting system of religion is classed among the antiquities of the island; here it is a living source of action, and universal rule of conduct. The present state of Bali, therefore, may be considered as a kind of commentary on the ancient condition of the natives of Java. Hinduism has here severed society into castes; it has introduced its divinities; it has extended its ceremonies into most of the transactions of life; it has enjoined or recommended some of its severest sacrifices, such as the burning of a widow on the funeral pile of her husband: but yet the individual retains all the native manliness of his character, and all the fire of the savage state.'—Vol. ii. App. p. 235.

But in Java still enough remains to make their Hindoo origin sufficiently apparent—in their drama—their *wayangs*, or scenic shadows, a sort of *Ombres Chinoises*—in their *dálangs*, or ancient bards, their dancing girls, &c. One generic language prevails through the whole of Java, Madúra, and Bali; the dialects indeed are different, but the root of all is the Sanscrit, and the written character closely resembles, and is constructed on the principle of, the Devanagari. Their classic or poetic language is called *Kawi*, (the Sanscrit word for *poetry*,) and Mr. Raffles endeavours (E. No. 2.) to shew how very nearly the Sanscrit, the Pali, and the Káwi, are allied. In Bali, the Káwi is still the language of religion and law; in Java it is only that of poetry and ancient fable; in the former, the knowledge of it is almost exclusively confined to the Bramins; in the latter a slight knowledge of it is deemed essential for every man of condition. From the vocabularies which we now possess, it is pretty clear that the Sanscrit language has not only furnished words for all the languages of Europe, but constitutes the principal part of the language of almost all the innumerable islands of the South Sea and the eastern Pacific. Mr. Raffles observes—

'One original language seems, in a very remote period, to have pervaded the whole Archipelago, and to have spread (perhaps with the population) towards Madagascar on one side, and the islands in the South Sea on the other; but in the proportion that we find any of these tribes more highly advanced in the arts of civilized life than others, in
nearly

nearly the same proportion do we find the language enriched by a corresponding accession of Sanscrit terms, directing us at once to the source whence civilization flowed towards these regions.'—p. 369.

The account which Mr. Raffles gives of the alphabets and the dialects of the Javan language and of its literature is detailed and full, and cannot fail to prove highly acceptable to the oriental scholar. The poetry is, in general, far superior to any which we had imagined to exist in any part of the Asiatic archipelago; but we presume it must have been imported from the continent; it is, at any rate, descended from a Hindoo stock. The literary compositions in the Arabic character are chiefly confined to matters of religion. Copious examples are given of the various measures and stanzas of Javan poetry. From these it will be seen that it is by no means deficient in moral sentiment, in accurate description, and bold metaphor; although it abounds, at the same time, in all that extravagant imagery, far-fetched resemblance, and outrageous hyperbole which characterize oriental fable and romance. The following is a specimen—

‘Stumbling as she went,
The princess walked with faltering pace,
Laying hold of her under garment, she unconsciously drew
it up,
When from the exposed calf of her leg
A flash like lightning darted,
Which illumin'd the Hall of Audience.’

The *Bráta Yúdhá*, or ‘The War of Woe,’ an epic poem, in the *Káwi*, is said to be the most popular and celebrated work in that language. Of this poem a great part has been translated by Mr. Raffles, with the assistance of a learned native, and of the remainder he has given an analysis. His object has been to keep as close to the original as possible, but he thinks it proper to state that ‘the illustrations now given afford but a very imperfect specimen of the beauty, sublimity, and real poetry of the original.’ It contains 719 *páda*, or metrical stanzas, of four long lines each, and is said to have been composed by a learned pundit, in the year 1079. The Javans claim it as their own, but it is not certain whether it was actually written on the island or brought thither by some of the early colonists. The subject of the poem is a destructive war in consequence of a rejection of the proposal of the incarnate Déwa, or deity, Kréstna, to divide the kingdom of Astina, between the Kuráwa and Pandáwa. The repose of a country, under a good prince, when its enemies have been vanquished, is thus described :

‘Tranquil and happy was every country. The thief stood
aloof during the reign of this prince,

And

And the lover alone stole his pleasure, seeking his object by the light of the moon.'

The procession of Kréstna, and his reception at the city of Astina, the crowds of men, women and children, hastening to procure a sight of 'the blessed among men,' are well described, but too long for us to extract. Kréstna's anger, on being told that a plot was laid to slay him, 'was like unto the fury of the god Kala.'

'The power and divinity of every deity now entered into his person—

Brâma, the saints, the powerful deities, the chiefs of the Rasâksas.

Then swaying his body from side to side, and breathing hard like the roar of the lion,

The earth shook to its base, disturbing the foundation of every thing;

The mountain tops nodding, and the mountains themselves rocking to and fro;

The waves of the sea rising like mountains, forming whirlpools, and casting the deep-sea fish on the adjacent shore.'

The march of the Pandâwa and his chiefs to meet the enemy, with their war-elephants, their horses and chariots, 'in numbers great, compact, and like an overwhelming sea,' is extravagantly but finely described; and so is the first onset of the battle:

'Quickly the contending armies mutually and fearlessly rush upon each other,

Amid the roar of elephants, the neighing of steeds, the beating of drums, and the shouts of the troops,

Till the whole air and sky are filled with the jarring sounds,

And the earth is shaken with the tumultuous din of war.'

The feats of valour on either side are then described, and the battle ceases only with night. The King of Wirata and his wife weep over the dead bodies of their three sons slain in battle, and vainly endeavour, by shaking them, to recal their departed spirits; the dead are burned by moonlight; next day the battle again rages. The air is darkened with dust, which clearing away, the field of battle is described as appearing like a sea of blood, in which the dead bodies of elephants, horses, and men, with the fragments of chariots, weapons, &c. resemble so many rocks and stones. For three days the enraged armies contend with various success, and wonderful deeds of valour are performed on both sides. They continue the fight after sunset; friends and foes mingle together and kill each other by mistake in the dark. Thus day after day the battle rages for about a month, when the Kurâwa are ultimately defeated, and the kingdom of Astina recovered by the Pandâwa.

There are in this Epic of the 'War of Woe' a multitude of occurrences

currences which forcibly remind the reader of the *Iliad*—the interposition of the divine aid of Krestna in enveloping the sun in a dark cloud, &c.—the parting of *Sália* and his wife *Sátia Wáti*—the death of *Sália*, and the prowess of the several chiefs who are slain, may be said, and it is saying the least of it, to be very much in the manner of Homer. The following passage, which describes the faithful *Sátia Wáti* wandering over the field of battle in search of the dead body of *Sália*, abounds with true touches of nature:—it was put into a poetical dress by the Rev. Thomas Raffles of Liverpool, from the verbal translation of our author, to which it adheres with an unusual degree of closeness. It is indeed so exquisitely beautiful, and the subject is so new and so interesting, that we are inclined to regret, with Mr. Raffles, that the limits of his work would admit of no further extracts: we hope, however, not only in justice to the poetry of Java, but to the talent displayed by this gentleman, that the whole of his metrical version will be given to the public.

603. Wearied with fruitless search, and in despair
To find the object of her pious care,
Her murder'd lord, who on the battle plain
Lay all neglected mid the thousand slain,
She drew the dagger from its sheath of rest,
Intent to plunge it in her heaving breast.
Just then, as if in pity to her grief,
Flash'd the red lightning to the maid's relief,
And shew'd with horrid glare the bloody way
To where her husband's mangled body lay.

604. Another flash, indulgent from the skies,
Points to the spot where *Sália's* carriage lies,
And *Sália's* self, whom living she adored,
The bleeding body of her murder'd lord.
The richest flowers by heavenly influence shed
Their sweetest odours o'er his honoured head,
The muttering thunder mourn'd his early tomb,
And heaven in showers bewail'd the hero's doom.

605. With eager grasp the livid corpse she press'd
In frantic wildness to her throbbing breast;
Tried every art of love that might beguile
Its sullen features to one cheerful smile;
Kiss'd those dear lips so late of coral red,
As if unconscious that the soul had fled;
Then in her folded arms his head she rais'd,
And long on those beloved features gazed.
With *s'ri*-juice his pallid lips she died,
And to his wounds its healing balm applied;
While with the skirt of her embroidered vest,
She wip'd the blood-drops from his mangled breast.

606. " Ah!

606. " Ah! then, my princely lord, whom I have found
 Bleeding and mangled on this cursed ground !
 Why are thy lips in sullen silence seal'd
 To her who sought thee on this battle field ?
 Wilt thou not speak—my love, my lord, my all,
 Or still in vain must *Sátia Wáti* call !
 Say, shall my copious tears in torrents flow
 And thus express my agony and woe ?
 How shall I move thee, by what art beguile
 The ghastly air of that unmeaning smile ?"
607. Thus soft and tender were the words she pour'd,
 To move the pity of her murder'd lord ;
 But ah ! no sound the unconscious dead return'd,
 No fire of love within his bosom burn'd ;
 While at each pause a death-like stillness stole
 O'er the deep anguish of the mourner's soul.
 " And was it thus to bow thy honour'd head
 Amid the thousands of the mingled dead,
 That on that fatal morning thou didst glide
 With gentle footsteps from thy consort's side ?
 And thus to reach the glorious realms above
 Without the faithful partner of thy love ?
 But earth has lost its fleeting charms for me,
 And, happy spirit, I will follow thee !
608. " Oh ! meet and bear me o'er that fatal stone,
 Nor let me pass it, trembling and alone.
 Though *Widadáris* shall obey thy call,
 Yet keep for me a place above them all.
 To whom but me does that first place belong,
 Who sought and found thee mid this ghastly throng ;
 And who, unable to survive thy doom,
 Thus shed my blood and share thy honour'd tomb ?"
610. Then with a steady hand the noble maid
 Drew from its peaceful sheath the gleaming blade ;
 From her fair bosom tore th' embroidered vest,
 And plunged it deep within her heaving breast.
 Rich was the blood that issued from the wound
 And stream'd like liquid gold upon the ground.
611. And while the ebbing tide of life remain'd,
 And thought and reason were a while sustain'd,
 She call'd her maiden with her feeble breath,
 And thus address'd her from the arms of death.
612. " Oh ! when my spirit soars to realms above,
 Take this my last request to those I love :
 Tell them to think of *Sátia Wáti's* fate,
 And oft the story of her love relate ;
 Then o'er her woes the tender heart shall sigh,
 And the big tear-drop roll from pity's eye."

614. " Ah

614. "Ah my lov'd mistress," cried the faithful maid,
 "In every scene by thee I gladly staid.
 Whate'er the state of being thou must know,
 Thy faithful maiden will partake it too.
 What hand but mine the cooling stream shall pour,
 Or bathe the feet of her whom I adore?"
617. Strong in despair, and starting from the ground,
 She drew the dagger from her mistress' wound,
 With deadly aim she plunged it in her breast,
 And with her mistress sunk to endless rest.'—vol. i. pp. 463
 —466.

The arts cannot be expected to flourish in such a state of society and under such a government as that of Java: neither are we to look for system or science in oriental music: that of Java may be original; but from the specimens given by Mr. Raffles we should say that the first air is Chinese, the others Indian: the gong, cymbals, and stringed instruments figured by him (p. 470) are Chinese; some of the staccado kind appear to be their own; one of these, composed of mixed metal bars laid across the mouths of deep hollow tubes, emits a very powerful and by no means an unpleasant sound.

If any doubt remained of the general prevalence of Hindooism on this island, previous to the establishment of the Mahomedan religion about the year 1475, when the Hindoo empire of Majapáhit is supposed to have been overthrown, Mr. Raffles has completely removed it by the discovery and the description of the ruins of edifices, and in particular of temples sacred to the former worship; images of deities found within them and scattered throughout the country, either sculptured in stone or cast in metal; inscriptions on stone and copper, in ancient characters, and ancient coins, which are illustrated by a great number of well executed plates in the second volume of the work. 'These less perishable memorials of the ancient faith of the Javans, till of late, excited but little notice; nor are they yet sufficiently explored.' The narrow policy of the Dutch denied to the inquisitive traveller all facilities of research; and the generality of that nation were too much occupied in the pursuit of gain, or too much absorbed in habits of indolence, to be interested in matters of this kind. It is true there have been some exceptions, as the volumes of the Batavian Transactions testify; but 'the numerous and interesting remains of former art and grandeur, which exist in the ruins of temples and other edifices; the abundant treasures of sculpture and statuary with which some parts of the island are covered; and the evidences of a former state of religious belief and national improvement, which are presented in images, devices, and inscriptions, either lay entirely

entirely buried under rubbish, or were but partially examined.' The most striking of these temples are those found at *Brambánan*, in the district of *Matárem*, near the middle of the island; at *Bóro Bódo*, in *Kedú*; on *Gúning Prádu* and its vicinity; in *Kediri*; and at *Sing'a Sári*, in the district of *Máláng*, in the eastern part of the island. Those of *Brambánan* and *Bóro Bódo* are, as Mr. Raffles justly observes, 'admirable as majestic works of art.' They are composed of plain hewn stones, without the least mixture of brick, mortar, or rubbish of any kind, even in filling up the floors and basements of the largest structures. The rank vegetation of an equinoctial climate has not only given solemnity to the antiquity of these venerable edifices, but, by insinuating into the joints, has actually dislocated and almost overturned the heaviest masses. In the shape and ornaments many of them resemble the Boudh temples of *Ava* and *Siam*, though among the statues the Hindoo deities of *Bhavani*, *Siva*, and *Ganesa*, are easily recognized. The large temple at *Brambánan* is a magnificent object, and the two plates, shewing its present state, and what it has been, convey a better idea than the most lengthened description. It is surrounded by two hundred and ninety-six smaller temples, most of which are buried beneath a luxuriant vegetation, and display little more than so many heaps of ruins; enough however remained of some to admit of their being restored by the pencil to their original form which is neither deficient in beauty, symmetry of arrangement, nor in decoration. Each small temple had originally thirteen niches filled with as many statues of mythological characters, taken from the Hindoo legends; but the exterior of the great central temple had no human or emblematical figures, or niches, though it contained a great variety of ornamental sculpture. 'The style, taste, and manner of execution are every where light, chaste, and beautiful, evincing a fertile invention, most delicate workmanship, and experience in the art.'

Bóro Bódo is unquestionably a temple of Boudh; 'it is a square stone building, consisting of seven ranges of walls, each range decreasing as you ascend, till the building terminates in a kind of dome.' The style and ornament, we are told, are found to resemble very much those of the great Boudh temple at *Gai-ya*, on the continent of *India*. The extensive ruins on the elevated plain, or table land of *Dieng*, or *Práhu*, are, perhaps, the most interesting of all. This plain is ascended by a flight of huge stone steps on each of its four sides, consisting of not less than a thousand steps. The contiguous mountain seems to have been in a state of eruption since the formation of these ancient stair-cases, for it is stated that 'the greatest part of this wonderful memorial of human industry lies buried under huge masses of rock and lava.'

On

On another elevated plain near the former many temples remain in a tolerable state of preservation, with numerous images scattered about, mixed with large fragments of hewn stone. 'On a more minute examination of this plain,' says Mr. Raffles, 'traces of the site of nearly four hundred temples were discovered, having broad and extensive streets, or roads, running between them at right angles.'

Mr. Raffles states his reasons for supposing that these numerous temples must have been constructed between the sixth and ninth century of the Christian era; and the Devanagari characters on the inscription found at Brambánan are recognized by Mr. Wilkins to be such as were in use on the continent of Hindostan, about eight or nine hundred years ago.—When the followers of Boudh were persecuted by the Bramins, they spread their arts and their religion over the eastern archipelago, where they might still have flourished if the intolerant spirit of proselytism had not forced upon the islanders the faith of Mahomet with fire and sword.

We must now take leave of Mr. Raffles, of whose elaborate volumes we have scarcely been able to skim the surface: the mass and variety of matter which he has there brought together render it almost impossible to search them in vain for any species of information respecting Java, while whatever is found, may be depended on as strictly authentic; but we cannot avoid repeating that a better arrangement of the materials would have saved the necessity of many repetitions, and considerably reduced the size of the work. In the administration of the government of the island, Mr. Raffles's conduct has been above all praise; the East India Company could not possibly have had a better servant; the Javanese cannot hope to find again so good a friend. By the abolition of forced services and arbitrary and vexatious imposts, and by the establishment of a moderate and equitable land-tax, the commerce and the agriculture of the island so rapidly improved, that the amount of the revenue received in three years, from 1812 to 1815, was 18,810,149 Java rupees, while the amount of the preceding three years, under the extortions practised by Marshal Daendels, who 'placed himself above the usual formalities, and disregarded every law,' was no more than 8,425,765 rupees: the expenditure, however, it must be admitted, was proportionably great.

ART. IV. *Comic Dramas, in Three Acts.* By Maria Edgeworth, Author of *Tales of Fashionable Life*, &c. &c. London. 1817.

THE late Mr. Sheridan, as we are informed in the Preface to this work, advised Miss Edgeworth to turn her thoughts to the composition of comedy. Report adds that the novel of *Belinda*

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was the performance, whence he derived so high an opinion of his countrywoman's talents. The authority of Mr. Sheridan was more than sufficient to justify an attempt in that walk of literature which he himself adorned: yet the attempt might fail without much imputation on his sagacity, and without discredit to the genius of Miss Edgeworth. His judgment must have proceeded upon analogies somewhat remote, the exact value of which he was, perhaps, not sufficiently at leisure to estimate. He read some of the scenes of *Belinda* with a pleasure not unlike that which comedy imparts; and hence he inferred, that the talents which produced them might be exerted with success in a new direction. The pleasure which we derive from a novel bears, indeed, in its general character, a resemblance to that which the drama gives; yet each has peculiar tints to distinguish it, and is excited by appropriate means. We shall briefly trace the general similarity and the specific differences: as, in attempting to detail the grounds of Mr. Sheridan's judgment and the causes of his mistake, we shall, at the same time, diminish the surprize which many may be disposed to feel, at finding that the work now before us cannot claim, among the productions of the comic drama, a rank corresponding to that which is held by some of Miss Edgeworth's tales in their proper department.

Many have framed ingenious speculations concerning the sources of the delight which we receive from compositions that represent a series of fictitious adventures, and concerning the reasons why this is more lively, and felt more generally, than the satisfaction imparted by the truth of history. Some* have looked upon it as an effect of the weakness and degeneracy of our nature, which, too grovelling to relish the majestic loveliness of truth, surrenders itself a willing captive to the meretricious allurements of fiction. Others†, of a better and a loftier school, have told us that the soul, tired with the dull uniformity of life, disgusted with the tameness of real characters and events so disproportionate to its exalted nature and to the dignity of its final destination, rejoices to escape into the regions of fancy, where it can luxuriate in ever-varying combinations, and gratify its high aspirings by the contemplation of personages rich in the assemblage of all possible perfections. The true sources of the pleasure derived from fictitious narratives and dramatic compositions, are our sympathy with the feelings, and our curiosity concerning the fate of the persons introduced to our notice. Why the exercise of sympathy is agreeable, why the sentiment as well as the gratification of curiosity is accompanied with pleasant emotions, we do not stop to inquire. It is enough for us that the facts are cer-

* Beattie in his *Essay on Fable and Romance*, and many others.

† Lord Bacon, &c.

tain, and that they account for the satisfaction which a well written tale or drama diffuses through us.

The pleasure of sympathy and that of curiosity have so little mutual dependence, that a work may communicate the one with scarcely any intermixture of the other. But our participation in passions delineated soon begins to flag, unless we are enlivened by a series of critical situations; while the interest awakened by a well connected succession of adventures, where we are not led into the feelings of the characters, is not much superior to that which we sometimes take in the solution of a riddle or the disentanglement of a puzzle. The two species of delight should, therefore, be combined, though in the united effect either may prevail over its fellow. In the tale, curiosity generally predominates; but sympathy in the drama; which, however, on the modern stage borrows more aid from the artifice of the plot, than the example of antiquity would authorize. The tales first relished in the nursery are generally mere tissues of strange adventures; to this class of fictions, narratives which deal in the terrific for the most part succeed. Mrs. Radcliffe's romances usually become favourites with us at an early age: the uncommonness of the transactions keeps us in suspense for the result; the scenes delineated are such as inspire terror; and terror is a passion which we are soon capable of feeling. In the progress of years the whole train of our affections and passions is developed. Then, and not till then, do we derive much delight from the lively exhibition of their workings.

If, from the pleasure itself, we turn our thoughts to the means by which it is imparted, we shall find a wide difference between the drama and fictitious narrative. The novelist leads us through a long and varied series of critical situations, where new sources of interest are continually opening, and where one perplexing intricacy is no sooner removed than another appears. As he is at liberty to enumerate every incident, his story is followed with ease by the reader. He is under no limitation with respect to the number of characters introduced, except what is imposed by the necessity of avoiding confusion; nor does he need to be very scrupulous as to the time during which the same actors may continue to occupy his page. In painting the emotions of his personages, he may avail himself of an infinite diversity of situations to bring into view a corresponding diversity of shades in disposition and feeling. He has no peculiar difficulties of style to overcome; and can give variety to his work by making it narrative at one time, and at another throwing it into the dramatic form.

In the drama the case is otherwise. Here the action must consist of a much smaller number of parts than fictitious narrative admits; so that in adhering to the unity requisite in the construction

tion of the fable, we are deprived of the means of holding curiosity in suspense by that copiousness of incident which so frequently charms in the novel. Add to this, that in proportion as we succeed in reducing the plot to a proper state of simplicity, we increase the labour of inventing a succession of adventures which may unravel the story and fill up the duration which custom has prescribed to legitimate comedy. From this difficulty Miss Edgeworth has, in part, escaped by the form of her dramas. We have no right to quarrel with such an arrangement; for it would be unfair to blame a work, because it is not different from what it professes to be. Yet we may be allowed to hint, that a play in three acts is not a work of the same difficulty, or of the same merit with one in five: and that, not on account of its shortness, but because, less incident being requisite, less skill is necessary in framing the plot.

There are other circumstances in the conduct of the fable, in consequence of which the task of the dramatic writer becomes much more arduous than the composition of a fictitious narrative. The novelist can accompany his hero through long periods of months and years; and, when the convenience of his story prompts, can transfer him from one kingdom into another. The drama has much narrower limits. The strict unities of time and place may, no doubt, be dispensed with. That there shall be no change of place, and that the duration of the action shall not much exceed the time of representation, are restrictions which load the writer with heavy incumbrances, without any adequate addition to the pleasure of the spectator. But good reasons may be assigned why, during the same act, the place should not be supposed to be changed, nor any time to elapse beyond what is occupied in the exhibition. From the rule, even when thus modified, the custom of the English theatre allows some further relaxation. We are often, in the course of the same act, carried from one place to another, a removal which, for the most part, implies a longer lapse of time than what is actually spent in shifting the scenes. Yet after every indulgence, the limitations which still remain operate like so many new conditions introduced into an algebraical problem and render a higher degree of genius requisite in the writer. This is not all. In the drama a hero can seldom be trusted alone upon the stage for any length of time. A soliloquy is always dangerous, because it is generally a tiresome expedient for telling the audience something which could not be inserted in the dialogue. It can go no farther than the expression of the feelings which agitate the bosom of the speaker, and appears to be a kind of substitute for the chorus of the ancients. The novelist, on the contrary, can fix our attention by a series of incidents into which only one personage is introduced. Of this solitary nature are many of the most powerful

erful passages of fictitious narratives. The novelist has likewise the advantage of leading us by degrees from adventure to adventure; while the drama is compelled to seize affairs in their crisis, and to resign all the interest which would be raised by contemplating the gradation of minute circumstances from which they originate. Indeed one of the principal difficulties of the dramatic art, is to contrive means of explaining what the nature of the subject and of the work will not allow to be exhibited. But it would be endless to attempt an enumeration of all the reasons which prove that in the drama the due conduct of the plot is a much more arduous undertaking than in the tale. Who is there that cannot recollect in the novels which he has read, a multitude of interesting scenes, which it would be nearly impossible to introduce into any composition thrown into the form that suits the stage?

If the language of the novelist flows in a clear, untroubled stream, he escapes without condemnation. But from comedy peculiar excellences of style are demanded; and these, too, excellences of no easy attainment—what they are, will be better learned from Terence and Molière, than from the vagueness of indefinite description. In general terms we can only say, that the dialogue should be concise, energetic, and sprightly; that it ought to be suggested by present circumstances, and unpolluted by that snappish flippancy which is too often mistaken for the playfulness of the comic muse; that wit is rather a becoming ornament to it than an indispensable requisite, and should be so diffused as to enliven every part, without degenerating, as in Congreve's scenes, into continual repartee.

Thus widely do the paths of the novelist and the dramatic writer diverge, though at first they appear nearly to coincide. The result is, that scarcely any author has pursued both tracks with eminent success. Who now reads 'Love and Duty Reconciled,' the novel with which Congreve commenced his literary career? Arundel, Henry, John of Lancaster, bring no additional honours to the author of the *West Indian* and the *Fashionable Lover*. Smollet has written little for the theatre, but that little excites no wish for more. Even Fielding's genius fails him, when he attempts dramatic composition. The literature of France resembles, in this respect, the literature of England: it boasts of no comic writers who produced good novels, of no distinguished novelists who added to the wealth of their national drama. Marmontel might, perhaps, have been expected to hold a respectable rank in both classes; for he composed his tales with an express view to the theatre, selecting for his subjects foibles which had not been touched upon by Molière, and which he thought capable of being moulded into a shape suited to the stage. Yet the general opinion is, that his plays possess little merit. An exception seems, and only seems, to present

sent itself in the person of Voltaire, who has written both comedies and tales, to which the light graces of his style, aided by the popularity of his name, have given some currency. But his comedies are, in general, very flimsy performances, unworthy of the genius that produced *Zaire*; and his tales are not so much pictures of life and manners, as satirical exposures and misrepresentations of what the author conceived (in many cases wickedly and foolishly conceived) to be prevalent errors in morals, philosophy, and politics.

We have thus attempted to delineate the difference between the class of compositions to which the present work belongs, and those which Miss Edgeworth produced formerly; because many may be surprized that a writer, whose novels are read with mingled amusement and instruction, should have given to the world dramas of no higher merit than the three contained in the volume now before us. The first and the last are appropriated chiefly to the delineation of Irish characters. The *Two Guardians*, which is the second in order, is intended to exhibit a picture of the fashionable society of London. We shall, therefore, begin with it; because it refers to originals with which many of our readers have an acquaintance sufficient to enable them to estimate the merits of the imitation.

Mr. St. Albans, a young West Indian of large fortune and ardent character, is a ward of Lord Courtington and Mr. Onslow. Which of the two shall be acting guardian is left to the determination of his mother, Mrs. St. Albans. Lady Courtington is eager that the preference may be given to her husband, principally with a view to ensnare St. Albans into marriage with her daughter Juliana, an unfeeling beauty, rich in all the graces and accomplishments of fashion, as well as in all the follies and minor vices of female dissipation. The first act opens with a soliloquy of one of Lady Courtington's footmen, who afterwards enters into conversation with Blagrove the coachman. We are next transported to the drawing-room, where we are entertained with some reflections from Juliana, followed by a dialogue between her and her brother, illustrative of the education, character, and designs of both. To this succeeds a scene between St. Albans and his black servant Quaco, which exhibits to us the affectionate simplicity of the negro, and the warm, unsuspecting generosity of his master. The second act opens with a dance in Lady Courtington's drawing-room. Juliana is, of course, St. Albans's partner, and, aided by her mother, plays off her artifices against him with apparent success. The footman enters with solicitations from Mrs. Beauchamp, the widowed mother of a starving family, for the payment of money due to her on account of lessons in music. The purchase of some artificial flowers does not permit Juliana to send her more than one pound: but in the next scene, Quaco, moved by her sorrows,

drops privately into her basket a purse of gold which he had received from his master. Mr. Onslow is now introduced to us, and, in consequence of assurances from Lady Courtington of the absence of his ward's mother, is preparing to depart, when Mrs. St. Albans, who has been informed of his visit by Quaco, makes her appearance. To counteract Onslow's influence, Lady Courtington affects to be thrown into hysterics: but no decision is adopted except that the choice of a guardian shall be left to the determination of the young man himself. At the commencement of the third act, after some conversation between the coachman and the footman, St. Albans and young Courtington ride out together, the former mounted on a blemished and unsound horse, which his friend wishes to sell to him. Next we are entertained by a conversation between Juliana and her mother, which is interrupted by intelligence that St. Albans has met with a dangerous accident in consequence of his horse having fallen. The last scene is in Mrs. Beauchamp's house, whither St. Albans has been carried, and where it is ascertained that he has received no serious injury. Juliana and her mother arrive; amid their inquiries and congratulations Mrs. Beauchamp enters, and, under a persuasion that the purse which she has just found in her basket, must have been put there by order of Juliana, returns her ardent thanks to her supposed benefactress. The young lady, without disclaiming the good deed, seems to shrink from the warm acknowledgments of gratitude. But the sight of the purse discovers to St. Albans that Quaco must have been the giver: and this detection proving the worthlessness of the daughter, as the misfortune of the horse showed the roguery of the son, he suppresses the rising passion which the arts of Juliana had kindled, and chuses Onslow for his guardian.

From this sketch of the fable, it is sufficiently obvious that the plot is meagre in the extreme. The first act contains not a single incident which tends to further the final issue, except that St. Albans gives Quaco a purse of gold. The second act drops this purse into Mrs. Beauchamp's basket: the only other use which any part of the act serves, is to exhibit the characters of the personages of the drama. The third act is somewhat more bustling; for in it St. Albans meets with his fall, and detects the heartlessness of Juliana. The plot, therefore, is deficient in what should constitute its most essential quality, abundance of incident; and this deficiency, of itself fatal to the interest of the piece, is aggravated by the loose and unartificial connection of the scenes.

We subjoin the opening of the drama.

'*Pop. (Reads)* "Wants a situation as footman,—young man undeniable good character."—"Wants a situation as own man."—"Own man and butler—character bear the strictest scrutiny—honesty and sobriety."

sobriety."—Some low fellow.—"No objection to look after a horse, or to go behind a carriage, no objection to town or country." (*Rising, throws the paper from him.*)—"No objection!"—Now this is the way masters and mistresses is spoilt and set up by these pitiful, famishing, out of place rascals, that makes no objection to nothing.—Well, thank my stars and myself, I'm none of your wants-a-situation scrubs.

Enter Blagrove.

Bla. How are you, Mr. Popkin?—Do you know where is Mr. Beauchamp, or Mr. St. Albans?

Pop. Not I.—I reckoned they was in the stable with you.

Bla. No, they ha'n't been wi' me yet, and I must see master, about his horse Cacafogo.

Pop. Harkee, Blag!—a word with you.—(*Holding out his hand.*) Touch there, Blag.—Shake hands upon it,—draw together, Coachy, and we two will have it all our own way, above and below stairs.

Bla. They say these St. Albans's is rolling in gold.

Pop. Aye, quite a West Indian nabob, that the mother has brought over to us here for edication.

Bla. And we'll teach him a thing or two.—If he puts up his horses with us, there will be fine doings, I warrant.

Pop. And there'll be a brave match for Miss Juliana in due course; and meantime he and our Mr. Beauchamp will be cutting a fine dash about town, for this minor's to have a swinging allowance—may play away as he pleases, if my lord's acting guardian.—This guardianship will be a pretty penny, I warrant, in my lord's pocket, who, between you and I, wants a ready penny as bad as any one man in the house of Lords, or Commons either.

Bla. Then that's a bold word, Pop, but I believe you're not much out:—the turf for that.—When's my lord to be up from Newmarket?

Pop. I can't say—they expect him to-day; and for sartin, I know my lady's on thorns till he comes, for fear this young heir should slip through their fingers.'—pp. 141—144.

Here we have little of the character of genuine comedy. Such conversation may, doubtless, be expected from coachmen and footmen, but does not deserve to be recorded by the pen of Miss Edgeworth. 'Nothing,' says Johnson, 'can please long and please many, but just delineations of general nature.' Grammatical inaccuracies paint neither character nor passion: they are proofs merely of ignorance and want of education. They give no pleasure to the reader, and therefore a writer of taste should reject them; they are a work of no difficulty, and therefore a writer of talents should despise them.

We are not aware that this drama contains any passages more smart or more elegant than the following.

'*Jul.* My mamma sighs, and says, in her moralizing tone, "*Beauty is such a dangerous thing for young girls,*"—that it ought to be kept only for old women, I suppose. Then while she is dressing me—no, while

she is dressing herself, she is so sentimental about it,—“ My dear Juliana, (*mimicking a sentimental tone*,) one must be at the trouble of dressing, because one must sacrifice to appearances in this world; but I value only the graces of the mind.” Yes, mamma,—(*as if spoken aside*,) that’s the reason you are *rouging* yourself.—(*In the mother’s tone*,) “ Beauty after all is such a transient flower.”—“ So I see, mamma”—(*she starts*,) Mercy!—here’s mamma coming!—I must be found practising.—(*Begins to play a serious lesson*,)

Enter Beauchamp.

Beau. Practising, Ju!—Practising for ever!—What a bore!

Jul. La! brother, you frightened me so!—I thought it was mamma, and after all ’tis only you.

Beau. Only me! That’s a good one!—Cool! faith.—But come here now, Ju; if you’ve any taste, admire me, just as I stand!—from top to toe!—all the go!—Hey?

Jul. No, this thing about your neck is horrid—I’ll make it right.

Beau. Hands off!—not for your life.

Jul. As you please; but I assure you, you are all wrong.

Beau. All right——

Jul. At Eton, may be, but not in Lon’on, I can tell you.

Beau. You can tell me!—and how should you know, when you are not out yet?——

Jul. You have no notion what I have been going through all this time here at home in this course of education—a master for every hour, and sometimes two in one hour.

Beau. Faith, that’s too bad!—to set ’em riding double on your hours!—But why didn’t ye kick, or take a sulk, or grow *rusty*, as Blaggrave says?

Jul. No use in kicking.—Sulky I was, as ever I could be, but then somehow they coaxed and flattered me out of it.

Beau. Aye, flattery!—not a woman or a girl that ever was born can stand flattery, so they had you there, Ju!—Hey?—and the bear that has danced, is in chains for ever.

Jul. That is the misery! Oh, if it had not been for Popkin, who taught me to slip out of my chains, I must have died of the confinement.

Beau. Famous wife you’ll make, Ju!—Capital hand. you’ll be at bamboozling a husband, when you’ve had such practice.

Jul. La! now don’t you say that, Beauchamp—don’t you say that, or you’ll make the young men afraid of me.

Beau. Well, I won’t tell St. Albans.—pp. 147—152.

These extracts can claim no merit of a very high kind; but they are, at least, lively. It must likewise be admitted that two of the subjects which furnish a great part of the dialogue of this drama, we mean the fashionable mode of educating girls, and the schemes of mothers to promote the marriage of their daughters, seem peculiarly susceptible of being wrought into a form proper for the stage. They would supply very ridiculous situations, as well as most instructive

structive lessons, and unfortunately for private happiness and public morals, the perversion of character to which they refer abounds so much in real life, that the dramatic writer would find no lack of originals from which his imagination might derive proper materials.

We shall pass more cursorily over the two remaining dramas. They are occupied chiefly with delineations of peculiarities of Irish country life, that do not add much to those amusing pictures which Miss Edgeworth has drawn in some of her earlier works. In 'Love and Law,' she introduces to us an Irish grazier, Macbride by name, with his son Philip, and his daughter Honor. In his neighbourhood lives Catty Rooney, now in a situation not more exalted than Macbride, but proud of her descent from Irish kings, and furious in animosity against the grazier on account of a quarrel concerning a small extent of bog. In spite of these direful feuds, Randal Rooney, Catty's son, loves and is loved by Honor; but their mutual passion is opposed by their respective relations. In the vicinity lives Gerald O'Blaney, a distiller, in embarrassed circumstances, with an outward show of wealth, who wishing, partly from avarice, partly from passion, to marry Honor, employs his servant Pat Coxe to inflame the resentment of the Roonies against the Macbrides. A falsehood propagated by Coxe, gives rise to a battle between the two parties at a neighbouring fair. The Roonies are routed, and appear before Justice Carver to invoke from the law that vengeance which violence had failed to obtain. The examination before the magistrate is painted in very lively colours. The result of it is, that the complaint of the Roonies is dismissed, and that the lies of Pat Coxe are detected. Catty is then convinced that she has been in the wrong; and, by what startled us as rather too sudden a transformation of character, renounces her feud, together with her claim to the long contested piece of bog. The union of Randal and Honor is the consequence. The characters are sufficiently diversified, and drawn with considerable force. Carver is perhaps loaded with a superfluous quantity of stupidity. 'I protest,' says he on one occasion, where he means to express his deep sympathy with the feelings of those around them, 'I protest that it almost makes me blow my nose.' It would be absurd to criticise minutely the dialogue of a piece, in which Mrs. Carver is the only person who speaks English; for we cannot give that epithet to the jargon uttered by her husband: yet the language of some of the personages is occasionally unnatural. 'By all the pride of man and vanity of woman' is a very pretty antithetical oath for the uneducated son of an Irish grazier! O'Blaney is represented as a man of ingenuity, but his ingenuity is all exerted in the puns and metaphors. He tells us that it is a troublesome occupation 'to take the inventory of your stock, when you are reduced

duced to invent the stock itself,' and that a distiller can never be dejected, 'because he has always proof spirits.' He is quite the Catiline of distillers and loves the danger of fraud for its own sake. 'I'd desire no better sport, (he says,) than to hear the whole pack (of excisemen) in full cry after me, and I doubling and doubling, and safe at my form at last, with you, Pat, my precious, to drag the herring over the ground previous to the hunt, to distract the scent and defy the nose of the dogs.'

'The Rose and Shamrock' contains many passages, which will be read with interest by those who are partial to pictures of the ruder classes of Irish society. The interior of an Irish inn,—the thoughtless, drunken, yet crafty innkeeper,—the affectation and coquetry of his half educated daughter,—the active good nature of the servant—are delineated with no small vivacity. The Scotchman and the Englishman, who are introduced, are very good and very dull: they are evidently drawn according to an abstract notion which Miss Edgeworth has formed of the respective national characters of England and Scotland, and not from an actual survey of individuals. The plot is meagre and imperfect. On the style we have the same remark to make as on '*Love and Law*,'—that the dialogue is for the most part, not English, but, if we may use the expression, Anglo-Irish. This, however, we are as far from noting as a fault, as from blaming the Scottish dialect in the '*Tales of my Landlord*.' The coarse violations of grammar, which we condemned in the '*Two Guardians*,' by no means stand upon the same footing: for, first, national peculiarities of dialect are essential to a faithful representation of national manners, or at least, add much to its force; whereas the gross vulgarities of the lowest of the rabble can never give a dramatic picture any new power of pleasing; and secondly, it would be absurd to put pure English into the mouth of Catty Rooney, or an Irish boor; but by no means so to make Lady Courtington's smart footmen speak with tolerable correctness.

The sketch which we have given of this work and our extracts from it, will probably induce our readers to conclude, that it is a book which may be read with amusement and which yet does not demand great praise. Miss Edgeworth has too much good sense to write ill, though she has not the peculiar talent which dramatic composition requires. The rarity of this talent is truly wonderful. We cannot ascribe it to poverty of genius in the present age. In the walks both of science and of imagination we can boast of men, whom any country and any period might be proud to claim. Neither can it be attributed to the uninteresting nature of the study: for if any mental employment is its own reward, it must be that of fixing in permanent colours the fleeting follies of mankind. Is then
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the comic drama a field where success is scantily recompensed? Far otherwise: few productions of genius have been more liberally rewarded than comedies of superior merit. Or shall we say that preceding authors have anticipated us, or that no foibles adapted to the stage remain for us to delineate? Such an opinion would rather be a cause of future sterility than an explanation of that which exists; and might have been maintained before the time of Murphy, Cumberland, and Sheridan, as plausibly as at this moment. If we can imagine that the few good comedies in the English language have exposed all the laughable frailties of our nature, which could instruct and amuse upon the stage, we must be persuaded that mankind are more exempt from weaknesses than any moralist has hitherto taught. We have indeed been told that the progress of education, the extensive intercourse of all classes of men with each other, and the general diffusion of wealth, have removed those peculiarities which comedy delights to trace. Some peculiarities may have been thus removed, but others have been produced: such circumstances may alter outward manners, but cannot diminish the variety of human passions and interests.—But this is not a point to be lightly discussed: and we shall find other opportunities of returning to the subject.

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- ART. V.—1. *Statements respecting the East India College, with an Appeal to Facts, in refutation of the Charges lately brought against it in the Court of Proprietors.* By the Rev. T. R. Malthus, Professor of History and Political Economy in the East India College, Hertfordshire, and late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. London: Murray. 1817.
2. *Minute of the Marquis Wellesley, relative to the College of Fort William, dated the 18th August, 1800.* (*Asiatic Register*, 1800.)

ENGLAND has almost always extended her territorial greatness beyond her own narrow pale. It might seem as if an imprescriptible privilege had been conferred on us, of possessing a sort of *outer-court* of dominion, and as if this magnificent birth-right had still prevailed over the tempests of human vicissitude. The loss of the noble provinces which formerly belonged to us on the European continent created a sensible chasm in the magnitude of our possessions. We retreated within our own limits; but this retrogression, if the phrase may be used, of power near home, was gradually repaired by a corresponding advance on the opposite shore of the Atlantic; and the soil which we were compelled to relinquish in Europe, we more than regained in America. Another season

season of revolutions snatched from us the greater part even of those acquisitions; but we had already laid broad and deep the foundations of a second supply. While British America shrunk from an empire into a few provinces, British India rapidly expanded from a few provinces into an empire. The glory departed from us in the west only to reappear in the east with increased force and with heightened brilliancy.

‘Our empire in India (says a great writer) is an awful thing.’ The sentiment was originally uttered in 1793, and certainly has lost none of its force by the lapse of time. The history of conquests contains no chapter more curious than the narrative of the territorial connexion between Great Britain and the East Indies, from the capture of Arcot in 1754 to the present time. It is a sustained and a splendid piece of action. The growth of such power from such beginnings might remind us of a striking legend in Hindoo mythology, where Vishnù, under the disguise of a human form, requests from some great king or rajah the grant of as much land as he can cover, in point of length, by the flight of an arrow. The grant is obtained; but the arrow, when shot, flies to the utmost horizon. With equal humility of commencement, with a similar effect in the sequel, the British were permitted to build a few rude factories in the east: and their sway, in the shape either of avowed supremacy or of irresistible influence, already comprehends an area of Indian territory equal to the proudest kingdoms of Europe. Even now all is not accomplished;—this mighty dominion yet continues in progress:—nor can human sagacity divine its future boundaries, or compute its probable maximum. The bow was drawn by no measurable strength, and the shaft is still flying—

‘Stridens et celeres incognita transilit umbras.’

The natural effect of acquisition is possession; and possession draws after it innumerable duties. Amidst the crowd of warriors whose names stand emblazoned in the annals of conquest, perhaps only two can be found who have conquered purely for the sake of conquering, and have thrown aside their prizes when they had done—Sesostris and Charles the Twelfth. Such disinterestedness of ambition might befit a fabulous conqueror; and it might befit one whose history has almost realized fable; but, in general, the hunters of mankind, however they may prefer the chase to the game, are yet content to retain the fruits of their achievements, and to wear the spoils which they have been at the trouble of winning. Indeed, it may be thought one instance of that principle of compensation, which the moral world so beautifully exemplifies in a thousand others, that conquerors insensibly contract an interest in the welfare and improvement of that which, by dint of exertion, they have made their own. When once it is appropriated, it acquires the

the ordinary claims of property on the proprietor; it becomes an object of his solicitude; and falls within that narrow circle in which selfishness itself inculcates the lessons of justice.

How far the acquisitions, warlike or pacific, of the British in the East Indies, can be deemed justifiable, it were irrelevant in this place to inquire. The question is probably a mixed one, requiring much detailed research and much cautious discrimination; and this only forms an additional reason why, on an occasion like the present, the consideration of it should be avoided. Neither is it here necessary to describe at large the nature, or accurately to estimate the weight, of the obligations which the possession of such a dominion entails on the British nation. Still less need we discuss the precise form of government by which those valuable dependencies may best be ruled;—a point long since decided, and, as we are disposed to believe, decided wisely. But there is one question connected with these subjects, to which recent controversy has given peculiar prominence, and on which therefore we would offer a few remarks. The nature of that question is sufficiently indicated by the title of the work which stands foremost at the head of the present Article.

If the British possessions in the east were simply a dependent or subordinate country, subject indeed to the political controul of the ruling state, but free as to the regulation and conduct of their domestic concerns, the question referred to could scarcely arise. In that case, the individuals by whom the affairs of the local government were to be managed would not be derived from England, but, generally speaking, would be persons born and educated in India. Even in colonies properly so called, the task of supplying the great body of the public functionaries required belongs to the colonists themselves. The mother-country moves in a sort of exterior circle of power; while the management of the local administration is almost wholly left to the energies of local wisdom and genius. British India, however, is not a colony; neither would the complex and singular relations which bind it to this kingdom be satisfied by the general appellation of a dependent country. It is a dependency; but one of a very anomalous kind. By the peculiar system of Indian polity which we have established, it is provided that we should govern those regions, not by delegation to a secondary or colonial state, but directly and at first hand. The functionaries, to whom the internal administration of Indian affairs is principally confided, are not grown and trained on the spot, but are drawn from the population of the Britannic islands. The vigour and intelligence demanded for the business of government are not left to be furnished by the progressive accumulations of provincial wisdom
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and genius, but are transported at once from the west. In a word, we have monopolized the Indian market for those commodities.

It must therefore be considered a very serious question in what manner we may best fulfil the trust with which we have thus charged ourselves; a trust in its own nature most sacred, and which surely loses nothing of its sanctity because it has been voluntarily assumed.

The force of these considerations is greatly enhanced by another peculiarity in our Indian system. The European functionaries employed in the administration of Indian affairs are not selected promiscuously from the population of Great Britain, nor even from the higher classes of that population; nor are they chosen out of persons of mature age and whose talents have been satisfactorily tried at home. They are a body formed by annual supplies of thirty or forty youths, sent out on account of their connexion with the Directors, and at an age little exceeding childhood. Among the members of this body, thus brought together, almost all the powers, privileges and emoluments of Indian offices are shared. By such an arrangement it is obvious that all the excellent effects which the complete *openness* of the political department produces in free countries,—effects luminously visible in our own island,—the inspiring influence of generous rivalry—the introduction of talents of late developement—the ultimate success of untamable perseverance—the irresistible irruption of low-born merit,—are in a considerable degree excluded. True it is that many evils are excluded at the same time; for there seems great reason to believe that the unrestricted entrance of Europeans into India, which is perhaps the only possible alternative, would be a disastrous event for the natives. But let it not be forgotten that we buy off this mass of evils by paying a very heavy composition of inconvenience; and surely it is our duty to lighten and palliate the pressure of the necessary tax by all practicable means. In other words, if the Indian offices in question are to be the perquisites of a privileged few, let us use even extraordinary means that those few may be properly qualified.

These remarks do not decide the specific question respecting the East-India College, which has recently excited so much keen discussion; but they shew its importance. The question has indeed been disposed of in the place where it originated; but we have thought that it would not, for that reason, the less profitably engage the attention of our readers; since it may be considered as released from the contending influences of local interests, and as submitted to the unclouded review of public opinion. Nor can it be doubted that this is strictly a public question, in virtue of all those admitted principles

principles which oblige the British nation to regard her Indian provinces as vital portions of herself.

The greater part of the 'Statements' of Mr. Malthus appears to have been composed some time since, on occasion of a prevalent rumour that the College would be the subject of discussion in the Court of East India Proprietors. No discussion, however, then taking place, nor any being specifically announced, the author withheld his work from the press; but the animadversions lately made on the subject, both in the Court of Proprietors and elsewhere, induced him to publish what he had prepared, with such additions as appeared necessary. It is certainly fortunate that so considerable a portion of the pamphlet should already have been in existence; since it has enabled the author to meet the exigencies of a sudden and unforeseen controversy with a treatise containing much matter of a general and comprehensive nature.

The frequent and very honourable mention which the writer makes of the Marquis Wellesley's Minute in Council, containing the reasons for the establishment of a College at Calcutta, led us to re-peruse that paper, and, in the sequel, to comprise it within the scope of the present Article. We have done so, because the two compositions reflect great light on each other, and, collectively taken, appear to supply a very sufficient mass of information and disquisition for the purposes of the intended inquiry.

The pamphlet of Mr. Malthus seems to have acquired a considerable reputation, and, we think, very deservedly. It throughout exhibits a clear good sense and calm ability, which are highly impressive and satisfactory; and with these qualities are united others to which we cannot help attaching peculiar value,—great fairness and sincerity. We do not here allude to the veracity of his statements, which we should of course presume to be beyond suspicion; but to his good faith and honesty as a debater. The question is encountered plainly and directly, without any of that nervousness and anxiety with which ordinary disputants march into the field of battle. The topics are arranged skilfully; but it is with that sort of art which would be called judgment rather than address. There is no studied or solicitous amplification of what seem strong or popular points; and, when the writer has to meet an adverse assertion or argument, he disposes of it fairly, and without stopping either to mangle its remains or to exult over its fall. This species of plain dealing,—this freedom from finess or exaggeration,—united as they here are with a strong power of reasoning,—impress on the work a very singular character of persuasiveness; but we doubt whether those qualities will be fully appreciated, except by such persons as possess the questionable advantage of a considerable experience in controversial reading.

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Of the 'Minute' of Lord Wellesley, it is also necessary, we presume, to give some general account. It is an official document indeed, and may therefore seem a quarry too lofty for the talons of literary criticism. It stands, however, in the rare position of a state-paper immediately bearing on the interests of learning; and in this view, even if in no other, appears very fairly accountable to the tribunals of the republic of letters. It may appeal, perhaps, against their sentence, but surely cannot disclaim their jurisdiction.

One of the greatest of ancient critics very beautifully observes, respecting one of the greatest of ancient warriors and statesmen, that he spoke with the same mind with which he fought: '*Tanta in eo vis est, id acumen, ea concitatio, ut illum eodem animo dixisse, quo bellavit, appareat.*'* Such analogies are captivating, and perhaps therefore often delusive; yet there can be no doubt that the different exercises of the same mind will be distinguished by some common features. In the 'Minute' of Lord Wellesley, a fanciful observer might without difficulty discover traces of those qualities which are generally confessed to have characterized his Indian administration. It clearly indicates, on the one hand, that spirit, decision, rapidity, and comprehensiveness of genius, the praise of which has never been denied him by his enemies; and is perhaps not untinged, on the other, by somewhat of that tendency to profusion and magnificence, which, within venial limits, would scarcely be disclaimed for him by his friends. The distinguished author has been blamed for an Asiatic style of writing; a criticism manifestly unjust, if that phrase is meant to imply, what it conveyed in the mouths of the detractors of Cicero,† a weak and empty verbosity. Yet, in a better sense, there certainly is a tinge of what may be called *Orientalism* in the cast of Lord Wellesley's composition; and, perhaps, the costume with which imagination naturally invests the heroes of Eastern romance, would be no unapt representative of its character, which seems every where to exhibit the strong and well-knit armour of reason, circumfused by the flowered and flowing drapery of a certain copious and noble eloquence.

We must not, however, forget that our immediate concern is rather with the subject discussed by Mr. Malthus, than with Lord Wellesley. Yet, in pursuing our course, we do not hold ourselves bound to a very nice study of method; but shall be content to present our reflections in the order in which they have occurred, although not the most scientifically exact. It may not be inexpedient to commence with a rapid glance at some former passages in the history of British India.

* Quint. Inst. lib. x. c. 4.

† Quint. Inst. lib. xii. c. 10.

The change of fortune which transformed the India Company into the territorial masters of countries where they had subsisted only as privileged traders, had of course the effect of greatly enlarging their establishment of European agents in the East; or, to speak technically, of *writers*. In the first instance, however, the number of writers employed was, comparatively speaking, moderate. In imitation of many other conquerors, the Company chose to govern their new dominions, in a great measure, by the agency of native instruments; a plan recommended by considerations not only of obvious policy, but of economy also; for, on a superficial view at least, the machinery of government would much more cheaply be provided on the spot, than imported from an immense distance. But it was not possible that this arrangement, which left so considerable a portion of political power in the hands of the natives, should long continue. The iron and the clay could not subsist together. Whether the country were justly conquered or not, there might be a doubt; there could be none that, when once in fact made a British province, it should receive the cherishing and effectual protection of a British government. Naturally sordid, however, and rapacious, and now placed in a situation of servile dependence very unfavourable to public spirit or virtue, the native agents proved a body of low oppressors; the system was not only injurious to the country, but threatened to be wastefully expensive; and the Company became convinced that, if they intended to discharge their imperial functions with advantage either to themselves or to their subjects, they must be content to assume both the praise and the odium of an undivided responsibility, and to displace the delegates whom they had raised.

The idea seems to have been but partially adopted at first; and, at all events, could not be carried into effect without management and gradation. Accordingly, it was not fully realized till upwards of thirty years after the conquest of Bengal, although in progress during the greater part of that interval. In 1765, the collection and administration of the revenues of the three provinces, and the dispensation of civil justice, were transferred from the Nabob of Bengal to the Company. Yet the Company exercised these functions through the medium of native ministers, though with a gradually increasing degree of British superintendence, down to the year 1772. At that period it was resolved that European officers, being covenanted servants of the Company, should be employed in both departments. The management of criminal justice, meanwhile, a prerogative which, by the constitution of the Mogul empire, was considered as peculiarly attached to the dignity of Nabob, continued in the hands of the native government; but was deformed by abuses so flagrant as at length forced on the British, after some

ineffectual attempts at regulation, the assumption of the whole judicial power. This arrangement, the dictate of an imperious necessity, did not finally take place before the year 1790.

When, in addition to the circumstances just detailed, it is remembered how great an accession of power and territory the Company received during the thirty years in question, it will be seen that, in the course of that period, the demand for European functionaries in the East must have considerably increased: yet that demand was by no means small, even at the outset. The departments of politics and of the Company's commerce would alone have held out sufficient attractions to the spirit of European enterprize; even had not the country then opened many shorter avenues to the acquisition of wealth; avenues, which the Directors, in their corporate capacity, made frequent though ineffectual attempts to close; but which, while they subsisted, could not fail to increase the appetite and to multiply the applications for Indian appointments. Without searching, however, for reasons, there can be no doubt that, even in the early times, the influx of Europeans into India was in point of fact very considerable.

What might be the character or the conduct of those adventurers, is a distinct question. The vulgar opinion certainly places them in no very amiable or prepossessing light. It describes them as successive flights of gloomy plunderers, who visited one of the choicest portions of the globe, only to consume its wealth and destroy its resources. They were living clouds of locusts, which periodically darkened the land with their numbers and desolated it by their voracity. The reader well knows all this; for doubtless he has read it in the terrific representations of Burke. Those representations, indeed, were very greatly overcharged. The extraordinary person from whom they proceeded appears to have early formed a very vivid idea of the importance and dignity of a denouncer of great national crimes. The idea, beyond question, was strongly and profoundly rooted in a principle of public virtue; but it seems to have taken a still stronger hold on an imagination, naturally capacious of whatever was romantic or prodigious, aided perhaps in its appetite for sublime horrors by some defectiveness of taste, and at the same time deeply charged with classic recollections of oppressed provinces, prætorian rapacity, and avenging eloquence. A mind so constituted and so prepared would instinctively seek for some lofty theatre on which it might exhaust at once its genius and its rage;—but the time was not yet arrived;—these portentous visions of fancy had not yet found their destined and too faithful anti-type in the horrible grandeur of the French Revolution. In this position,—India, interesting as a renowned region of romance, magnificent as a waste of ruined empires,—India, sacked, ravaged, destroyed,

destroyed, by hordes of civil and military adventurers from the west,—presented to the piercing eyes of the orator a field of criminal power too tempting to be resisted; and he may be said to have lighted on the shores of the Ganges with the ominous and awful descent of an accusing angel. It was then that those harrowing descriptions and thrilling denunciations were uttered, which will be perused by the latest posterity with mingled impressions of horror, admiration, and incredulity.

Yet it must be owned that these pictures, though conceived and executed in the most daring and poetic style of portrait-painting, did not wholly want fidelity. The nation was, at that period, possessed with the most extravagant notions of Asiatic wealth. Every Indian river was conceived to roll over a bed of gold; every plain to conceal inexhaustible mines of rubies and diamonds. It is a very curious circumstance, that the earliest interference of parliament in the territorial management of British India did not take place till ten years after the conquest of Bengal by Lord Clive; and that this interference was confined to the object of securing for the public a participation in the Indian revenues.* If, at a time when England and Europe were ringing with tales, on whatever foundation framed, of the devastations sustained from British subjects by the prostrate empire of the Moguls, so august an authority as the legislature could thus act, we may less wonder that private individuals, and especially those within the more immediate influence of the magnetic attraction, should have forgotten more exalted principles in a thirst for barbarian gold.

Under such circumstances, it was natural that abuses should more or less take place;—it was, perhaps, equally natural that, with or without justice, they should be imputed. For the possessors of the envied and corrupting advantages of an appointment in the Indian service could expect little quarter either from the virtue or from the jealousy of those who were unable to command the same prizes. Accordingly, the adventurers were not unfrequently represented as persons of shattered fortune and character, who had found it convenient to perform a sort of lucrative quarantine in a remote country, and to redeem their credit by an expatriation which bore to a transportation for fourteen years the same sort of noble relationship which the ostracism of Athens is said to have borne to vulgar exile.

This idea, considered as of general, or even of sensibly frequent application, appears to have been without any foundation. So far as evils really existed in the administration of the Indo-British provinces—as in too great a degree they certainly did exist,—and so

* 7 Geo. III. c. 57.

far as those evils might be ascribed to the imperfect qualification of the persons sent out—as in a measure they certainly might be ascribed,—they admit of being accounted for from a very simple cause. The object of a nomination in the Company's service being what is commonly called a *fortune*, and the policy of the Company in many ways preventing the persons sent out from regularly settling or colonizing in India, the career of Indian service was invariably commenced with the twofold purpose of returning to Europe, and of returning rich; and, for these ends, it apparently could not be commenced too early. Further, by an early embarkation, the young writer not only more quickly enabled himself to realize the provision to which he looked, but also more speedily relieved the funds employed for his maintenance by his parents. He was too often, therefore, hurried away at a tender age, with principles unconfirmed, and with little education in any science beyond the management of a ledger and a cash-book. In other cases, young men of more advanced age, and already employed in other callings, unexpectedly obtained the boon of a writership; but the same principle was still acted upon;—however scanty his intellectual furniture, the favourite of fortune could not afford to wait;—he was appointed, fitted-out, and forthwith shipped. Besides this, it may be believed that, in some instances, a parent would select the most untoward or unpromising subject among his children, possibly the hopeless *rejeté* of a public school, for an expedition to the Indies; delighted that so comfortable a resource could be found for an *Arcadicus juvenis*, whom nature had fitted only to be rich, and persuaded that the gracelessness of his disposition either would be left behind him in the bosom of the Atlantic, or burned out by the blaze of a tropical sun:—

‘————— sub gurgite vasto
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni.’

Let us not be understood to insinuate that honourable and even splendid exceptions to the whole of this representation may not be cited; but, at that early period, and under all the circumstances of the case, it was scarcely in the nature of things that a service so constituted should not be subject to the evils described. This season of darkness, however, seems to have rolled away;—we trust, never to return. For it is a matter not to be questioned that very great and effectual improvements have been introduced into our Indian system,—improvements which, while they eminently redound to the credit of the British nation, must be allowed to reflect a divided glory on the Company and their servants. In these ameliorations, very good beginnings had been made by other governors; but the principal instrument in them was undoubtedly the late Marquis Cornwallis; and certainly no fitter agent could have been found for the

the purpose than that great and amiable man, who, to eminent rectitude of understanding, and to the soundest practical wisdom; united a peculiar dignity and integrity of principle, and so unaffected a simplicity of character, as made him appear like the posthumous offspring of an elder age. Lord Cornwallis was inflexibly resolute in the encouragement of merit, and in promoting; by every means of authority and example, the general establishment of strict principles of public conduct. In these objects, he seems to have been very decisively seconded by the authorities at home; and his efforts succeeded accordingly. The civil service of the Company rose to a high standard of zeal, correctness, and purity; and that elevation it has since sustained.

But Lord Cornwallis could not build without materials. His choice of instruments was restricted to a given muster-roll; while the work to be done was not only vast, but grew daily. The consequence was that, with all his exertions, he experienced great difficulty in adequately supplying the important offices of the state. Mr. Malthus observes,—we believe very truly,—that, in his search for the requisite qualifications, many of the older civil servants were passed over, and that, even with the utmost range which the rules of the service would admit, the search did not always prove successful.

By the governors who followed, the same obligations and the same difficulties were felt; and, at length, the Marquis Wellesley proposed that corrective for the evil, of which the 'Minute' already described, so powerfully enforces the necessity and details the nature. It has sometimes been maintained that the real aims of Lord Wellesley were directed to some other object than the education of the civil servants, or at least to some object greatly more extensive. In the College of Fort William, he is supposed to have projected a magnificent repository of European principles and Asiatic erudition; a vast moral treasury, in which the stores of written learning and recorded wisdom might indefinitely accumulate, and in which the sages of the East might find studious solitudes still more deeply attractive than the sacred shades of Benares. There certainly is no reason to question the truth of this notion. Nothing is more credible than that such prospects as these might fill up the distance of the picture which Lord Wellesley had framed to himself; but the utmost injustice would be done to the views of that enlightened statesman, if it were not distinctly admitted that his great object was one of a nature more pressing, more practical, and more closely congenial with that solicitude for the rights and happiness of the people, which, after all, constitutes the true sublime of legislation and government. Throughout his Minute,—the actual deficiencies of the civil service,—and the

means of supplying those deficiencies,—form the grand and the solitary theme of discussion. He has no time to speak or to think of any thing else; and his reasoning must have been sadly thrown away on those whom it has not convinced that this subject alone might worthily exercise the united reflection and eloquence of India and of England.

The foundation of Lord Wellesley's propositions is laid in a clear and accurate view of the qualifications requisite for the civil servants of the Company. His statements on this head highly deserve consideration, on account of certain strange misapprehensions that seem but too prevalent. An idea seems to be entertained that those civil servants, with the exception perhaps of a small minority selected for high official situations, are mere commercial agents, the underlings of a great house of business; petty clerks or accountants, whose chief accomplishment it is, to understand the Italian method of book-keeping by double entry,—to be expert in the whole mystery of invoices and sale-prices,—and to be *neat hands* at weighing silks, measuring piece-goods, and counting bales of cotton. Some perhaps think it a more correct notion, to consider them as of the nature of that useful and respectable order of persons called *travelling clerks* or *riders*; and as sent by the Company to traverse those distant and immense regions, stuffed with choice specimens of hard-ware and long-ells; only that, on the luxurious plains of India, the English equipage of horses and gigs must, we suppose, give place to the more gorgeous and nabob-like apparatus of palanquins and elephants.

Since such an idea obviously strikes at the very root of all plans for the liberal education of the civil servants of the Company. Lord Wellesley has set himself to overthrow it at the outset; and the able exposition which it has drawn from him, of the duties of that class of persons, is quoted with much commendation by Mr. Malthus. We cannot afford to be equally copious in citation; but shall yet gratify the reader by a few short extracts.

‘The denominations of *writer*, *factor* and *merchant*, by which the several classes of the civil service are still distinguished, are now utterly inapplicable to the nature and extent of the duties discharged and of the occupations pursued by the civil servants of the Company.

‘To dispense justice to millions of people of various languages, manners, usages, and religions; to administer a vast and complicated system of revenue, through districts equal in extent to some of the most considerable kingdoms in Europe; to maintain civil order in one of the most populous and litigious regions in the world; these are now the duties of the larger portion of the civil servants of the Company. The senior merchants, composing the Courts of Circuit and Appeal under the presidency of Bengal, exercise in each of these courts a jurisdiction of greater local extent, applicable to a larger population, and occupied in the

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the determination of causes infinitely more intricate and numerous, than that of any regularly constituted courts of justice in any part of Europe. The senior or junior merchants employed in the several magistracies and Zillah courts, the writers or factors filling the stations of registers and assistants to the several courts and magistrates, exercise, in different degrees, functions of a nature either purely judicial, or intimately connected with the administration of the police, and with the maintenance of the peace and good order of their respective districts. Commercial and mercantile knowledge is not only unnecessary throughout every branch of the judicial department; but those civil servants, who are invested with the powers of magistracy, or attached to the judicial department in any ministerial capacity, although bearing the denomination of merchants, factors, or writers, are bound by law, and by the solemn obligation of an oath, to abstain from every commercial and mercantile pursuit. The mercantile title which they bear not only affords no description of their duty, but is entirely at variance with it.—*Statements*, pp. 6, 7.

‘The civil servants of the East-India Company, therefore, can no longer be considered as the agents of a *commercial concern*: they are, in fact, the ministers and officers of a *powerful sovereign*: they must now be viewed in that capacity with a reference not to their nominal, but to their real occupations. They are required to discharge the functions of magistrates, judges, ambassadors, and governors of provinces, in all the complicated and extensive relations of those sacred trusts and exalted stations, and under peculiar circumstances, which greatly enhance the solemnity of every public obligation, and the difficulty of every public charge. Their duties are those of statesmen in every other part of the world; with no other characteristic differences than the obstacles opposed by an unfavourable climate, a foreign language, the peculiar usages and laws of India, and the manners of its inhabitants.’—*Statements*, p. 11.

These observations appear to set the matter at rest. We will not further dwell on the topic, therefore, except to express our utter surprize that such an error as we have been commenting on, should still subsist; nay, that, by all accounts, it should be dragging on its miserable existence even within the walls of the Court of Proprietors.—‘*Vivit? Imò verò etiā in Senatum venit.*’—Would it be believed that, in the nineteenth century, there should occur instances of that delusion which Adam Smith charged on the Company, but with which we hope and trust the majority of the Company are no longer chargeable,—the delusion of forgetting their sovereignty in their mercantile character? For it is evident that the duties of the agents must have undergone a parallel change with those of their employers; and that the idle appellations of *writers*, *factors*, and *merchants*, can no more be used to describe the real occupations of the civil servants in India, than the title of ‘The United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies’

can be accurately employed to express the complicated and imperial functions of the body whom they serve.

With regard to the actual state of the qualifications of the civil servants before the existence of the Calcutta College, the declarations of Lord Wellesley are perfectly frank and explicit. Compared with the vast disadvantages under which the service had laboured, he admits that those qualifications were great and even wonderful; compared with the exigencies of the state, with the number of the servants, and with the magnitude and arduous nature of the trusts confided to them, he pronounces them decidedly inadequate.

'It must be admitted that the great body of the civil servants in Bengal is not at present sufficiently qualified to discharge the duties of the several arduous stations in the administration of this empire; and that it is particularly deficient in the judicial, fiscal, financial, and political branches of the government.'

'The state of the civil services of Madras and Bombay is still more defective than that of Bengal.'—Statements, p. 17.

Yet it is not unnatural for an objector to ask, Whence then the past glory and prosperity of British India? That a succession of able men has arisen in the civil service of the Company,—that those able men have acted with extraordinary effect,—that the effect of their action has, in truth, been the advancement of our Indian empire to a high pitch of fame and power,—these are propositions not to be denied. The splendid characters in question, however, were the spontaneous growth of the Indian system; and why should we distrust the future productiveness of a soil which has hitherto proved so fertile of public talent and virtue?

To this objection, Lord Wellesley more eloquently, and Mr. Malthus more exactly, return what amounts to the same answer. The substance of their observations seems to be, that the emergencies of war and revolution usually call up one or two daring and capacious minds into situations of command, and that the talents thus raised govern the crisis which has produced them:—that the duties, meanwhile, of the inferior citizens on such occasions are nearly limited to the exercise of courage and obedience, duties simple in their nature, and which, no less than the more difficult vocations of loftier men, are imperiously enforced by the exigence of the moment:—but that the internal happiness of a people follows a different law from their national glory,—that this must in a considerable degree depend on the qualifications of the subordinate functionaries, whether financial or judicial, in immediate contact with them,—and is of too delicate a texture to be regulated by the fiat of a great leader. For the purposes of conquest, the qualities of rude energy or fortunate boldness may suffice; but other virtues must

must be called into use, if we would secure the stability of the empire thus acquired, or, as Lord Wellesley characteristically expresses it, the empire 'whose magnitude is the accumulated result of former enterprize, activity and resolution.' Mr. Malthus further remarks that the commercial, financial and territorial prosperity of British India has not, in fact, kept pace with the brilliant career of its arms and councils.

To these sound and discriminating observations little need be added. That the internal prosperity of a country (which is its *real* prosperity) cannot exactly be estimated from the grandeur and ascendancy of its foreign fortunes, is sufficiently proved by European experience of no old date; and this in cases happily far stronger than that of British India. The events of the last twenty years have been lost on us indeed, if they have not taught us that a nation may combine a course of the most towering success in arms and policy with almost any assignable degree of oppression and impoverishment at home. The lesson does not stop even here:—the resources of a nation may be so adjusted and applied, that it shall, for many years together, purchase political aggrandisement precisely at the expense of private happiness, and grow great and splendid by its very sufferings. War, conquest and negociation may be termed the *foreign trade of glory*; which, like the foreign trade of wealth, has not only acquired an unmerited pre-eminence in the eyes of mankind, but is often fed by the sacrifice of those more valuable interests that, in promoting the domestic welfare and virtue of a people, raise the most enduring though not the most brilliant monument to the fame of its rulers.

Incited and fortified by the considerations which his 'Minute' so powerfully enforces, Lord Wellesley proceeded to establish, by public regulation, the college of Fort William. It was placed under the immediate government of a provost and a vice-provost. Professorships were instituted in a great variety of departments. An attendance on the college for three years was made compulsory on all persons appointed to the civil service of Bengal; but the junior servants at the other Presidencies were also to be admissible. Degrees were instituted as indispensable qualifications for certain offices in the service. The branches of knowledge for which provision was to be made, were the Oriental languages, nine in number; the Mahomedan and Hindù systems of law; the principles of ethics, jurisprudence, and the law of nations; the English law; the regulations and laws of British India; the modern languages of Europe; classical literature; general history; the history of Hindostan; political economy, geography, mathematics, astronomy, natural history, botany, and chemistry.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this great project met with but

but partial countenance from the Directors of the Company at home. The college of Fort William was in the first instance suspended, but was afterwards continued on a reduced scale, which confined it to a seminary for the instruction of the Bengal civil servants in the Oriental languages appropriate to that presidency. At a subsequent period, a similar establishment, but proportionably smaller, was framed at Madras. The Directors urged various reasons for the rejection of the larger scheme proposed by their Governor General. They contended, that the European qualifications necessary for their civil servants ought clearly to be acquired, where they might be procured most easily, in Europe; while India should furnish, as she naturally might, the important addition of a proficiency in Indian literature. They objected also to the expense of the proposed college, as being enormous. But here, an unhappy little misadventure occurred. The Board of Control had, of course, the revisal of the dispatch in which the Directors expressed their dissent from the plan of a collegiate institution meditated by Lord Wellesley. The Board adopted that dissent; but, being friendly to the eminent statesman concerned, were desirous of paring down their opposition to the smallest amount consistent with their object, and loved better to reverse his measures than to refute his reasoning. They therefore struck out of the dispatch of the Directors most of the objections urged against the plan, leaving little else than the plain and palpable plea of its expensiveness. Thus the disapprobation of the Directors, and of the Board, was made to stand mainly on the least popular and liberal ground which it could have assumed; the project dissented from, was left with the credit of the victory in argument; and the Board secured to themselves the conscientious comfort of knowing that they had done a good thing which could not fail to be evil spoken of.

For ourselves, we feel no disposition to rekindle extinct controversies. In the Prospectus of the Calcutta College, there is something imperial and imposing, against which an imagination tinged with academic associations is not altogethor proof. Even on the calmest and most frigid view that we can take of the subject, we are not persuaded that much more of the plan might not have been retained, without any prejudice to the force of those considerations which were urged in justification of its partial overthrow. But, at the same time, it is difficult to resist the plain reasonableness of the principle, that the properly European acquirements which are deemed requisite for the young men appointed to the Indian civil service, should rather be laid in previously to their first departure from this country, than reserved for cultivation till their arrival on the scene of actual employment.

The education of a youth destined to the civil line in India, is, or should

should be, at once preparatory and probationary. It is the means by which his competence is both produced and ascertained. On both grounds, then, it seems evident that the *whole* intellectual equipment of the young writer should, if possible, be provided, before he takes the decisive and scarcely revocable step of an actual embarkation for the East. So serious a beginning should not be made, until he is ready, and until he is known to be so. This is merely saying, that a pilgrim should be thoroughly furnished before he commences his pilgrimage;—that a soldier should arm himself before he marches into battle.—‘*Galeatum serò duelli pœnitet.*’—Besides this, a premature exposure to the dangers both physical and moral, which a tender youth, committed to his own management, cannot fail to experience amidst the riches, the pleasures, and the climate, of the East, is manifestly in itself no great benefit, but on the contrary a great evil. Let an interval be first allowed, which may confirm both his strength and his principles. Let him be granted a period of training, which shall fortify him with English habits and English feelings. Let him have time to fall in love with his country; and, although such a sentiment cannot but render his departure somewhat more painful, yet, like other elevated and enlightened attachments, it will guard his absent virtue, and stimulate his exiled ambition. All his energies, both active and passive, will be exerted in order that he may be restored to the presence of his mistress, with unperturbed innocence and unstained honour.

These certainly are arguments, not only for commencing, but for completing, the education of the writer-elect, before he quits Europe. Yet the principle will bear some modification. All competent authorities concur in the position that a full colloquial command of the Oriental languages, and an intimate acquaintance with Oriental letters and manners, cannot be gained except where those languages, letters, and manners, are indigenous, and in actual and constant exercise. The observations of Lord Wellesley on this head are perfectly irrefutable. So far, therefore, the plan of instructing the youthful writer in Europe must yield to an exception; but the reason which suggests this exception appears also to limit it. It does somewhat more: it justifies the general rule; since, in point of consistency, the same considerations which would induce us to send the young student for the Oriental part of his education to the East, would seem to make it expedient that his European qualifications should be provided in Europe. The *staple* of each country should be sought where it is raised. The fruit, in each case, should be plucked where it grows.

The best attention, therefore, that we have been able to bestow on this subject, has rather resulted in the opinion, that the institution

tion of the young student in the literature of his own country should be, in a great measure, completed at home, while his cultivation of Oriental literature should, in a great measure, be adjourned till his arrival in the East. This, however, is but the coarse outline of the plan: its perfection would appear to be that, with the European studies which principally occupy the first stage of his course, he should combine some rudimental insight into eastern literature; and, on the other hand, that, while he principally devotes himself to the prosecution of that literature in India, he should yet be incited to keep his European attainments in familiar exercise, and should even have the opportunity of repairing their deficiencies. For these latter objects, it does not appear that any provision is made by the system now established; and, with reference to these, we cannot help thinking that a portion of the European department of Lord Wellesley's establishment might properly have been spared.

It being once settled, however, that a proficiency in certain attainments was to be secured for the young persons appointed to India, before they should quit Europe, the question next arose what sort of provision ought to be made for this object. The decision of the Directors on the point needs hardly be stated. They established what is usually called the East India College, and made an attendance at this College obligatory on all those who had received India writerships. Even then, however, there were not wanting persons who contended that, instead of setting up any specific establishment, it might suffice to exact of the young men a certain prescribed proficiency in the requisite branches of knowledge; while others held that, if any establishment at all was to be erected, it should be one in the nature of a school rather than a college. These opinions seem of late to have found very zealous abettors; and, as they are of a general description, involving in nearly the same condemnation the College of Lord Wellesley, the College of the Directors, and all other colleges of a similar kind and with a like object, a few passing reflections on them may not be ill bestowed.

On the question between school and college, the doctrine maintained by some persons appears to be, that the introduction of youths of sixteen into a seminary of a collegiate structure and discipline is a most absurd transformation of boys into men;—that it initiates them into a liberty which they are capable only of abusing, and inflates them with a self-importance which renders that abuse but too probable. The reply of Mr. Malthus seems to us very satisfactory. From the moment of their arrival in India, these boys must and will be men; and, what is more, men exposed to temptations of no common magnitude, and in very peculiar need of a formed power of self-government. The object of their education,

tion, therefore, for the two or three years immediately previous to their departure, ought specifically to be that which has incurred so much shallow censure,—the infusion of manly feelings, and the formation of manly habits, at an earlier period than usual. It is not the education, but the appointment, which converts them into men; nor can any thing be plainer than the expedience of some intermediate and probationary state, which shall break the suddenness of the transition, and soften the shock of an abrupt prematurity. To say that the ordeal of this probationary state may itself prove hazardous, is to utter a mere truism. All probation implies hazard, and would be useless without it.

But the benefits of 'a sound flogging,' as an engine of literary improvement, have sunk with the deepest impression into the minds of some men. The praises of the rod, therefore, have loudly resounded on the present occasion. The rod has been hung aloft as a sort of magic wand of youthful virtue; and the absence of it from the College established by the Company has been represented as a fatal omission. So, we repeat, persons think:

' ——— for their minds
Shape strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college.'—

Some journalists of extensive circulation, who very early 'seized a flambeau' in the college-controversy, have expatiated on this topic with such amusing earnestness as could only be rivalled by the penal fury of old Hegio addressing his floggers in *Plantus*, 'Colaphe, Cordalio, Corax, ite istuc atque efferte lora!' The subject, however, need not detain us. Let us only be allowed to observe, that the project of governing young men up to the period of *twenty-two* (for so late they are permitted to remain in this country) by means of flagellation, might probably answer in the climates of Asia, but must not be introduced without great caution into England. In this lawless age, it will require some management to establish that wholesome practice; for which, however, there are very good precedents, both ancient and modern. For, to say nothing of those already referred to, *Juvenal* informs us that the divine *Achilles*, after he was well grown, learned to sing of the Centaur *Chiron* under terror of the rod; and, if any persons should be apt to think that this mode of teaching music was altogether worthy of a centaur, let them remember that, even in the middle of the seventeenth century, *Dr. Potter*, then tutor of *Trinity College*, whipt a collegian, though arrived at man's estate, and wearing a sword by his side!

If it be necessary to treat this subject seriously, we know not that we could better express our sentiments than in some very weighty words of Plutarch. At least they are applicable, where the question relates to the management of pupils bordering on mature age. 'I am of opinion (says that sensible writer) that youth should be impelled to the pursuit of liberal and laudable studies by exhortations and discourses, certainly not by blows and stripes. These are methods of incitement far more suitable to slaves than to the free, on whom they can produce no other effect than to induce torpor of mind and disgust for exertion, from a recollection of the pain and insult of the inflictions endured. With youths of ingenuous birth, commendation and reproof will ever be found more efficacious than contumelious treatment; commendation, in stimulating them to that which is good and honourable; reproof, in restraining them from that which is low and vicious.*

While some would thus substitute a school for a college, others declare against both. They contend that a certain given degree of proficiency in the proper branches of knowledge should be exacted from the young men destined for the Indies; but that they should be left to furnish themselves with this passport as they can.

The species of education requisite for the Indian civil service is at once determined by the nature of the qualities to be produced. The European branch of that education ought to comprise the several heads of classical and liberal learning; of mathematical and philosophical science; of civil polity and political economy; of the principles of ethics, public law, and municipal jurisprudence; of history, ancient and modern, national and universal; of the practical rules of morality, and the sacred sanctions of religion. With these great pursuits is to be interwoven an elementary cultivation of the Asiatic languages. Such are the subjects which the young candidates for Indian honours must study wherever their studies are to be followed. Not that it is intended, with the exception of the moral department, that all should be equally adepts in all; but that the worst should be conversant with each, and should, if possible, be strong in some.

If there be any English seminary, by whatever denomination called, in which this course of instruction, or the greater part of it, is statedly and systematically taught, we have not heard of it; and our belief is, that, unless the India College is to be excepted, no such seminary exists in any part of the United Kingdom. In the English Universities, the means of classical and mathematical proficiency abound; ethics and theology are also studied; and, in

* *οτι τῶν δυνάμεων, ἡδ.*

some (and only in some) of the remaining branches, University-lectures are given. But those university-lectures, however useful or excellent, make no part of the stated routine of academical education, they are lectures which no student is under the obligation of attending; which those who attend, need not hear; which those who hear, need not remember. Being intended for a public and promiscuous audience, they are necessarily rather popular than severely didactic. They are not followed up by public examinations; nor included among those subjects of study, which the separate colleges enforce by the impressive agency of collegiate prizes and examinations, and of that habitual inspection and incitement, which is a still more powerful engine of improvement than either.

To this account we are not aware of any exceptions; nor would one or two exceptions, supposing them to exist, make any material difference. The statement we have given, however, is not at all disparaging to the Universities; on the contrary, it is rather to their praise. The Universities probably are not perfect; but it is no proof of their imperfection that they are but little adapted to meet the peculiar exigencies of the Indian civil service. The Universities, preparing men for all the professions in existence, wisely confine the stated course of their instructions to such acquisitions as befit those professions in common; and they justly assume that, in a free country, the attainments appropriate to each profession severally may with confidence be left to the creative effect of competition. But the Indian service is peculiarly situated. The spring of competition here acts too feebly to produce the requisite effect without the aid of some strong extraneous power; and, on the other hand, the qualifications, at least the preparatory qualifications, necessary for the great body of the civil servants, are confessedly so much the same as easily to be comprised within one common scheme of instruction. In a word, all the members of the civil service may safely be taught the same things; and all who are not taught are not likely to learn.

It should besides be observed that the Company's writers could not easily afford time for the ordinary academic course, unless they were sent to the university at an age singularly early, and which would expose them to the most perilous temptations. While the ultimate return of the writers to Europe continues, what it now is, a vital part of the Indian system, all opinions agree that their first outset should not, in general, be delayed much beyond nineteen. We need not say how much this is short of the usual period of pupillage at the Universities; and, on the other hand, to attempt to take advantage of shreds and patches of the academic course for the purpose of properly qualifying the young writer, would be a device

device in the highest degree awkward and imperfect, not to say totally impracticable.

It is not, therefore, meant to cast blame on the Universities, or to describe the plan of crowding a number of distinct studies into a short period of time as eligible for its own sake. That plan is indeed unavoidable in the case of preparation for the Indian service, since, from what has appeared, the young tyro must not only learn much but is under an equal necessity of learning quickly. The Universities, proceeding on general rules, prescribe a course much more deliberate; and we know not that they would do well, or indeed would find it possible, in any considerable degree, to accelerate their pace. Even Milton, who complains so heavily of the time wasted at schools and colleges on 'pure trifling at grammar and sophistry,' and who avows it as one of his chief objects to abbreviate the ordinary term of pupillage, does not pretend that his scheme of what he calls 'a complete and generous education' could be carried into execution before the age of twenty.* The truth is, that a *forcing* system of instruction, however it may sometimes be necessary, is, on the whole, an evil. The human faculties require leisure and gradation for their full developement; and though, by the application of artificial heat, they may be made to ripen prematurely, their expansion in such cases will seldom be so rich and kindly as under the solicitation of a gentler culture. It is, however, material to remark, not only that there are instances in which the system of forcing is unavoidable, but that, by the judicious management of able teachers, this necessary evil may be considerably palliated, and even may be converted to some salutary purposes. Mr. Malthus states that the great variety of pursuits at the present East India College, far from distracting the attention of the students, has been found to teach them habits of arrangement, and to enlarge and invigorate their understandings; a fact, which related by an observer so competent, must be considered as one of singular interest and value.

But, although there certainly is no room to contend that any existing seminary will answer the purpose in view, yet it is said that, if the plan of a strict examination of the young men appointed writers were adopted, and all those who fell below the proclaimed standard of acquirements were invariably rejected, the competitors would soon find ways and means, no matter what, of qualifying themselves properly. A steady refusal, by the Directors, to accept a *short measure* of qualification,—a resolute exclusion of all deficient candidates, whoever they might be,—in short, an inflexible application of the test,—would speedily, it is thought, have the

* Of Education.

effect of creating teachers, either public or private, well able to furnish the candidates with the instruction necessary.

This plan is not so simple and practicable as it may at first sight appear. Where the subjects of examination are numerous and extensive, and the persons to be examined have acquired their knowledge from sources and under systems in no degree connected or similar, it is not easy to frame an adequate test of comparison. It is like finding a common measure for quantities of a totally different nature. There is also something painful in the idea of the repeated rejections which the plan supposes, and which indeed are plainly indispensable to its success; rejections, falling (as, from the admitted want of existing seminaries, they must do) on persons who might have done their very best to satisfy the requisition, but who had failed from a real dearth of the means. And, after all, would this system secure to the youths appointed that general knowledge, or that classical spirit, which are almost naturally caught by association with large literary bodies, but which can neither be communicated by direct lessons, nor ascertained by examination? Would it ensure to them the formation of those valuable, and, in this case, most essential habits of self-government, which, as has before been shewn, a place of collegiate discipline alone promises adequately to supply? And if, in any instances, it produced this effect, would it afford the examiners the means of discovering whether the effect had been produced or no?

These objections arise, even supposing the test to be enforced with inflexible rigour, and with all the success of which it is capable. The next question is, whether it is in fact likely to be so enforced.

It is evident that, if we fail here, we fail altogether; and that even a probability of unsoundness in so vital a part of the project must be conclusive against it. There is no great difficulty in describing the excellent effects which a free examination will be likely to produce,—the generous ardour it will excite among the combatants,—the complete satisfaction it will afford to the world. But all these common-places, however just, are built on the postulate that the prescribed qualification is exacted with a stern inflexibility, and that every candidate who falls below the mark is rejected as a matter of course: otherwise, we have thrown away the single fulcrum on which our whole machinery rests.

Where the candidates for literary honours are obliged to go through a stated course of instruction at some established seminary, there, even if the rewards finally bestowed on them should be distributed weakly or unjustly, all is not lost. The regular routine of study itself acts as a strong stimulus in such cases; and, supposing the teachers competent and attentive, the student may

gain much, without any reference to a prize. But, where the prize is the sole stimulus employed,—where the hopes and terrors of an examination form our only engine,—it is plain that, if we misuse this solitary power, our whole object is defeated. We have then sacrificed the very principle on which we exclusively depend.

It seems a fact, however, that mere tests of this kind are very apt to degenerate into a matter of form. Such are the carelessness and the goodnature of mankind, in cases which do not touch their interests or excite their passions, that, unless those who have the task of enforcing the tests be themselves acting under peculiar incentives to strictness, they insensibly learn to mitigate their requisitions. Instances of hardship occur, that seem to justify a breach of the law; and, when the rent is once made, it quickly widens. In short, there is a perpetual tendency to evade the performance of an ungracious and invidious duty. In the present case, there are circumstances that would much increase this tendency. Where the number of the competitors for a prize is unlimited, the disappointment of many or most of them is a necessary part of the system; but, there being only a given number of writers selected by the Company, the rejection of one of them for incompetency, would be the naked and absolute exclusion of an individual, unbalanced by any advantage to his antagonists. Besides this, the great value of the prizes at issue is a material point. Since the final rejection of a candidate would involve the loss of a provision for life, men would proceed to that extremity with great unwillingness, and would listen to a plea for indulgence with extreme favour. Their natural proneness to a relaxation of the rule would thus be increased; and, where every thing confessedly depends on the rigid maintenance of a standard, a few precedents of abatement must inevitably depress it past all recovery.

But the most important consideration is yet behind. If repeated rejections were menaced, is it to be supposed that the parents of the persons in danger would continue idle? Would not every channel of interest, every form of solicitation, be employed to avert the evil? If the Directors were invested with the power of reversing the decision of the Examiners, would they not be beset with applications from those friends and relatives on whom they had bestowed appointments, praying that they would not nullify their patronage by the unrelenting execution of a regulation confessedly severe and indiscriminate? And is it in human nature to sustain such solicitation unmoved? If, on the other hand, and as we should rather presume, the decision of the Examiners were made final, then would not the same siege be laid to *them*, as, on the former supposition, to the Directors? Would they not be implored, obtested, and remonstrated with, by every consideration that

that could possibly address itself to their feelings, if not to their interest? This is not matter of imagination, but of history. The valuable author of the 'Statements' assures us that, in the present College, whenever a student is dismissed for misconduct, the collegiate authorities are assailed by never-ending applications for his re-admission, applications assuming all the conceivable forms of flattery and menace. The firmness shewn by the Professors under these attacks deserves the highest praise: but it is no disparagement of the merit of their resistance to remark, that it has been confirmed by the aid of those extraneous supports which human virtue never finds superfluous. The natural effect of their situation, the impressive influence of their daily habits, a just sensibility to their own reputation, nay, a provident regard to the ease and tranquillity of their lives,—all have combined to inspire them with a warm interest in the credit and success of the institution, as a seat of letters and discipline. Even with all this, it has required, we have no doubt, great native resolution, and a strong sense of duty, to uphold them in the discharge of their painful and unpopular functions. To expect the same stern and persevering inflexibility from a mere Board of Examiners, would be very unreasonable. Appointed only to classify the apparent attainments of a set of young men whom they had never before beheld and were never to behold again,—prest, prayed, and conjured, in every case of the slightest doubt, to err on the side of indulgence,—dinned, even in cases of glaring failure, with pleas; not only very plausibly but often (from the real difficulty of finding instruction) very satisfactorily accounting for the deficiency,—occasionally subject to warm instances from powerful friends or acknowledged patrons,—it were too much to suppose that they would invariably maintain their ground. They would yield here and there; and the declension, once begun, could not but proceed with accelerated velocity.

These considerations seem to us insuperable against the idea of relying exclusively on a test. As a sort of compromise, however, between a test and a college, it has been proposed to establish both at once; the use of the college indeed to be optional; but the test to be enforced at all events, and by a body of Examiners independent of the college. By this expedient, it is rather ingeniously argued that all parties will be satisfied. On the one hand, the parents will have their choice of a seminary for their children; on the other, if a college be really as necessary as is pretended, the inevitable exercise of that choice will be to choose the college. The experiment, therefore, must end, either in establishing the college, or in proving that no such establishment is necessary.

Is it at all conceivable, however, that this experiment should be

made *fairly*, under the circumstances supposed? It is of course meant that the students who actually go to this college shall be subject, while members of it, to the same discipline, and to the same penalties for misconduct, as if they went there on compulsion. Otherwise, this is such a college as nobody has ever contemplated; a most important, if not the very principal, feature of it having been erased. But a seminary in which there should exist the twofold risk of a moral as well as a literary disqualification,—in which instances of misbehaviour, totally unconnected with literary pursuits, might expose the student to a forfeiture of his views for life,—with what advantage would such an institution run the race of popularity against a system clogged with no other evil chances than those that might attend a simple examination in learning and science? It is manifest that the value of an Indian appointment would always occasion a strong struggle to escape this double jeopardy. Every man who desired a good education for his son would rather seek it elsewhere, than purchase it with such hazard; and, even supposing other things equal, would prefer the peril, once for all, of a single and a final trial, to the multiplied and accumulating dangers of a long and continuous probation. Hence would arise a very general attempt to avoid the college.

Now the question whether this attempt would succeed, is precisely the question whether the *final* test, the primum mobile of the present plan as well as of the former, would be strictly enforced. What, however, can be more evident than that the very anxiety to escape the risks of the collegiate probation would occasion the most active exertions of interest for a lenient application of the test? Parents would procure qualifications for their children at places where knowledge was less attainable and misconduct less fatal than at the college, and would then use their utmost influence that those defective qualifications might be accepted. But, if (as has already been shewn) the indolent goodnature of mankind be alone sufficient to neutralize tests of proficiency,—if, from that cause, such tests are apt to die a natural death,—and, if it has been justly argued that their liability to decline is still stronger where the number of the candidates is limited and the value of the prizes is great,—surely, the clear addition of weighty and powerful interests to the sinking scale, must prove absolutely and perniciously conclusive.

The steps of this descending progression it is not hard either to count or to trace. A College and a test,—but a college half-full, and a test half-efficient,—the dislike of the college operating to increase the depression of the test, and the decline of the test tending to promote the desertion of the college,—till, at length, the heavy expense of an institution at which there were no students
either

either to learn or to pay,—and the heavy expense of a Board of Examiners whose examinations ascertained nothing,—would suggest a proposal for the abolition of both; and, to say the truth, the proposal could not, under such circumstances, be too speedily adopted.

If this statement be thought too strong, there is at least one opinion in which we are sure that all candid persons who reflect on the considerations that have just been brought forward, will, after every allowance for exaggeration, agree. It is, that there would be a hazard of the evils described. The inquiry then arises, for what purpose is this hazard, be it great or small, to be incurred? To what end introduce risk and doubt into a plan which has for its object the just and beneficent administration of British India? The danger, if it came, might be borne; but why should we voluntarily seek, and even actively provoke it?

In reply to this inquiry it appears to have been urged, that a *compulsory* education ought to be reprobated as a great hardship on the families of the young writers. Natural liberty, it is said, enjoins that men educate their children where they please; and to prescribe to them a particular seminary, instead of leaving them a free choice, is to commit a flagrant practical anomaly.

To our apprehension, however, the only question is, in what way the qualifications requisite for the Company's servants may best be procured; a question, full of important topics, and in the decision of which the consideration of compulsion really seems so slight as to be in fact evanescent. To say the truth, this argument of compulsion is one which it is not easy to hear with much endurance. If, in high disdain of the compulsory arrangement in question, the families connected with the Company were wholly to renounce the proffers of Indian patronage,—if they were altogether to retreat from so enslaving a connexion,—can it be doubted that multitudes of other families, equally well entitled in point of birth, of station, and of character, would instantly be found to supply candidates for the vacant places? Can it be doubted that patrician parents of the highest respectability would gladly contend for the hardship of an Indian appointment, even at the expense of first subjecting their children to the cruel ordeal of a liberal education? What in fact is the compulsion complained of? Is it that a vast majority of the middling classes in Great Britain are compelled to tolerate a system which places the whole patronage of India in a few chartered hands? Is it that sixty millions of persons in India are compelled to behold the official emoluments of their country absorbed by a handful of strangers, the privileged minority of a privileged nation? No: but the complaint is, that those for whose benefit this mighty mass of compulsion is maintained, find the

suing out of their patent of privileges a little onerous and expensive. Truly, this is a fearful grievance. To complain of a slight compulsory condition annexed to the enjoyment of a valuable and enviable monopoly, as a violent infraction of natural freedom, would make a new title in the rights of man. And what can be more strange than that the objection of anomaly should be raised against one particular part of a system, which avowedly is altogether made up of anomalies, and whose most judicious advocates vindicate it on the ground that the circumstances are as anomalous as the system, and that, in a case so peculiar, the worst of anomalies would be the arbitrary application of ordinary rules?

Besides this argument about compulsion, however, another ground has sometimes been taken by those who object to the erection of a specific seminary for the Indian service. Such a seminary, it is said, tends to form the persons nominated to the service into a sort of class resembling an Indian *caste*. Instead of being thus collected into a separate society at an early age, it would be better that, till the very moment of their departure for India, they should remain mingled with the other youth of the country, and should thus acquire British feelings and British habits. The whole force of this objection seems to lie in the use of that picturesque term *caste*. It is indeed amazing to observe with what effect a strong word may sometimes be employed in helping out a weak argument. The idea of a *caste of writers* strikes the mind with a vague apprehension of something very strange, very formidable, and which ought by all means to be avoided: and yet, on cooler reflection, it may not be easy to discover the propriety of the expression as applied to an institution, which should collect a great number of young persons of various births and education, and from various quarters,—which should so collect them at the age of sixteen, and no earlier,—which should detain them only two or three years,—and which should instruct them in the same branches of European knowledge as are taught in other British seminaries, and in more of those branches than any one other British seminary combines. In fact, the European part of the education which such a seminary would afford, would be peculiar only in this, that it would be *peculiarly general*; and as to the Oriental studies of the place, he who supposes that a society otherwise of British feelings and habits, could be converted into an Indian *caste* by a slight initiation into one or two foreign languages, must have a singular idea indeed of British feelings and British habits!

The topics on which we have been dwelling, have detained us much beyond our purpose. It will be seen, however, that they embrace almost the whole of the present subject, so far as respects *principles*. What next becomes necessary is, that we take a view
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of the College established by the Company at Hertford; and this we shall not attempt in the way of a continued historical deduction, but rather in that of synopsis; briefly describing, in the first place, the nature of the institution, and then the results it has actually been found to produce, not without some notice of the recent controversy respecting it.

The India College was established in the year 1805, and placed under the management of a Principal and a certain number of professors. For some time it subsisted only at the pleasure of the Company; but was at length formally recognized by the legislature, in the act of the 53d Geo. III. c. 156, which provides that no person shall be sent as a writer to any of the presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, who has not passed four terms (two years) at the College; nor even then, unless he produces a certificate of his good conduct under the hands of the collegiate authorities. By the statutes of the College, (which the act makes binding, if passed by the Directors with the approbation of the Board of Control,) it is further provided that no person shall be nominated to the College as a student until he has completed his sixteenth year; that every candidate for admission shall produce a testimonial from his schoolmaster, and shall pass an examination before the Principal and Professors, in Greek, Latin, and arithmetic;—that, on leaving the college, the student shall be classed by the college-authorities in the order of their merit as to industry, proficiency, and general good behaviour, and shall rank in the service accordingly; and that no student shall be allowed to proceed to India, unless he is able to pass a certain prescribed test in Oriental literature. The sum to be annually paid by each student is one hundred guineas.

The lectures of the different professors embrace, in their substance, the subjects of classical literature, of the Oriental languages, of the elements of mathematics and natural philosophy, of the evidences and principles of religion, of the laws of England, of general history, and of political economy. At the end of every term, the students undergo a very strict examination. The trial lasts above a fortnight; when separate lists or classifications of them are made, arranging them according to their proficiency in the several departments in which they have been examined; and medals, prizes of books, and honorary distinctions, are awarded to those who are at the head of any one department, or as high as second, third, fourth, or fifth, in two, three, four, or five departments.

Such appears to be the general nature of this establishment; and, without excluding the possibility of smaller objections to it, (which, indeed, we reserve to ourselves the right of making,) we should
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certainly say that, in point of system, it seems very well calculated for the accomplishment of the great purposes, with a view to which it was founded. In order, however, to ascertain how far it was likely to fulfil those purposes in point of fact, it will be well to notice some less observable peculiarities in its genius and constitution, or, at least, in the incidents by which it was originally attended, and in the actual position which it was designed to occupy.

There can be no doubt that the circumstances under which the India College began its career, were, to a certain extent, very favourable. Public seminaries have sometimes been endowed by the piety and charity of private individuals. In such cases they usually prosper for a season; but, on the death of the founder, it too often happens that the trust devolves on less able or less zealous managers, and the glory of the institution may be said to pass away. The India College, on the contrary, was to live under the fostering influence of the same body which had called it into being; and, as there was no reason to believe that the considerations which had suggested the propriety of such an institution, would either become less urgent in themselves, or be less justly appreciated by its patrons, it might apparently reckon on a firm, unfailing, and enlightened support. Further, most of our public seminaries were founded in the early, or at least in the middle periods of English history; and may, therefore, be supposed not always exempt from the languor and the decay incident to establishments of long standing. They were also founded in times of comparative ignorance and prejudice, if not of semi-barbarism: hence their systems of education are occasionally faulty; and, even when these are corrected, they cannot entirely shake off the clogs of ancient forms, but have to run the race of improvement in shackles. The India College was differently circumstanced. It arose in a period of the greatest intellectual refinement and illumination which the world has yet witnessed; and, in forming its system, might be expected to avail itself of all the resources within its reach. It was new; and, in reducing its system into practice, might be expected to proceed with all that freshness and vigour which novelty never fails to inspire.

These, certainly, were favourable circumstances; but they were accompanied by others of a less auspicious kind; and which, though they did not develope themselves immediately, were yet involved (if we may so express it) in the very origin of the institution. Novelty, indeed, has always its peculiar difficulties, as well as its peculiar energies; but the India College was not merely new as an individual; it was, in some respects, new even as a species. A seminary which, instead of revolving in a path of its own, acts as a sort of satellite to a great empire,—a seminary inseparably connected

connected with a government, and that a government of a very singular structure,—a seminary placed under the immediate controul of those whose friends or relatives constitute its only students,—a seminary where the students are all on their probation for the attainment of permanent appointments of great value,—is a seminary of a most unusual character. Such is the more general and obvious aspect of the case; but some of the particular considerations which this broader view includes, or which are immediately connected with it, seem to deserve a closer inspection.

Before the establishment of the college, the appointment of a writer to India, appears to have been a very simple and summary operation. The appointment might be conferred on a boy of fifteen; and the following, as we find, was the process of inauguration. Being recommended to the Court of Directors by some individual member of that body, the young candidate presented a petition to the Honourable Court, stating that he had been educated in reading, writing, and accounts,—expressing a humble hope, therefore, that he was qualified to serve *their honours* in the capacity to which he aspired,—and praying to be appointed accordingly. No inquiry was made of the petitioner in such cases, excepting whether the petition he had presented were in his own hand-writing; and, it being thus taken on his word that he could write, and under his hand that he could cipher, he was without any further examination pronounced worthy of a place among the administrators of the Indian empire, and was instantly embarked for the scene of his intended service; where, in later times at least, he no sooner arrived, than he entered on the receipt of £400 a year. It is not meant to be denied that many of the persons so sent might have received a good education: of some, the education had undoubtedly been excellent; but, whatever it was, it was not made the subject of official cognizance. This very goodly and comfortable order of things is now changed. The young writer must have attained the age of sixteen before he is permitted to enter the college; and he will not be permitted to enter at all, unless he can sustain a previous examination. He must have passed two years in a close course of study at the college before he is allowed to embark for India; and he will not be allowed to embark at all, unless he entitles himself to it by good conduct, and by a certain measure of literary proficiency. Material failure in these respects, or any great misdemeanour, exposes him to the total loss of his appointment. Add to all this, he must, during his residence at the college, pay the annual sum of one hundred guineas. Thus, by raising the standard-age of setting out for India, this system has diminished the range, and, therefore, lowered the value of Indian patronage; by interposing two years, during which the appointment pays nothing and

and costs £210, it operates doubly as a tax on that patronage; by exacting qualifications which all young men do not find it convenient to attain, it renders the efficiency of that patronage precarious; and, by enjoining a regularity of deportment, which all young men do not think it necessary to observe, it subjects that patronage to be completely defeated after all.

The college was established by the general concurrence of the Directors and Proprietors; that is, precisely of the persons most interested in the disposal of the patronage in question. A sentiment of public spirit, therefore, overpowered, in this instance, the feelings of selfishness, which (from what has been seen) would have resisted the proposed institution. This was doubtless the cause of the acquiescence, at least in part; and, in part, it may fairly be conjectured that the privations and inconveniences which the plan was about to impose on individuals, were not then distinctly foreseen. No sooner, however, did the machine move, than its weight began to be felt. The acquisition of a writership was now found to be attended with the payment of heavy tolls. It is not in human nature to love restraint, expense, uncertainty, or mortification of any kind, or to esteem these otherwise than as things to be shunned. Yet, for a while, the grievance, not being experienced in its worst forms, appears to have been thought light; but when the course of time brought into operation the more onerous penalties unavoidably attached to the system,—when it became apparent that appointments, esteemed a provision for life, might be forfeited by the misconduct of the parties appointed,—when it was seen that parents, after having long flattered themselves that their children were, in the worldly phrase, ‘off their hands,’ might find it necessary to receive back the inconvenient burden, lighter only by the loss of a character; then it was that a strong feeling of interest arose against the institution which was conceived to have produced these ills. Nor could the opposition fail to spread; for it was here as in political society at large; the active animosity which the severer effects of the system had excited in a few, attracted forth and made prominent the negative discontents which its more ordinary pressure had generated in a greater number. The wish now began to be entertained in some quarters that the college had never existed; that the worthy Directors had been quiet with their theoretical improvements; that things had remained as they were; and, from this wish, there was but one step to the thought that these troublesome innovations ought to be forthwith abolished, and that the good old times of writing and ciphering could not too soon be restored.

This opinion, though by no means general among the Proprietors, as the event has proved, and though held, we doubt not, in many cases, very sincerely and with the most honest intention, was suf-

sufficiently common and sufficiently wrong, to produce considerable injury. The prejudice of the parents communicated itself to the children. A student, to whom the college had perpetually been represented as an abuse and a grievance, or even one who had heard it habitually spoken of in the language of coldness and indifference, was little likely to repair to it with the kind and docile dispositions indispensable to a due use of the advantages it afforded. On the contrary, he would naturally regard it with dislike and disgust; and these feelings would quickly discover themselves in an inattention to his studies, and a growing impatience of controul. It seems the opinion of Mr. Malthus, that the minds of not a few of the young men were tainted with this sort of derivative disaffection; but other causes conspired to produce the same effect. The policy of parents had, in some instances, destined youths for India, who, disliking that destination themselves, were not sorry to find even an irregular escape from the threatened evil by means of a failure at the college. A greater number indulged the belief that the support of their patrons in the Direction would protect them against the forfeiture of their appointments, whatever offences they might commit at the college, and whatever penalties might in consequence be imposed on them by the Principal and Professors: a persuasion inevitably tending to promote a strong spirit of idleness and disobedience.

It must not, however, be imagined that habits of insubordination, or feelings of disrespect for authority, were familiar to the great body of the students. On the contrary, and notwithstanding the very injurious misrepresentations which have been circulated on this subject, there is conclusive evidence that their general conduct has been studious, orderly, and decorous, in no common degree. But, taking them in the mass, there was just that quantity of predisposition to the evil described, which, in certain positions of excitement, and under the wickedly-timed instigation of two or three mischievous persons, might be roused to unwarrantable excesses. Nothing can be more admirable than what Adam Smith, in one of his momentary but striking deviations from the habitual coldness of his statistical philosophy, commends as 'the generosity of the greater part of youth.' But the nature of that generous age is as impressible as it is noble. No man surely can have been conversant with juvenile communities, who has not observed that they are a sort of *Athenian* populace, susceptible of fleeting impressions, and responsive to the influences of incident and situation, in a degree perfectly surprising.

From the persons for whose benefit this seminary was more immediately instituted, it is natural to turn our eyes on those under whose protection it was placed; and especially on its acknowledged
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and, till the year 1813, its exclusive patrons, the Court of Directors. In establishing the college, the Directors afforded such a proof of enlarged and statesman-like views as eminently became their station, and justified their pretensions to the national confidence. What they thus created, it was of course presumable that they intended to preserve; nor could it be supposed that they were incompetent to the task, or that the edifice could not be kept in repair by the same hands by which it had been erected. It does not, however, convey the remotest reflection on the Directors to observe, that here, as in other parts of this undertaking, difficulties were found to occur, and indeed seem to have been scarcely avoidable, which, at the outset, had not been contemplated. The Directors, it must be remembered, (and we believe that, with reference to their primary functions, this is generally thought one of the specific excellences of their constitution,) are a body popularly chosen, and, therefore, variously composed. They are distinguished by considerable diversities of tempers, talents, habits, and opinions. What pleases one, may displease another of equally good intentions. What pleases both as to the end, may displease one as to the means. However highly we may rate the general steadiness, energy, and efficiency, of such a cabinet, yet, amidst the chances and changes of events, we cannot but suppose it subject to occasional fluctuations of counsel, even if it always consisted of the same members, and were under the same presidents. This supposition, then, must be still more natural in the case of the Court of Directors, who annually renew a part of their number, so as to make a complete rotation in four years, and who change their presiding authorities from year to year.

In the discharge of their important duties, as forming a constituent and a very considerable part of the government of British India, the Directors are allowed, for many past years, to have acted, on the whole, both ably and successfully. Whatever may have been their occasional inconsistencies, arising from the causes already mentioned, the broad and grand results have been good. Discordant notes may at times have been heard; but, altogether, their counsels, like sounds that mingle by distance, have produced in the East the effect of a blended and conspiring harmony. The Court, however, found itself invested with a new office, when from the government of provinces and kingdoms, it was called to the management of a place of education. Questions now arose about systems of instruction, and systems of discipline, — questions, with which men formed chiefly in the field of active life, could hardly be expected to feel very familiar, and respecting which the different individuals of the court could not, probably, always have principles in common. It was impossible in such a case,

case, but that the proceedings of the aggregate should occasionally be a little uncertain. But, to rear an infant establishment like the college, requires so uniform a mixture of caution, firmness, and delicacy, that even a single instance, and even a slight degree, of indecision or inconstancy may sometimes prove seriously detrimental. Far from needing a smaller portion of address than the conduct of a state, the truth is that it may often need a greater. Vacillations of counsel, which would be nothing when measured on the scale of a great empire, may be fatal to a college; as the billows of the ocean overwhelm the small bark, while the imperial ship over-rides them in triumph.

In the original constitution of the college, there was one peculiarity, which, though not absolutely unavoidable, was a very natural one, and which is highly deserving of mention. According to that constitution, the power of expulsion, the last penalty of collegiate law, was not conferred on the collegiate authorities; but, in all cases of heavy delinquency, those authorities were enjoined to report to a standing committee of the Directors, called the Committee of College, and to await their decision. Nothing, certainly, could be more natural than that the Directors should anxiously retain, in their own hands, the dispensation of a punishment, involving the loss of an honourable provision for life to those whom they had patronized, perhaps to their personal friends, relations, or even children. But the arrangement was not very fortunate. It wholly precluded that prompt and instant recoil of penal justice, which, in extreme emergencies, is of the last moment to the peace of society. It adjourned questions, which would far better have been decided by observers constantly on the spot, to a tribunal at a distance, a tribunal which had every thing to learn, and to learn by means of elaborate researches, and the reports of third persons. It placed the professors, whose task, in the conduct of an institution of so peculiar a character, was, at all events, sufficiently difficult, in a situation of additional and most uncalled-for embarrassment;—putting *them*, in fact, as well as their offending pupils, on their trial, in every strong case; and impairing their consequence in the eyes of the students in general; for no contrivance will ensure undeviating reverence to a government without arms. These were the certain effects of the measure, even assuming that the decisions of the ultimate tribunal should always be marked by a stern impartiality. But, when it is considered how deeply and painfully the Directors might themselves be interested in the points submitted to their determination, it will be perceived that, of all the parties concerned, the directorial body was the most hardly treated by the arrangement in question. They were to adjudicate cases vitally affecting the interests, the character, the prospects,

spects, of their own connexions, their own relatives, their own offspring. On most of these occasions, they might act firmly; in point of fact, we happen to know that highly honourable examples of firmness occurred; but it would be extravagant to expect this always. Where such claims and demands are set in conflict, it must be a steady hand indeed, which can hold the scales without trembling.

Such is the best sketch we are able to give of the leading peculiarities in the nature of the India College and in the incidents that attended the formation and were likely to influence the fate of that institution. The account has been collected, not without considerable pains, from what we deemed authentic sources, under an impression that a real knowledge of circumstances like these was indispensably requisite to a due examination of the question under review.

All, however, was not so unpropitious in the outset of this institution; nor, in adverting to the peculiar difficulties by which it was opposed, must we forget what has already been intimated, that it had also its peculiar advantages. These consisted, not merely in its exemption from the incumbrance of those antiquated forms and methods which oppress older institutions of the same kind in their attempts to keep pace with modern improvement,—nor in the benefit of learning from the example, and profiting by the experience, of its numerous predecessors,—but in the use actually made of these opportunities. It was supplied with very able professors; with an excellent course of study; with a very well devised system of lectures and examinations; and with very effective rules for the maintenance of discipline in ordinary cases. This assemblage of means has not been thrown away. All competent testimonies agree that the literary proficiency of the students has, on the whole, been very eminent. We do not make this statement lightly or without much examination; but, even were there no other authorities on the subject, we should not know how to withhold credence from the plain, explicit, and deliberate assertions of Mr. Malthus, speaking not only in his own name but in that of his brother professors. From a belief that the book is very widely known, we have hitherto spared citation; but shall now make room for a single extract.

‘ These means of exciting emulation and industry have been attended with great success. Though there are some, unquestionably, on whom motives of this kind will not, or cannot, operate, and with whom, therefore, little can be done; yet, a more than usual proportion seem to be animated by a strong desire, accompanied by corresponding efforts, to make a progress in the various studies proposed to them.

‘ Those who have come to college tolerably good scholars have often, during

during their stay of two years, made such advances in the classical department as would have done them great credit if they had devoted to it the main part of their time; while the contemporary honours which they have obtained in other departments have sufficiently proved that their attention was not confined to one study: and many, who had come from public and private schools at sixteen with such low classical attainments as appeared to indicate a want either of capacity or application, have shewn by their subsequent progress, even in the classical department, and still more by their distinguished exertions in others, that a new field and new stimulants had wrought a most beneficial change in their feelings and habits, and had awakened energies of which they were before scarcely conscious.

'There are four or five of the Professors thoroughly conversant with University examinations, who can take upon themselves to affirm that they have never witnessed a greater proportion of various and successful exertion in the course of their academical experience than has appeared at some of the examinations at the East India College.'—pp. 49, 50.

Among the branches of study, however, that are cultivated at Hertford, there is one, the successful prosecution of which is established by evidence of a peculiar kind. It will be remembered that the College of Calcutta still subsists as a seminary for oriental literature; in fact, all the writers destined for Bengal pass through this College and complete there the oriental studies they have commenced at Hertford. The question then may fairly be asked, what effect, generally speaking, have the oriental studies at Hertford produced on the oriental studies at Calcutta? In reply to this question, Mr. Malthus, we perceive, lays no stress on the fact that some of the Hertford students have, on their arrival at Calcutta, undergone examinations in the oriental languages, and even in three or four of them, with the most brilliant success. His good sense and candour shewed him that these were single cases; valuable indeed as illustrating the *capabilities* of the system at Hertford, but by no means safe as tests of its ordinary operation. His reliance, therefore, is exclusively placed on the effect which the College in England has produced in abridging the *average* term of residence at the Calcutta College; and, from authentic documents, he clearly proves that this average abridgment has been very considerable, reducing the period, in fact, from about three years to about one.

Occupied indeed as the students are at the English College with the simultaneous pursuit of several branches of European learning and science, and compelled as they are to accomplish their whole course within the short compass of two years, it would be preposterous to expect that their acquirements in the oriental languages should, for the most part, be considerable, or, with reference to the extent and difficulty of those languages, should even reach mediocrity. We hesitate not to say that, in the sense described, they ought

ought not to reach this limit. They should, as was observed in an early part of these observations, be purely rudimental. Oriental literature, at any seminary established for the Company's servants in England, is to be considered rather as an appendage, though an important one, than as a principal, and should be pursued in careful subservience to those European studies which constitute the proper and primary business of such a place. In this view we cannot help unequivocally disapproving of what has been established at the present College under the name of the Oriental Test, though it appears to have been originally suggested by Mr. Malthus himself. As an indispensable condition of leave to proceed to India, the students are required to attain a certain given degree of proficiency in oriental learning, and in this alone. But let there be a general test, or none at all. There is no reason why one particular branch of study should thus be promoted in preference to the rest; and if one must be preferred, there are good reasons why that one should not be oriental literature. The truth is, that oriental literature has already sufficient encouragement,—from the prospect of the distinctions conferred on it in the College at Calcutta; and this is precisely the argument against distinguishing it by peculiar honours in the College at Hertford.

On the whole, however, there can be no doubt that, as a seminary of general literature, this Institution has succeeded in a very considerable degree. But it must be confessed that a more important point remains behind, and that the literary prosperity of the society would be of little avail, if unaccompanied by success of a higher species. Considering it, indeed, as the peculiar aim of the India College to form youth to habits of early self-control, the moral character of the bulk of the students becomes a more than usually interesting subject of investigation. Has the experiment answered as well in this department as in that of letters? Or have accomplishments purely intellectual been cultivated at the expense of those nobler qualifications which are beyond all mysteries and all knowledge?

This mode, however, of stating the question, implies an opposition, which, perhaps, has seldom any existence: for moral excellence is not so radically distinct from literary proficiency as by some persons it may be esteemed. The youth who is industrious in the pursuit of intellectual accomplishments, and particularly of that class of them specifically denominated *learning*, affords a fair presumption that he has not been altogether negligent of the still higher attainment of moral culture. It is the very argument used by the greatest of advocates; 'Scitote, Judices, eas cupiditates quæ objiciuntur Cœlio, atque hæc studia de quibus disputo, non facile in eodem homine esse posse.' The orator, indeed, has very properly

perly shaped his language in such a manner as to leave scope for exceptions; for, after all, we must not mistake the Muses for the Virtues, nor suppose, with some philosophers of name, that there is no fair line of demarcation between the moral and the intellectual powers. Yet in cases which respect not an individual but a society, the chances of exception become insignificant, and the general rule may be assumed to prevail. Diligence is itself a very efficient guardian of morals. Where the time of a youth is altogether filled up with useful or innocent pursuits, those evil thoughts which are ever the precursors of evil deeds cannot easily obtain admittance; and, if even employments simply manual tend to prevent such intrusion, much more that studious and secluded activity of the faculties which is to taste what contemplation is to virtue. Independently, indeed, of the mental occupation they afford, the pursuits of learning, where they are at all properly directed, have a character of purity, gentleness, and elevation, which may at least be pronounced not far from morality. Leaving untouched the springs of fierce passion, and those of sordid interest, they solicit and keep in play those milder emotions which are nearly allied to our best affections. They waft us into other times and strange lands; connecting us, by a sad but exalting relationship, with the great events and great minds which have passed away. They at once cherish and controul the imagination by leading it over an unbounded range of the noblest scenes, in the overawing company of departed wisdom and genius. They dignify the maxims of reason by detaching them from the localities of present associations; and, at the same time, give them a character of touching force and affecting solemnity by mingling them with the memory of consecrated and imperishable names. It is apparently by these means that liberal learning ministers to the moral temperament of the soul; but if the *reason* be doubtful the *fact* at least is certain: there undoubtedly is something in an atmosphere breathing of diligence, and redolent (if the expression may be used) of classical delights, which vice and dissipation find it hard to encounter; as the evil genii, in the beautiful mythology of the Arabian Nights, are said to be driven away by the influence of sweet odours.

Mr. Malthus, in the pamphlet before us, commenting on the severe though vague accusations circulated of late against the morals of the College, in a very solemn and deliberate manner declares them to be wholly unfounded. He explicitly affirms that the students of the East India College are rather remarkably free than otherwise from the vices too often found in large seminaries of youth; and that they may very advantageously be compared, in this respect, not only with the undergraduates at our Universities, but with the higher boys at the very strictest of our public schools.

At the same time he challenges those who may think proper to assert the contrary for the proofs of their assertions; and in an especial manner calls on the persons who have anonymously assailed the College through the medium of the public prints, either to discontinue their attacks or to reveal their names. So open, so direct, and in its terms so satisfactory a declaration, from one whose opportunities of knowledge are unquestionable, we should at all events have regarded as entitled to grave consideration; but when we find that subsequently to this calm but not therefore less absolute or less bitter defiance, no proofs have been produced, no names revealed, and that the accusation has not been repeated, we are irresistibly compelled to draw a conclusion so obvious that it need not be particularly stated.

Not content, however, with a denial which, under all the circumstances of the case, must be considered as carrying with it a very high degree of weight and authority, the author supports his declarations by some testimonies of a remarkable kind: It being the main object of the moral instruction and discipline at the India College to prepare the young men for the scene of their public life in the east, nothing can be more evident than that the actual character and deportment of the generality of them after their arrival in the east, provided these can be ascertained, must furnish the best criterion of the efficiency of the education which they have previously undergone. This is, in fact, to trace the grand experiment in its results, to subject hope and conjecture to the test of practice. On the authority, however, of the most competent judges on the subject in India,—an authority also not lightly hazarded in private or careless communications,—nor from an unwise facility conceded to importunate solicitation,—nor equivocally committed in expressions of doubtful import,—but explicitly, deliberately, and gratuitously pledged in documents of the most public and solemn nature,—it appears that the students sent out from the College at Hertford have, during the dangerous noviciate of the first few years in India, become characteristically eminent for propriety and rectitude of conduct; and even that the infusions from Hertford have effected a very perceptible improvement in the moral state of the junior part of the service. ‘The official reports and returns of our College (says Lord Minto, the Governor General of India, in his public address as patron and visitor of the College of Fort William, in the year 1810) will shew the students who have been translated from Hertford to Fort William to stand honourably distinguished for regular attendance,—for obedience to the statutes and discipline of the College,—for orderly and decorous demeanour,—for moderation in expense, and consequently in the amount of their debt;—and, in a word, for those decencies of conduct which denote

men well born, and characters well trained.' Other testimonies, less copious and direct, but to the same purport, are added; the latest of which is from Mr. Edmonstone, a gentleman high in the civil service of Bengal, who acted as Visitor at the Public Disputation of the College of Fort William, in 1815, in the room of Lord Moira, and who, in remarking on the improved and excellent conduct of the generality of the students at that College, makes a clear allusion to the establishment at Hertford as the real cause of the improvement.—We may observe that the fact of the improvement stated by Mr. Edmonstone would alone be decisive in favour of the English education of the young men to whose virtues he gives so honourable an attestation, even had he forborne all allusion to the cause.

In point of discipline, meantime, the Hertford College has been less prosperous. The spirit of insubordination, indeed, as it has in too great a degree existed, so has it in a much greater degree been imputed: *De magnis majora loquuntur*. Mr. Malthus assures us, what without any such assurance would be sufficiently credible from the success of the institution in other respects, that the disturbances which have taken place have been altogether temporary, and that the ordinary demeanour of the students has furnished a remarkable spectacle of order, decorum, and diligence. Yet four or five unpleasant instances of tumult appear to have occurred; two of them, we believe, distinguished by considerable violence; and, taking all these occasions together, there have been expelled about seventeen students, five of whom were afteryards restored.

It is apparently a little strange that occurrences like these should be dragged into discussion before the world. Repeated instances of violent disturbance have taken place in some of our public schools; and, as to the numbers of the delinquents who have suffered on such occasions, Mr. Malthus relates the case of a single rebellion at one of the most distinguished of those seminaries, in which alone a greater number of students was expelled than has been similarly punished at the India College during the whole ten years of its existence. But, if there be any institution in which the occurrence of such events might be thought more than ordinarily entitled to pass without notice, it would be an institution which has not yet been confirmed by time and matured by experience, and the management of which therefore may be supposed open to unforeseen embarrassments; still more, if it be one which the most superficial observer must perceive to be necessarily of a very peculiar nature, and subject to very peculiar incidents.

For ourselves, the observations we have already offered on the nature and the circumstances of this institution at its first outset,

appear so completely to provide for a certain measure of difficulty and inconvenience in its subsequent progress, that we should have been well content to leave the subject on that general ground, rather than enter on minute and invidious investigations. Yet, the discussion having been raised, and reflections having been cast on the immediate conductors of the institution, we feel that Mr. Malthus, in the name of the professors, has some right to make his own statement on the points in issue. We shall therefore exhibit so much of his representations as our space will allow. After mentioning that the power of expulsion had not originally been conceded to the collegiate authorities, he proceeds—

‘It must be obvious that no steady system of discipline could be maintained while the Principal and Professors were, on every important occasion, to appeal with uncertain effect to another body, where the student hoped that his personal interest would prevent any serious inconvenience. Yet this continued to be the constitution of the college for a period of six years, during which there were three considerable disturbances. On these occasions, of course, the Directors were called in; and although the more enlightened and disinterested portion of them, who saw the necessity of an improved education for their servants in India, were, unquestionably, disposed to do every thing that was proper to support the discipline; yet, the proceedings respecting the college were marked by an extraordinary want of energy, promptness, and decision, and indicated in the most striking manner the *disturbing* effects of private and contending interests. On occasion of the last of these disturbances in particular (that of 1812), the management of which the Court took entirely into their own hands, they detained a large body of students in town for above a month; and after entering into the most minute details, and subjecting all the parties to repeated examinations at the India-house, came to no final decision. The case was then referred back again to the College Council, who were desired to select for expulsion a certain number of those concerned, who should appear to them to have been the most deeply engaged as ringleaders, and the least entitled to a mitigation of sentence on the score of character. When this was done, and a sentence of expulsion passed in consequence on five students, a subsequent Vote of the Court restored them *all* to the service, and they were sent out to India without even completing the usual period of residence at the college!!!

‘If we consider the real difficulties belonging to such an institution, in conjunction with the uncertain and inefficient system of government above described, and recollect, at the same time, that, from the very commencement of the college, there has been a large party connected with India entirely hostile to it, the gradual rise and prevalence of a spirit of insubordination in the college will appear to be vastly more natural and probable than a contrary spirit.’—pp. 71—73.

‘It is but a short time since the Principal and Professors of the East-India college have been legally invested with those powers in the management of the discipline which are found necessary in great schools

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and the Universities, and which ought therefore unquestionably to have been given to them at the commencement of the institution. They are called upon to correct and rectify a system of government which it is at length acknowledged has been essentially defective for many years; and, strange to say! an inference seems to be drawn against the whole establishment because it is not already completed!—p. 73.

If in these extracts a slight deviation be perceived from the habitual calmness which so remarkably characterizes the judicious writer, yet respect is due to the feelings of men who, having persevered in a course of painful duty, unshaken by difficulty and unmoved by solicitation, find themselves publicly and violently traduced as the authors of those very evils which their undeviating firmness has prevented from proving pernicious. Such certainly seems to have been the case of Mr. Malthus and his associates. In us, of course, the subject excites no emotions. The improper restoration of the five students who had been expelled is precisely such an occurrence as might have been expected from the unavoidable peculiarities which we have attempted to develope in the original institution of the College, coupled with the radical and unfortunate mistake of withholding plenary powers from the local authorities. That mistake, it appears that the Directors have, with equal judgment and liberality, now rectified; and though this improved arrangement could not produce all its effect instantaneously, and though the difficulties of the College cannot as yet be supposed past, it is impossible not to consider the voluntary surrender of power which the Directors have so honourably made in this instance, as a very satisfactory pledge of their future proceedings. Let them only act up to the spirit of this truly wise and liberal concession; and there is every ground for hope that, under their patronage, united with the steadfast protection both of the distinguished person who presides over the Board of Controul, and of the learned prelate who has been appointed the Visitor of the College, the Institution will at length answer all the ends for which it was intended.

On the whole then it will be seen that, notwithstanding the exceptions we have ventured freely to make, our general opinion is decidedly in favour of this establishment, with regard both to its leading objects and to its specific constitution. And with the expression of this opinion we might take leave of the subject, did we not feel it necessary to make one remark on the debates which this question has excited at the India House. It will not be imagined that we are about to become parties in those debates; especially as we have already noticed (though we are sensible how imperfectly) all the more important topics which the question comprises. With regard to the fact of so strong a spirit of hostility against the

College having shewn itself among a part of the Proprietors, it may not appear very wonderful after what has already been stated respecting the peculiar relations in which that institution is placed. No reflection is here intended on the motives either of the leaders or of the ostensible participants in the late opposition;—but, when it is recollected with what acrimony the press bore a part in the attack,—when it is remembered that moral charges of the most formidable sound were brought forward in the public papers, charges which were at least *said* to have been originally urged in the Court of Proprietors, charges so confidently stated that they could not fail to produce a temporary effect on the public, as we must acknowledge they did on us, and when it is further remembered that, for these charges, under the strongest and most direct defiance, not one responsible person would stand forward to vouch, and that, in proof of them, not a single fact was produced or even suggested,—it is difficult not to allow some weight to the conjecture of Mr. Malthus, that personal interests bore a considerable, though a very prudent, share in thickening this conflict, and swelling the clamour by which it was attended.

Our only purpose, however, in adverting to these public discussions, is one strictly comprised within the scope of our present plan. This is, we believe, the first time that the regulations, the discipline, and the internal occurrences of a place of education, have been made the subject of debate in a popular assembly at no great distance. The circumstance is so singular, that, had not our strictures already exceeded all bounds, we should have been tempted to remark on it very particularly. Can it really be supposed an auspicious provision for the good government of a seminary of youth, that its domestic concerns, and especially that matters in contest between master and pupil, should not only be thrown open to the public, but should be brought warm into an arena of rhetorical disputation, and should be discussed with those inflammatory topics which, happily for the interests of British oratory, are never wanting even in a parish vestry? Conceive only that the subject is agitated at a moment when the institution concerned may happen to be disturbed by a casual spirit of insubordination;—conceive further, that the suppression of the establishment is the avowed object of some of the disputants;—conceive lastly, that the substance of the debate is blazoned in the public prints of the following morning, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, not excepting the students;—and we are clear that there can be but one opinion as to the expediency of such an arrangement. There is no seminary, the discipline of which, under some circumstances, it might not shake to the very foundation.

Whether or not this evil can by any means be wholly eradicated
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from the constitution of the India College, we pretend not to say; but there is one antidote against it, which, though it may not amount to a complete cure, seems at least capable of obviating its worst effects. Let the institution receive from the proper authorities (and, we cannot doubt, it *will*) a support so cordial, constant, liberal, and unhesitating, as may fix, both on the public mind and on the minds of the students, a persuasion of its unalterable stability. When once a rooted belief prevails that it is invulnerable, the darts of the enemy will cease to be directed against it, or, if thrown, will fall blunted. For all institutions in the nature of governments, live partly on opinion, and are really strong when they are strong in reputation. Meanwhile, we cannot help observing, that much may for a time depend on the principles and dispositions of the students. During the dreadfully tempestuous weather which took place soon after the erection of the Eddystone Light-house, it was said, that if the building lasted through that storm, it would last till doomsday. With some abatement of the sentiment, we may in like manner observe, that if the tranquillity of the India College is not affected by the tempest of the recent controversy, very sanguine hopes may be entertained of its future continuance. If the minds of the students are not unsettled by the commotion of such discussions,—discussions involving the very existence of the institution, we may trust that no excitements will prove too strong for them to resist.

It is, indeed, impossible to contemplate the situation of the young men collected at this establishment,—the pride and the hope of so many families,—without a sensation of deep interest. They are placed in a position, certainly, of great singularity; but, if they duly reflect on their own privileges—(*sua si bona norint*)—they must feel it to be also one of great advantage. Destined to a sphere of life, embracing civil and political offices of conspicuous importance and dignity, they are furnished with an admirable opportunity of founding their public character on a basis of liberal knowledge, and of mental and moral cultivation. These are the true elements of public men; this is the proper armoury from which the statesman and the patriot should be equipped. So thought the philosophers of old; and the opinion is expressed by one of them in a passage of so much truth, good sense, and eloquence, that we cannot forbear transcribing it. Let it only be remembered that the sentiments this passage contains may now be adopted with much more than their original force; since revealed religion has added elevation and consistency to the character of ethical philosophy, bestowing on its preceptive department a richness, and on its sanctions an authority, wholly unknown to ancient times:—

‘I deem those men’ (says Plutarch) ‘to have attained the perfection

section of the human character, who can unite and temper the power of managing public affairs with the cultivation of philosophy. Such persons appear to me to possess two blessings of the highest order; on the one hand, they fulfil that part of general usefulness which belongs to a public capacity, while, on the other, they enjoy that life of calm and unruffled serenity which is the fruit of philosophical studies. In effect, a life of action, a life of speculation, and a life of indulgence, constitute all the varieties of human condition; of these three modes of existence, that which is occupied in pleasure and devoted to dissolute enjoyment, is irrational and degrading; the speculative life, if it falls short of action, produces no benefit to society; the active, if unadorned by philosophy, totally wants grace, elevation, and harmony. Let it, therefore, be the object of our earnest endeavours to combine the service of the commonwealth with so much attention to the study of philosophy, as our leisure will permit. Such was the practice of Pericles during his political life; such was that of Archytas of Tarentum; such was that of Dion of Syracuse and Epaminondas of Thebes, both of them the disciples of Plato.*

Like all persons intended for offices of an arduous and important nature, the youths at the India college should learn to entertain high and honourable thoughts of their destination. They should conceive greatly of their lot; and it will then become all they can think it. For surely that is no mean or inglorious vocation which selects them as the channels of communication between the most favoured people that ever enjoyed sovereignty, and the mightiest empire that ever paid tribute. They are, in early youth, advanced to an anticipated maturity, in order that they may be premature in usefulness and in honour. They are separated from their country; but it is a consecration, not a banishment. It is a separation which divides them from her geographical existence, only by sending them forth to a distant world, as the heralds of her fame, the delegates of her power, the ministers of her justice, and the almoners of her beneficence. This is not to be separated from their country, but to carry her with them; in carrying with them all her moral being

* The original is so untranslatable, at least by any skill of ours, that we cannot help subjoining it.—'Τελείους δὲ ἀνθρώπων ἡγούμεαι τοὺς δυναμένους τὴν πολιτικὴν δύναμιν μίξαι καὶ κερσεῖν τῇ φιλοσοφίᾳ· καὶ οὕτω ὅταν μεγίστην ἀγαθὴν ἐπιβόλην ὀφείλῃσι ὑπολαβάνειν, τοῦ τε κοινωφελούς εἶναι, πολιτευομένων, τῶν τε δαίμονος καὶ γαλήνῃ, διατρέχοντας περὶ φιλοσοφίας. Τριῶν γὰρ ὅταν εἴναι, ἃν ὁ μὲν ᾖ πρακτικὴς, ὁ δὲ θεωρητικὴς, ὁ δὲ ἀπολαυστικὸς ὁ μὲν ἑαυτοῦ καὶ οὐλοῦς τῶν ἡδονῶν, ζωῆδος καὶ μικροπρεπὲς ἔστιν· ὁ δὲ θεωρητικὸς, τοῦ πρακτικοῦ ἁμαρτάνων, ἀνοφελὴς· ὁ δὲ πρακτικὸς, ἀμεινους φιλοσοφίας, ἀμεινους καὶ πλοημιελός. Πειρατῶν ὅν τις δύναμις καὶ τὰ κατὰ πρότερον, καὶ τῆς φιλοσοφίας ἀντιλαβάνεσθαι κατὰ τὸ παρίκειν τῶν κατῶν. Οὕτως ἐπιτελείεσθαι Περικλῆς, οὕτως Ἀρχύτας ὁ Ταραντῖνος, οὕτως Δίων ὁ Συρακούσιος, οὕτως Ἐπαμεινώνδας ὁ Θηβαῖος· ὃν ἐκείνους Πλάτωνος ἡγήετο σπουδαιωτάτους.'—περὶ παιδείας ἀγωγῆς, ἑ.

and beauty. They are separated from their father's house,—it is the *dark half* of their splendid privilege; and yet that removal cannot be said to inflict an unmitigated sacrifice, which, amidst the first glow and pliancy of their juvenile affections, and warm from the happiness of the domestic abode, transports them into the bosom of a larger and a more helpless family; which gives them, for a home, the scene of high and beneficial services; for a social circle, the circle of arduous and philanthropic duties; and, for the delightful converse of 'brother, and sister, and mother,' the prayers of the dependent and the benedictions of the grateful. They are translated into a new world; and perhaps their residence for the greater part of life may exclusively be thrown among races of men with whom they have no community, either of taste, manners, habits, opinions, or religion. But they should remember that it is in such moral wildernesses as these, that the amplest opportunities of active and honourable utility are to be found, which the condition of human life affords; the richest sources of duties to be performed and distinctions to be earned; the sequestered and difficult, but deep springs of real happiness and solid glory. This indeed is a banishment which the truly illustrious of all ages would have preferred before the most towering and the most brilliant march of conquest.—'*Hâc arte Pollux, hâc vagus Hercules.*' It is the pilgrimage of the benefactors of mankind; the triumphal exile of heroes.

On the supposition that these ideas should generally, or in a great measure, be acted upon,—and surely, we may trust that the supposition is not preposterous,—no spectacle more august or more delightful can be conceived, than that of Great Britain annually pouring forth fresh supplies of her youth as the dispensers of her parental bounty to the people of India. There are parts of our Indian system which may be expected ever to divide opinion. There are passages in the history of British India, over which the moralist may perhaps pause; and there are omens in its present state, which the political philosopher may perhaps find it hard to decipher. The nature and the circumstances of that empire are too singular to be contemplated by an enlightened and a reflective mind, without a measure of seriousness and of perplexity. England, launched on the scene of India, seems to resemble one of her own vessels traversing the mighty sea which washes that continent. The billows are bright, the skies cloudless, and all ocean appears to crouch beneath 'the meteor-flag' with willing submission. But, while a superficial observer feels only the contagion of the general delight and gaiety, the reflections of a deeper spirit are grave even to seriousness. The apparent loneliness and insignificance of the proud vessel amidst such a world of waters; the immeasurable expanse around; the unsounded secrets of the abyss below; the quivering sensibility

sensibility of the boundless element to influences uncontrollable by man,—its vast power, magnified by imagination to immensity; the very repose and quietness of such mighty and mysterious strength; and, not least, the recollection that, beneath this smiling surface, lie ingulphed the remains of navies which once displayed their banners as gallantly and prosperously as ourselves;—such considerations as these excite a sentiment in a high degree solemn, profound, and affecting. The application of the image is obvious: yet, whatever doubts or differences of opinion the contemplation of Indian affairs may awaken; whatever sadness in the retrospect, or alarm in the anticipation; the view has one spot too bright not to be observed with a feeling of general and of unmingled satisfaction. Our past and our still-increasing efforts for the happiness of the Indian people,—these constitute at once our hope and our triumph. These are our real glory in the present season of our brightness and prosperity; and, should the monsoon break up and the hurricane arise, these will form our strongest and most abiding anchor. To confirm and to multiply these honourable defences; to furnish ourselves with still deeper holds on the affections of our subjects; to surround ourselves with the safeguards of esteem and benevolence;—let no endeavours be wanting, no exertions of counsel or of action be left untried: for we may rest assured that by labour alone can such an object be effectually accomplished. The attachment of dependent millions is among the choicest blessings of Heaven; but it is not one of those blessings which Heaven is pleased equally to shower down on the just and the unjust. It is the prize of virtuous toil; the reward exclusively appropriated to a persevering course of careful justice, provident generosity, and laborious beneficence. It is not a tribute to be levied, but a recompense to be earned. If we would, according to the expression of the poet, ‘read our history in a nation’s eyes,’ we must first be content to write it in their hearts.

ART. VI. *The Round Table: a Collection of Essays on Literature, Men and Manners.* By William Hazlitt. Two vols. 12mo. Edinburgh and London. 1817.

WHATEVER may have been the preponderating feelings with which we closed these volumes, we will not refuse our acknowledgments to Mr. Hazlitt for a few mirthful sensations which he has enabled us to mingle with the rest, by the hint that his *Essays* were meant to be ‘in the manner of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*.’ The passage in which this is conveyed happened to be nearly the last to which we turned; and we were about to rise from ‘the Round Table’ heavily oppressed with a recollection

recollection of vulgar descriptions, silly paradoxes, flat truisms, misty sophistry, broken English, ill humour and rancorous abuse, when we were first informed of the modest pretensions of our host. Our thoughts then reverted with an eager impulse to the urbanity of Addison, his unassuming tone, and clear simplicity; to the ease and softness of his style, to the cheerful benevolence of his heart. The playful gaiety too, and the tender feelings of his coadjutor, poor Steele, came forcibly to our memory. The effect of the ludicrous contrast thus presented to us, it would be somewhat difficult to describe. We think that it was akin to what we have felt from the admirable nonchalance with which Liston, in the complex character of a weaver and an ass, seems to throw away all doubt of his being the most accomplished lover in the universe, and receives, as if they were merely his due, the caresses of the fairy Queen.

Amongst the objects which Mr. Hazlitt has thought it worth while, for the good of mankind, to take under his special superintendence, the 'Manners' of the age have the first place. Nor are we surprized that this topic should have forced itself upon his attention: the circle in which he moves seems to be susceptible of great improvement, if an inference may be drawn from the account which he has given of its principal ornament. He informs us that one of his 'most pleasant and least tiresome acquaintances is a humourist who has three or four quaint witticisms and proverbial phrases which he always repeats over and over.' He appears also to have experienced some vile treatment from his intimate friends; as he is induced to protest that he 'cannot help exclaiming against the gross and villainous trick which some people have when they wish to get rid of their company, of letting their fires go down and their candles run to seed.*' That he has sufficient reasons therefore for directing his talents to the amelioration of manners, there can be no doubt:—the next point of importance is to ascertain the particular class of society upon which his habits of life have enabled him to make the most accurate observations, and to the improvement of which his labours are most likely to contribute. We are happy to have it in our power to state, that the objects of his most sedulous care are of the softer sex. It is not indeed the sex in general; but it is a highly interesting and amiable part of it—that, namely, which passes under the denomination of 'washerwomen.' He professes more than once, with a laudable though unnecessary caution, that he is not used to 'fashionable manners;† and in perfect conformity with these protestations, he is sparing, even to

* Vol. ii. 157.

† V. i. pp. 12. 125.

abstemiousness,

abstemiousness, of all remarks upon gentlemen or gentlewomen: but, to make amends, when he gets amongst 'the tub-tumbling viragoes,' as he playfully calls them, he is quite at home:—his familiar acquaintance with all their ways makes him, in his own language, 'over redundant;' and he dedicates one of his longest essays to a minute account of their appearance, their habits, and their conversation. To abridge this detail would, indeed, be to do it—a gross injustice; the whole of it well deserves to be read, or, at least, that highly finished part of it, which begins with—'How 'drat that Betty'—and ends with—'Him as has a niece and nevy as they say eats him out of house and land.'—We shall lay before our readers only one of the author's other pictures of social life, relying upon its being fully sufficient to convince them that this follower of the courtly Addison has opportunities, at least, which his 'illustrious predecessor' never possessed; and that if he would but tell us all he has seen, we should be secure of obtaining many views of manners which have never yet appeared in print.

'Think,' says he, 'of a blooming girl who is condemned to open her mouth and shut her eyes, and see what heaven in the shape of a mischievous young fellow will send her!—up walks the aforesaid heaven or mischievous young fellow, (young Ouranos, Hesiod would have called him,) and instead of a piece of paper, a thimble, or a cinder, claps into her mouth a peg of orange, or a long slice of citron.'—v. ii. p. 125.

Let us pass from the subjects of Mr. Hazlitt's thoughts, to the style in which they are disclosed, and we shall find, in the first place, many convincing instances of the perfect success with which the freedom from affectation and paradox, so characteristic of Addison, is imitated by his disciple.

'Spleen is the soul of patriotism and of public good.'—v. ii. 79.

'The definition of a true patriot is a good hater.'—v. ii. 80.

'He who speaks two languages has no country.'—v. i. 238.

'If the truth were known the most disagreeable people are the most amiable.'—v. ii. 75.

Mr. Hazlitt, we should guess, is not quite disinterested in his endeavours to establish the truth of this last valuable apophthegm: and indeed there are many others of the same kind, in the enunciation of which he seems, clearly, to have been influenced by the benefit which he is likely to derive from them.

Few persons who have read the *Spectator* have ever afterwards forgotten the delightful papers on the *Paradise Lost*, or those on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*. In this department, as in others, Mr. Hazlitt is not willing to fall short of his 'illustrious predecessor;' and accordingly we hear much of poetry, and of painting,

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and of music, and of *gusto*.* Of Hogarth, we are told that 'he is too apt to perk morals and sentiments in your face, and is over redundant in his combinations.' Of Titian, that 'the *limbs* of his female figures have a luxurious softness and delicacy which appears *conscious* of the pleasure of the beholder.† Of Vandyke, that 'the *impression slides* off from the eye, and does not, like the *tones* of Titian's pencil, leave a sting behind it in the mind of the spectator;‡—and finally, that 'the arts of painting and poetry flow from the sacred shrine of our own breasts, and are kindled at the living lamp of Nature.' Addison and Steele never wrote any thing so fine as this!

There is one merit which this author possesses besides that of successful imitation—he is a very eminent creator of words and phrases. Amongst a vast variety which have newly started into life we notice 'firesider,'—'kitcheny,'—'to smooth up,'—'to do off,'—and 'to tiptoe down.' To this we add a few of the author's new-born phrases, which bear sufficient marks of a kindred origin to intitle them to a place by their side. Such is the assertion that Spenser was 'dipt in poetic luxury;' the description of 'a minute coil which clicks in the baking coal;' of 'a numerousness scattering an individual gusto;' and of 'curls that are ripe with sunshine.'

Our readers are, perhaps, by this time as much acquainted with the style of this author as they have any desire to be; and their curiosity may have been a little excited to know what the man is. It may be told in two words:—he is a sour Jacobin: a fact which he is so good as to disclose in the following pathetic lamentation over the failure of the French Revolution.

'The dawn of that day was overcast: that season of hope is past; it is fled with the other dreams of our youth which we cannot recal, but has left behind it traces which are not to be effaced by birth-day and thanksgiving odes, or the chaunting of Te Deums in all the churches of Christendom. To those hopes eternal regrets are due; to those who maliciously and wilfully blasted them, in the fear that they might be accomplished, we feel no less what we owe, hatred and scorn as lasting!'

As we might expect from this confession of feeling, the waters of bitterness flow around this unhappy person unceasingly. There is nothing in the world which he seems to like, unless we except 'washerwomen;' for whom he does appear to have some regard. He writes an essay in eager vituperation of 'good nature' and good natured people: he abuses all poets, with the single exception of Milton: he, indeed, 'was an honest man; he was Cromwell's secretary.'

* Here is one of the many definitions of this luminous writer, which possesses in an eminent degree the essential quality of being clearer than the word defined. Essay 29, 'On Gusto,' begins thus: 'Gusto, in art, is power or passion defining any object'!

† V. ii. 21. ‡ V. ii. 22.

he abuses all country-people: he abuses the English: he abuses the Irish: he abuses the Scotch. Nor is it simply abuse; it is the language of Billingsgate, except that it is infinitely more rancorous than any thing which, we are willing to believe, he can have learnt in that school of natural civility. He seems to feel all the warmth of a private quarrel against whole nations; but against none so strongly as his own. Of poor John Bull his mildest expressions are that 'he is silent because he has nothing to say, and looks stupid because he is so:' that 'if he has a red face and round belly he thinks himself a great man:' that 'he has always been a surly, obstinate, meddlesome fellow:' that 'he is but a dolt—beats his wife—quarrels with his neighbours—damns his servants, and gets drunk to kill the time.' This rival of Pericles, in further eulogy of his countrymen, proceeds to state that 'an Irishman who trusts to his principles, and a Scotchman who trusts to his impulses, are equally dangerous.' Of the Irish he is moreover pleased to discover that 'they are hypocrites in understanding—that there is something crude and discordant in all they do or say—that they are a wild people—that they betray principles, unite fierceness with levity, have an under-current of selfishness and cunning—and that their blood, if not heated by passion, turns to poison.' All this is venomous enough. No abuse, however, which is directed against whole classes of men is of much importance: if undeserved it is utterly impotent and may well be utterly despised; but we shall be excused if stronger feelings have been roused by the foul and vulgar invective which is directed by such a thing as this against individuals who now rest in their graves, but who, in the bright career of their lives, were, perhaps, the chief sources of the glory which has been shed over our country in these latter times. Of Pitt it is said that he possessed 'few talents and fewer virtues;' that his reputation was owing to 'a negation (together with the common virtues) of the common vices of human nature, and by the complete negation of every other talent but an artful use of words and a certain dexterity of logical arrangement;' that he had 'no strong feelings, no distinct perceptions, no general principles, no comprehensive views of things, no moral habits of thinking, no system of action, no plan, no insight into human nature, no sympathy with the passions of men or apprehension of their real designs,' &c.—vol. ii. p. 164. Of Burke we have the following character:

'This man, who was a half poet and a half philosopher, has done more mischief than perhaps any other person in the world. His understanding was not competent to the discovery of any truth, but it was sufficient to palliate a falsehood; his reasons, of little weight in themselves, thrown into the scale of power, were dreadful. Without genius to adorn the beautiful, he had the art to throw a dazzling veil over the deformed

deformed and disgusting; and to strew the flowers of imagination over the rotten carcass of corruption, not to prevent, but to communicate the infection. His jealousy of Rousseau was one chief cause of his opposition to the French Revolution. The writings of the one had changed the institutions of a kingdom; while the speeches of the other, with the intrigues of his whole party, had changed nothing but the *turnspit of the King's kitchen*. He would have blotted out the broad pure light of Heaven, because it did not first shine in at the little Gothic windows of St. Stephen's Chapel. The genius of Rousseau had levelled the towers of the Bastille with the dust; our zealous reformist, who would rather be doing mischief than nothing, tried, therefore, to patch them up again, by calling that loathsome dungeon the King's castle, and by fulsome adulation of the virtues of a Court strumpet. This man,—but enough of him here.—pp. 82, 83, note.

We are far from intending to write a single word in answer to this loathsome trash; but we confess that these passages chiefly excited us to take the trouble of noticing the work. The author might have described washerwomen for ever; complimented himself unceasingly on his own 'chivalrous eloquence;' prosed interminably about Chaucer; written, if possible, in a more affected, silly, confused, ungrammatical style, and believed, as he now believes, that he was surpassing Addison—we should not have meddled with him; but if the creature, in his endeavours to crawl into the light, must take his way over the tombs of illustrious men, disfiguring the records of their greatness with the slime and filth which marks his track, it is right to point him out that he may be flung back to the situation in which nature designed that he should grovel.

We learn from the Preface that a few of these essays were written by Mr. Hunt, the editor of the Examiner newspaper. We really have not time to discriminate between the productions of the two gentlemen, or to mete out to each his due portion of praise:—we beg that they will take the trouble to divide it themselves according to their respective claims. We can only mention here that Mr. Hunt sustains the part of the droll or merry fellow in the performance: it is he who entertains us with the account of his getting the night-mare by eating veal-pye, and who invents for that disorder the facetious name of *Mnpytgnau-auw-auww*; who takes the trouble to inform us that he dislikes cats; to describe 'the skilful sput of the finger nails which he gives his newspaper,' and the mode in which he stirs his fire: it is he who devotes ten or twelve pages to the dissertation on 'washerwomen,' and who repeats, no doubt from faithful memory, the dialogues which pass between Betty and Molly, the maid-servants, when they are first called in the morning, and describes, from actual observation, (or, it may be, experience,) the 'conclusive digs in the side' with which Molly is accustomed to dispel the lingering slumbers of her bed-fellow.

ART.

ART. VII. *Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia and Africa, by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Part the Second—Greece, Egypt and the Holy Land. Sections Second and Third. To which is added a Supplement, respecting the Author's Journey from Constantinople to Vienna, containing his Account of the Gold Mines of Transylvania and Hungary. Vol. III. pp. 866. Vol. IV. pp. 769. London.*

ON looking back to the time which has elapsed since the last of these massive volumes was ushered into the world, we feel conscious that Dr. Clarke has had some apparent reason to accuse us of neglecting the progress of his labours; and it is, perhaps, to our protracted silence rather than to some harmless pleasantries in a recent Number, that we should impute the extreme indignation which he is said to have expressed against us. It was, indeed, at first our purpose to defer the examination of the present volumes, till the appearance of his fifth and last should enable us to survey the whole in one connected retrospect. As Scandinavia, however, is a subject well worthy of a separate Article, we have been induced, on second thoughts, to delay no longer to attend our ingenious traveller through that which was, properly speaking, his concluding journey: the arrangement which began with Russia and placed Norway last in order being of that poetical kind which delights to rush at once into the middle of a subject, and which introduces the beginning as a species of supplement to the catastrophe.

In their general character the volumes now before us so perfectly resemble those which preceded them that we can find no reason either to correct or repeat the sentiments which we have formerly expressed, respecting Dr. Clarke's defects or merits. We have the same acuteness and the same precipitation, the same vivid colouring and the same slightness of design, the same power of eloquence and the same contempt of logic which alternately demanded our praise and censure. If he is not always so entertaining as when we last encountered him, it is the fault of the subject not of the author; and, if he is less inclined to visit his personal affronts and injuries on the aggregate of those nations with whom he has sojourned, it is chiefly, as we are led to suppose, because circumstances have more favoured his progress in Turkey than in Muscovy.

We left him, it will be recollected, at the conclusion of his second volume, returned from Jaffa to Captain Culverhouse's vessel then lying in the road of Acre. On revisiting this latter town he found old Djeddar altered for the worse, both in health and spirits, even during the trifling space of time which had occurred since their former interview, and less anxious to conceal
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from his guests than his subjects the symptoms of his gradual decay. A few months afterwards he died, displaying in the last acts of his power the same strange mixture of caprice and craft and cruelty which had through life distinguished him: bequeathing his government to an ancient enemy who was then his captive in chains, and murdering several of the principal nobles of Syria out of pure goodwill to his successor, and to save him, as he said, the unpleasant necessity of commencing his reign with bloodshed.

The observations made by Dr. Clarke during this second survey of Acre, were not, to all appearance, very numerous or important. He visited the Bazar, which is well stocked with eastern commodities, of which cotton, coarse muslins, and excellent tobacco are the most distinguished. He learned the modern name of the river Belus, (Kardane,) but without examining those sands which, since the days of Pliny, have been a valuable article in the different glass-houses of the Mediterranean; and witnessed the manufacture of what is called Morocco leather, without learning the particular ingredient of that beautiful scarlet dye which our western tanners vainly strive to imitate. Those who have been dependent on the winds and waves and the inclinations of other people, or who have hastily walked through a town while a boat's-crew were waiting for them on a sultry beach, however they may lament this imperfect information, can justly neither blame it nor wonder at it. All that Dr. Clarke was able to add to his previously acquired knowledge was the peculiar construction of the tobacco-pipes in use at Acre, in which the smoke is cooled, in its passage to the mouth, by swathing the tube with rollers of wet silk or linen. This invention is simpler and more portable than the usual plan, which produces the same effect by a vase of water. But we cannot assent to the superiority which Dr. Clarke assigns to it as less injurious to health than the other. He tells us, indeed, when speaking of the latter instrument, that 'the whole of the smoke, instead of being drawn into the mouth, is thereby inhaled upon the lungs.' But how it should reach the lungs without being drawn into the mouth he does not inform us. The fact is that the custom of swallowing the smoke, to which all the eastern nations are much addicted, is as possible and not more necessary or unavoidable with the one than the other style of *Hooka*. It is only possible with the mild tobacco of the Levant and where its smoke has been cooled in its passage: but the pipe of Acre and the pipe of the Arabs must produce essentially the same effects both on the sensations and the constitution.

The remains of Gothic architecture in Acre occasion a pretty smart diatribe on the ignorance of those antiquaries who assign its invention to England or Normandy, as well as a theory of his own,

concerning the time at which this elegant novelty was brought into the west of Europe.

On the former of these questions we are not inclined to break a lance with him. Even if we ourselves professed the obnoxious doctrine, we should be unwilling to take the argument out of the hands of Dr. J. Milner who was quite as usefully and as innocently employed, while occupied with such discussions, as with those political polemics which have since engrossed his pen. In truth, however, Dr. Clarke is, we believe, correct in asserting that the essential peculiarities of Gothic architecture may be found in many buildings of the East, anterior to their appearance in any western edifice. But we greatly doubt whether the arguments on which he relies to defend his position are such as would much perplex that learned antiquary to whom we have alluded.—They are, 1st, that Gothic arches are found in Acre which must have been built before the expulsion of the Christians in the year 1290. 2dly, that foreigners or the pupils of foreigners were employed in England for all edifices of this kind down to the time of Henry VIII. 3dly, that all the Latin nations while they were in possession of Acre were too rude to have built the church in question. Now a writer who speaks of Dr. Milner's 'lamentable ignorance' might as well have first inquired into the dates of the principal cathedrals in our own country; in which case he would have found that, before the expulsion of the Christians from Acre, the churches of Lincoln, Salisbury, Lichfield and old St. Paul's were almost or altogether finished, as well as the north transept of York and its glorious Chapter-house. These specimens of Gothic so far excel in beauty and dimensions the scale of the remains at Acre, that it is quite absurd to say that the masons which reared them might not also have reared the cathedral of St. Andrew. And it is equally unsupported by fact and in itself equally improbable, that these edifices were any of them, (with the exception of Lincoln,) raised by foreigners, as it is to suppose that England, whose sovereigns possessed some of the fairest districts of continental Europe, whose intercourse with Rome (the seat of all the art and learning of the period) was more intimate and regular than that of most other European states, and whose specimens of Gothic architecture excel in number, size, and purity, any others in the known world, should be without workmen of her own to raise those buildings for which she was, in every age, remarkable. As for the general inferiority of the Franks to the Saracens, this notion, however popular, is entirely subverted by the contemporary chronicles of both parties; inasmuch as neither William of Tyre, nor the Cadi Bohadin admit or assert any such disparity. The truth is that the revival of the arts among the northern conquerors of the western empire, is generally placed

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too late by at least a century, and that the stimulus which they received about the time of the crusades was more from the natural and ordinary effects of mutual intercourse and traffic, than from any thing which was to be learned from their wild and indiscriminate rapine in Syria, or from enemies whose language few of them understood, and who were themselves already very far declined from the short-lived splendour and science of the courts of Haroun and Almamoun.

The theory which supposes Adamnanus, abbot of Iona, to have brought the pointed style of architecture from Jerusalem to his own island, 500 years before it was known either in France or England, is so eloquently and plausibly stated that we are almost unwilling to disturb the foundations on which it stands. It is certain, however, that we have no good reason to suppose that, in the days of Adamnanus, any buildings in this style existed in Jerusalem. The Church of the Sepulchre, as Dr. Clarke saw it, and even as it stood previous to its reparation in 1555, had no pretensions to be the original work of Helena. It had been ruined by the Saracens, and rebuilt by the bounty of the Caliph Daber, A. D. 1044, so that we have no reason to carry back its pointed arches to the time of Adamnanus. And the ruins of Iona, which have little to astonish an eye familiar with Gothic architecture, are distinguished by many minute peculiarities from any of the Gothic buildings of Italy or the east, and very evidently belong to a period of the style far later than that which is visible in many English fabrics.

During the passage of the *Romulus* from Acre to Aboukir, our traveller witnessed a very strange, and, to those unacquainted with these seas, a very alarming phenomenon.

‘As we were sitting down to dinner, the voice of a sailor employed in heaving the lead was suddenly heard calling “*half four!*” The Captain, starting-up, reached the deck in an instant; and almost as quickly putting the ship in stays, she went about. Every seaman on board thought she would be stranded. As she came about, all the surface of the water exhibited a thick black mud: this extended so widely, that the appearance resembled an island. At the same time, no land was really visible, not even from the mast-head, nor was there any notice of such a shallow in any chart on board. The fact is, as we learned afterwards, that a stratum of mud, extending for many leagues off the mouths of the Nile, exists in a moveable deposit near the coast of Egypt, and, when recently shifted by currents, it sometimes reaches quite to the surface, so as to alarm mariners with sudden shallows, where the charts of the Mediterranean promise a considerable depth of water. These, however, are not, in the slightest degree, dangerous. Vessels no sooner touch them than they become dispersed; and a frigate may ride secure, where the soundings would induce an inexperienced pilot to believe her nearly aground.’—Vol. iii. p. 13.

The Braakel, which again received them on their return, was now to be employed in conveying to France the prisoners taken in Cairo and Rosetta. They formed a singular and melancholy spectacle; the tattered trappings of war, contrasted with the pale cheeks and haggard eye of the wounded and captive soldier, have always this effect. But, among those whom the Braakel received, concealed, like the rest, in dirty and ragged uniforms, were many unhappy Frenchwomen, the usual followers of a camp, and others more wretched still, natives of Georgia or Circassia, once the tenants of Turkish harems, since the slaves of Menou's soldiery; and now flying for their lives from the fate which, in Egypt, awaited those who had submitted to the embrace of an infidel.

In the midst of all this misery, the natural levity of the French character was strongly conspicuous, as well as that equally characteristic and more laudable feeling of attachment to their native land which made them rejoice to return thither under any circumstances. The wounded men died faster than the surgeons could attend to them; but the survivors established a fencing school and theatre on the deck of the Braakel, and sang 'God save the King,' in broken English, while the officers of the ship were at dinner. A short interruption was given to this merriment by a severe gale which the Braakel encountered in leaving the road, and which had nearly compelled them to return to Europe much sooner than they had intended. Fortunately for Dr. Clarke and his readers, they were extricated from this dilemma by the Diadem, Captain Larmour; and, after experiencing some danger in the surf of the Boccaze, were landed once more amid the palm-trees of Rosetta. Most of the houses in this city were now occupied by English soldiers and their Georgian and Circassian mistresses, the legacies of the conquered French,—now perfectly reconciled to their new possessors. It is melancholy to conjecture what has been the subsequent fate of these poor creatures. The French, as we have seen, carried away all they could, and some of these fugitives have since been found decently settled with the relations of their husbands. But we have not heard of any who embarked with their English protectors, and if they were left to the mercy of the Turks, the result is not difficult to anticipate.

On Rosetta Dr. Clarke has added little to his former observations. The Italianized name is well known to be a corruption of the Arabic 'Raschid,' or 'orthodox.' But he is mistaken in supposing that it received this name from any connexion with the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, inasmuch as it remained an insignificant village, under its original name of 'Scheida,' till long after Haroun's death, when it was increased in size and dignity, and received

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its present appellation (as we learn from Elmacin) from Almotewakel, Caliph of Egypt A. D. 870.

Our travellers left this place on the morning of August 10th, and proceeded up the Nile to Cairo, then occupied by the English and their Turkish allies. The Etesian, or north west winds, which prevail, like a regular monsoon, during the months of July and August, corresponding with the annual inundation of the Nile, and in direct opposition to its current when most violent, are a wonderful dispensation of Providence for the advantage of Egypt.

'A vessel, leaving Rosetta, is driven by this wind with extraordinary velocity against the whole force of the torrent to Cairo, or into any part of Upper Egypt. For the purpose of her return, with even greater rapidity, it is only necessary to take down the mast and sails, and leave her to be carried against the wind by the powerful current of the river. It is thus possible to perform the whole voyage from Rosetta to Bulâc, the quay of Cairo, and back again, with certainty, in about seventy hours, a distance equal to four hundred miles.' p. 32.

Of the population, fertility, and beautiful groves of Lower Egypt, our traveller speaks with much respect, but there are many circumstances which, at certain seasons of the year, make it a very uncomfortable place of residence to the native of a colder climate. Not, however, that it is, in these respects, less fortunate than all other regions similarly situated as to heat and moisture; and the bitterness of Dr. Clarke's complaints on the banks of the Nile, would not excite much pity in a planter of Surinam, or New Carthagena, or even in an inhabitant of the neighbourhood of the Ganges. It is amusing, indeed, to observe with what ardour of imagination this lively writer deduces the frogs, flies, and lice of modern Egypt from the miraculous plagues inflicted by Moses, and how he identifies that usual and salutary eruption, well known in our West India islands by the name of 'Prickly Heat,' with the dreadful 'boils and blains,' which chastized the impiety of Pharaoh. It is true that, as Lincolnshire is less wholesome than Norfolk, so these moist regions have always been, and are described in Scripture as being, less favourable to health than the high and arid lands of Syria and Idumæa; but, if Dr. Clarke had performed a journey to Mount Sinai, or, if he had even traversed the usual route between Jaffa and Damietta, he would have found, to his cost, that some kinds of vermin are no less 'familiar with man' in Arabia, than in the accursed 'land of Ham:' and that it is absurd to identify these customary and natural visitations with those displays of celestial wrath which 'tamed the river-dragon,' and which, we know from Scripture, so far from being entailed thenceforth on the country, were withdrawn, after a few days continuance, by the same divine power which inflicted them.

Irrigation is carried to a vast extent throughout the Delta, but it is effected, for the most part, by artificial means; and an exaggerated idea of the effects of the Nile is conveyed by the beautiful description of Gray. Extensive canals on each side of the river conduct its waters to the utmost extent of their level, but the fields are many of them supplied by water-wheels, or the still simpler process of lading. The soil thus treated produces three crops in the year—clover, corn, and rice, of which the last is sown while the field is actually under water, a practice which, as Dr. Clarke observes, is alluded to by Solomon. (Eccles. ii. 1.) The eastern sycamore attains an enormous size, and its boughs are so bent by the prevalent winds as to make them resemble a peacock's tail. The fruit resembles in shape the common fig, but is smaller, dry and insipid. The thermometer stood at 90° in the shade, and the inhabitants of the country were walking about or engaged in the avocations of husbandry in a state of perfect nakedness, and displaying a complexion of the darkest tawny. They arrived at Bulac at midnight, and were aroused the next morning with intelligence that the Pyramids were in sight. What follows is in our author's best style of description.

‘Never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun’s rays, they appeared as white as snow, and of such surprizing magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their structure is lost in their prodigious magnitude: the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms,—that in vastness, whatever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror; which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great, as to cause pain rather than pleasure; of which we shall have to record a very striking instance in the sequel. Hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the Pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and situation;—ideas of duration, almost endless; of power, inconceivable; of majesty, supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.—Vol. ii. pp. 44—46.

They had letters from the Captain Pasha to the Reis Effendi,

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or Turkish Secretary of State, then at Caïro, whom they found a well-informed traveller, speaking French with fluency, and not unacquainted with the English language; having himself visited Great Britain, and published an account of our manners, laws, and commerce, which is popular, both at Caïro and Constantinople. His opinions on these subjects our travellers only partially discovered. He was, apparently, too wary a politician to commit himself in any discussions of importance, and only ventured on some strictures on the 'veal and cyder' of our metropolis.

Dr. Clarke's description of Caïro is short, but very interesting, and full of curious matter. It is the dirtiest metropolis in the world; but the picturesque crowd in its streets, and on its canals, and the varied foliage of its gardens, no less than the splendid and singular panorama seen from the heights of the citadel, have so much of beauty and novelty, as amply to repay the inconveniences to which its virtues are necessarily exposed. Here, as in South America, the lizard is the harmless inhabitant of all the gardens, and is seen hanging on the walls and ceilings of the best apartments. Dr. Clarke appears to have regarded them with more disgust than became a philosopher, but had too accurate an eye to overlook (what many professed naturalists have passed over in silence) the circular membrane which enables them to walk (as flies do by the same mechanism) in situations seemingly least adapted to support them. The swarms of flies which these people have not learned to repel by the elegant inventions of Hindostan, filled every dish and every drinking vessel, and the climate, though extolled as delightful by the British officers who had arrived from India, appeared to Dr. Clarke only tolerable to those who could reconcile themselves to the listless and sordid inactivity of the natives and those Franks who had been long settled in the country.

In the midst of all these discomforts, the Indian army under General Baird, then encamped in the Isle of Rouda, astonished both Arabs, Turks, and the inhabitants of western Europe, with the splendour of their tents and banquets, and the admirable health and discipline of their soldiers. We cannot, indeed, sympathise with that more than oriental luxury which had transported glass chandeliers, mahogany tables, and Madeira wine, across the desert from Cosseir, and which was strangely contrasted with the simplicity and soldierly privations of General Hutchinson and his officers before Alexandria. But it would be unjust to deny very considerable praise to the care which had preserved three thousand men from sickness during the most unwholesome months of the year; and, independently of the military advantage of such a reinforcement, the results of this extraordinary expedition were very interesting and important. It is not strange that the Sepoys were

almost as fond of the Nile as of the Ganges, but the relation between the ancient inhabitants of their banks, was sufficiently proved from the reverence paid by the Bramins to the religious sculptures at Dendera. These military ecclesiastics, who compose (which Dr. Clarke does not seem to have known) a very considerable part of many of our regiments in the east, were hardly, indeed, restrained from taking a bitter vengeance on the Arabs for the neglected state in which they found the temple and symbols of their God Vishnu.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Clarke's eastern friends did not inform him what particular figure or temple was thus distinguished by their soldiery; but it is not yet too late for them to supply this information from the representations of Denon or Mr. Hamilton. The subject, however, is one which may soon receive elucidation from a very unexpected quarter. One of the most eminent, as he is also the most modest of modern oriental scholars, has discovered, we understand, not an affinity only but a radical identity between the Coptic language and that spoken by one of the most powerful and remote nations of the east, and we look forward with impatience to his intended work on this interesting subject.

The officers of General Baird's army spoke highly of Bruce's chart of the Red Sea: and a still more interesting testimony was borne to his veracity, by a negro priest, a native of Abyssinia, who, in the course of a long investigation, conducted with the greatest care by our author, his friend Mr. Cripps, Mr. Hamilton, Dr. Wittman, and the celebrated orientalist Mr. Hammer, confirmed the accounts which Bruce has furnished, not only in their general outline, but in almost every one of those particulars which have been most confidently blamed as fabulous. For the details of this inquiry and the manner in which it was conducted, both admirably qualified to elicit truth and prevent the possibility of deception, we refer to Dr. Clarke's own statement, which may possibly have called some blushes into the cheeks of those who, without one half of Bruce's knowledge and enterprize, have attempted to increase the importance of their own exertions, (in themselves sufficiently meritorious,) by detracting from the fair fame of their predecessor. The admissions in Bruce's favour which appear in Mr. Salt's second journey to Habbesh, have already convinced the world, as a third journey may, possibly, convince Mr. Salt himself, that a barbarous people often conceal their customs from the observation of a transient visitor, and that he who long resided at Gondar is not to be hastily stigmatized as mendacious by those who have only visited a small portion of Tigré.

The antiquities of Cairo have often been described, and little information would be afforded to our readers by an abridgment of

of Dr. Clarke's observations on the hieroglyphics of Heliopolis, or the jasper and mineralized wood of the desert. The art of staining glass appears to be more common and less costly in Cairo than in England, and has, possibly, been known in the east from a remote antiquity. Our author found ancient Roman coins, and even bronze medals of the Ptolemies still current as money among the common people, together with the Venetian sequin, and the Hungarian pataka. He recognized in the funeral cries of Egypt the same mournful notes, and the repetition of the same syllables which are used, on similar occasions, by the Russians and the Irish. He is mistaken, however, in supposing that the cries of *joy* used by the Arabs, or the corresponding Allelujah of the Jews, are equally unmeaning with that 'ululation,' which has been used all over the world to imitate the inarticulate sound of distress. The Arab chorus is nothing else than a rapid repetition of 'Allah! Allah!' and the Jewish form of thanksgiving is well known to be 'Hallelu-Jah!' 'Praise ye Jehovah!' In his strictures on the indecent dance of the 'Almehs,' he rather too hastily involves *all* the ancient dances under the same reprobation. He forgets that from the earliest period, there were many different ways of shewing agility, and that it would be highly indecorous to confound the backslidings of the Gaditanian wanton with those grave and goodly dances of the olden time, which, as they were performed by priests, judges, kings, and senators, in their respective robes of office, even Mr. Prynne himself excepts from the imputation of frivolity or merriment. But seriously, he must, we think, allow, on second thoughts, that though *some* of the ancient figuranti used indecorous attitudes, it will not, therefore, follow that all were equally blameable; that the military dance of the Greeks was intended 'o raise very different passions from that of the Houris of Lower Egypt; that, notwithstanding the angry insinuations of Michal, no unbecoming gestures would be practised or allowed by David in a religious procession; and that the haughty Herod would never have rewarded his daughter-in-law for exposing her person, in the manner now practised, to the assembled Shehks of Galilee.

On the 24th of August, our travellers visited the Pyramids of Gizeh, of the principal among which a striking description is given.

'As we drew near its base, the effect of its prodigious magnitude, and the amazement caused in viewing the enormous masses used in its construction, affected every one of us; but it was an impression of awe and fear, rather than of pleasure. In the observations of travellers who had recently preceded us, we had heard the Pyramids described as huge objects which gave no satisfaction to the spectator, on account of their barbarous shape, and formal appearance: yet to us it appeared hardly possible,

possible, that persons susceptible of any feeling of sublimity could behold them unmoved. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us, when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds! Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to shew the way up to the summit."—pp. 123, 124.

Within the pyramid Dr. Clarke and his companions explored some long and narrow avenues, of little interest in themselves, but which are remarkable as having escaped the notice of all former tourists. They found reason to believe that the celebrated well was much deeper than the twenty feet at which Greaves's plummet rested, and Dr. Clarke expresses his wonder that the French never let a person down by a rope. We know not whether this experiment was ever made; but it is certain that Maillet, *Descript. de l'Egypte*, p. 249, whose account has been closely followed by Jauna Savary, and of which the engineer Grobert professes to have confirmed the accuracy, speaks of this singular pit in terms which could only be justified by a personal and careful investigation. It consists, if we understand him rightly, of two successive shafts, the one about 60 the other about 123 French feet in depth, connected by a low and narrow gallery, so that the whole resembles in form the Hebrew letter ז . The upper shaft is not perpendicular but considerably inclined to the horizon, which will naturally account for the result which Greaves experienced, while the depth of the second, which only is properly the well, very exactly answers to the statement of Pliny. Maillet describes the bottom as dry. Dr. Clarke heard the dash of water. We do not know the time of year at which the former made his trial, but if its emptiness or fullness coincides with the inundation of the Nile, the fact of the secret communication with the river, which Pliny also ascribes to it, would be satisfactorily established, and we may be even led to suspect that it was originally intended to serve as a Mikeas.

The Pyramids of Sakara are well known to be only inferior in interest to those of Gizeh; and in an excursion which our travellers made to them soon after their return to Cairo, Dr. Clarke conceived himself able to trace in the various forms of the sepulchral monuments which abound in that vicinity, the gradual progress of improvement, from the primæval mound common to all ancient nations, to the perfect form of the Pyramid. During this excursion they witnessed at the village of Sheik Atmann some Arab dances, which, though the females who performed in them were of the same profession with the Almehs of Cairo, appear, from the superior beauty of the dancers, to have been far more interesting.

In this neighbourhood were some dwarf varieties of the palm tree, of which the fruit hung so low as to be within reach of the hand; and, near Etterfile, a large quantity of the indigo plant was growing which, by the Arabs, (from whom the Portugeze and Spanish planters bore the name to the West Indies,) is called Nilè or Anilè. They saw two Arabs crossing the Nile, where it was at least half a mile wide, by means of empty gourds, which they used instead of bladders. Their clothes were fastened on their heads. In his observations on the mummy-pits Dr. Clarke is led to animadvert on the falsehood of the common opinion, that the mummies were placed *upright* in these cemeteries, and supposes that the words of Herodotus, which have been generally quoted to this effect, relate only to those particular mummies which were kept in the houses of their descendants. The truth is, that there appears to have been a difference in the mode of burial; and we can see no reason to doubt the statement of Maillet, that many of the bodies were in a recumbent posture, while others, probably the masters of families, were set up in niches, after the manner described by Herodotus. We know, indeed, that though the Arabs are (as Colonel Squire and Mr. Hamilton found) very jealous of shewing a mummy in its original tomb,—other travellers have found means to conquer this jealousy; and Mr. Legh describes a mummy pit, well stocked with these remains, 'some of which were lying on the ground, but *many still standing* in the niches where they had been originally placed.'—*Journey in Egypt*, &c. p. 106.

An elaborate description follows of a hieroglyphical tablet obtained by Mr. Hammer, and destined by him for the oriental cabinet at Vienna. On this we shall only observe that Dr. Clarke is mistaken in supposing that a *bald head* was a distinctive mark of the sacerdotal order in ancient Egypt. Herodotus, indeed, informs us that the priests observed the ceremony of shaving with much exactness; but he informs us also that this custom was common to all the inhabitants of the country, and it is to this exposure of their heads to the sun that he ascribes that superior hardness of scull which, for many generations after the celebrated battle of Pelusium, distinguished the remains of the Egyptian warriors from those of their Persian invaders.—*Thalia*, § 12.

The horses of our author's Arab guides were the finest he had seen in the whole course of his travels; and the Arab grooms were regarded by the English officers as superior to those even of their own country. These horses do not lie down at night, but sleep standing, with one foot fastened to the piquet. The same peculiarity is mentioned by the ingenious author of the Field Sports of India, as observable in some of the best Arab steeds which are carried

carried to that country. They continue the whole night in ceaseless and uniform motion, rocking their bodies from side to side, and, apparently, as much refreshed by the sleep obtained in this posture as if they had been extended in a well-littered stall. But the horses who have this habit are generally remarkable for their capricious and ungovernable temper.

Few travellers, we believe, have ever returned from a visit to the Pyramids without some new hypothesis respecting their use or origin; and, though we do not ourselves think that Dr. Clarke has been in this attempt more successful than his predecessors, yet whatever he says is so well said,—and even impossibilities become in his hands so interesting, and even plausible, that we should do neither him nor our readers justice did we pass over without notice what he has advanced respecting these stupendous and singular structures. His hypothesis coincides so far with the accounts of the ancient Greeks, (on whom, nevertheless, he throws several imputations which we shall not stay to combat,) as to suppose that the Pyramids are tombs, and that the granite chest which is found in the largest was originally intended for a coffin. He rejects, however, entirely all that the Greeks have told us respecting the names of their founders, and the circumstances under which they were erected; and has recourse, as he tells us, to Arabic or Jewish tradition, to prove that some of these vast piles were raised by the Israelites during their abode in Egypt, and that the particular Pyramid which is now open was the tomb of the patriarch Joseph. Its being now open is, of course, accounted for by the fact that his bones were removed by his countrymen on their departure for Canaan: and the improbability that the Israelites alone could have raised so enormous a pile is met by the assertion (in which Dr. Clarke is countenanced by many learned men,) that the Egyptians also venerated Joseph as a god,—that he was their Apis or Serapis, and perhaps their Osiris also, that, consequently, the united strength of both nations would be joined in paying honour to his memory, while many circumstances in the Egyptian mythology, such as the loss of Osiris's body, the exhibition of his empty coffin, were derived from the departure of the Hebrews, and the abstraction of the Patriarch's relics.

It cannot be denied that a very plausible solution is thus offered of several perplexing particulars in the present state and ancient history of the principal pyramid; and we bear a willing testimony to the learning and ingenuity which our author has displayed in the defence and illustration of this novel theory. But the severity of criticism compels us to examine the foundation on which this fairy fabric reposes, and having done so, to conclude, with real concern, that

that not one of all the suppositions on which Dr. Clarke relies, can bear a close investigation. He apprehends, in the first place, that it may be proved from history that, about the time when the principal Pyramids were erected, the posterity of Joseph inhabited that part of Egypt where alone Pyramids are found. Now the only two authorities whom he cites to fix the date of these structures are Herodotus and Manetho. The first of these, indeed, he professes not to believe: yet, if he did not believe him, it is not very clear why he adduced him as evidence. Be that as it may, Herodotus ascribes the three principal Pyramids to Cheops, and his two successors. But Cheops was fourth in descent from Sesostris; and we have met with no system of chronology which does not make Sesostris *later* than the departure of the Israelites from Egypt. If, indeed, we follow the authority of Marsham and Sir Isaac Newton, Sesostris was contemporary with Jeroboam, so that the erection of the three principal Pyramids is thrown at a vast distance indeed from the time to which Dr. Clarke refers it. Nor, if we give credit to those imperfect and extremely corrupt fragments of Manetho which have descended to our time, will the matter be at all improved, since he refers the great Pyramid to a certain King Suphis, who, on the most moderate computation, must have *preceded* Joseph by 500 years, a difference as fatal to Dr. Clarke's hypothesis as the other. Let the Israelites, then, have lived in whatever part of Egypt Dr. Clarke may think fit to place them, it is plain that neither Herodotus nor Manetho lead us to believe that they lived there at the time when this Pyramid was erected. But, further, we have no reason to suppose that the posterity of Joseph possessed a single acre, or pitched a single tent in that part of Egypt where only the Pyramids are found. Goshen, which was allotted for the residence of their nation, and where (Exod. viii. 22.) the great body of that nation dwelt, was not the Memphitic but the Heliopolitan nome, which is, as Dr. Clarke has proved, on the *Arabian* or *opposite* side of the river. No distinction of abode is any where implied between the descendants of Joseph and the remaining tribes, and, even if we did not know the situation of Goshen, we should look for Joseph's children and his own residence in that district, Heliopolis, with whose princes he was connected by marriage. The 'land' which the children of Israel are said to have filled with their numbers was, therefore, not Egypt in general, but Goshen only; and, even if the passage were well translated which tells us that Joseph 'was blessed even unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills,'—(Gen. xlix. 26.) it evidently relates, and has been always understood to relate, to the mountainous territory of Ephraim and Manasseh, in the Promised Land, and not to imply, what is quite inconsistent with the rest of Scripture, that they occupied

occupied the whole valley of Egypt. So far from satisfactory is the answer of Dr. Clarke to the first query.

He, secondly, inquires, 'whether there is any thing in the Pyramids which corresponds with the known customs of the Israelites?' Here we thought ourselves completely at a stand.—All the known sepulchres of the Hebrews are catacombs, not pyramids; and never, even in the times of their greatest prosperity, did they raise such stupendous structures as these over their dead. But Joseph, according to the Scriptures, was laid in a coffin in Egypt to wait the time when his countrymen should carry his bones with them into Canaan; and that word which we render *coffin*, is by the LXX translated ΣΟΠΟΣ, which Dr. Clarke defines to be a vast stone coffin such as the Romans and Greeks called 'sarcophagus.'—But such a ΣΟΠΟΣ is found in the principal pyramid; which, therefore, contains something that corresponds with the peculiar circumstances of Joseph's own interment, which may be taken as a sample of the mode of interment practised by his countrymen. *Therefore*, as the σοπος is conformable to the custom of the Israelites, the pyramid which contains it must be so too,—and consequently it becomes *probable*, that both were constructed by that nation!—It unfortunately happens, first,—that we have *no reason* to take Joseph's funeral as a sample of the usual customs of his race. His case was a remarkable one, and the ceremonies observed in consequence might be adapted both to his situation as Vizier of Egypt, and the necessity of preserving his body for the convenience of transportation at a future time. Secondly, if we allowed that the stone soros was consistent with the known customs of the Israelites—yet as σοπος and pyramids do not always go together, it would be a very wild proceeding to infer the last from the former; or to maintain that no other soros could have contained the patriarch's body than that which is found in the pyramid. But, further, Dr. Clarke is mistaken in supposing that Joseph's coffin must necessarily have been of stone. The word Σοπος is notoriously used for coffins of any material whatever; and, in particular, for that *shell*, or *bier*, in which the later Jews, and, to this day, all the nations of the East are carried to interment.—(See Luke vii. 11.) And that Joseph's Joseph's coffin was *not* of stone, we gather, first, from the improbability that such a receptacle would be provided for a corpse which was eventually to be transported elsewhere. Secondly, from the known custom of the Egyptians, to keep the dead bodies of their relations a considerable time in their houses, preserved not in stone but in chests of sycomore. Thirdly, because the Hebrew word ארון which the LXX render σοπος, is, wherever it occurs in Scripture, exclusively applied to wooden chests or vessels, and is derived from ארז 'an ash tree.' It is plain then, that we have

have from Scripture no reason to believe that Joseph's body was placed in a stone sarcophagus, or that, during its abode in Egypt, it was laid in any tomb whatever; consequently, the occurrence of an open pyramid and empty sarcophagus cannot present any striking coincidence with the facts related of his obsequies.

To the improbability that the Israelites could of themselves have raised so enormous a mass as any of these pyramids, Dr. Clarke is not insensible; and he seeks to obviate the difficulty by supposing that the Egyptians had an equal honour for Joseph's memory and joined with them in this pious labour.—This he grounds on the opinion that Joseph, after his death, was deified under the character of Apis or Serapis. This notion, which Vossius and Athanasius Kircher first dragged from its obscurity, was entertained by a few christian writers, of whom Rufinus was the chief, (for St. Augustine is known not to be the author of the work *de Mirabilibus Scripturæ*,) and depends, after all, on a tradition that Apis had been a good king or father of a family who distributed corn during a famine. Now this is, on the face of it, too vague to apply to Joseph in particular, since many famines and many benefactors besides might have arisen since the foundation of the most ancient monarchy in the world. But, when we learn from Rufinus, that this story was found not in *Egyptian*, but in *Greek* writers, (we know not whom, nor does Rufinus himself appear to have known,)—(Hist. Eccles. L. II. c. xliii.)—no more need be said to shew how little dependance can be placed on such a testimony. But it is, moreover, in utter contradiction, if we believe Herodotus, to the principles of the Egyptian mythology, to deify mortal heroes at all.—Euterpe, 50. So that the story of Rufinus is confuted by a far better and more ancient authority. And, waving this objection, if Joseph was not deified in the times immediately succeeding his decease, and while the gratitude of the nation was yet warm, it is idle to fancy that he became the principal God of the Egyptians after the departure of the Israelites.—But if he had been thus honoured *previous* to their departure, and if, as Dr. Clarke supposes, the greatest of the pyramids had been but recently constructed to his memory by the joint labours both of Egypt and Israel, in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis; it is utterly impossible that his renown and merits could have been forgotten by the Egyptians at the time of Moses's birth. We know, however, that they *were* thus forgotten and disregarded, since it is expressly said of the King of Egypt, and it is noticed as the primary cause of the oppression to which Israel was subjected by him,—that he 'knew not Joseph.'—(Exod. i. 8.) But, though Joseph was forgotten or disregarded, it is plain from the whole history of the golden calf, (Exod. xxxii. 4.) not only that the Israelites
had

had learnt in Egypt to worship Apis, but that they regarded him as the symbol, not of their own deceased countryman, but of the supreme Deity—Jehovah.—(See verse 5.) It is *certain* then, that Joseph was *not* Apis; it is *highly improbable* that he was ever worshipped by the Egyptians; and we have as yet seen no reason whatever for believing that either the Egyptians or Israelites were inclined to raise a pyramid to his memory.

Nor, thirdly, does the present state of the great pyramid, which has been, evidently, opened with considerable labour and violence, by any means tally with the Scripture account of the manner in which the Israelites left Egypt.—Their numbers would, in this respect, avail them nothing, since if, while they were in a state of abject slavery, they had marched an army beyond their own limits and into the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, his Memphitic Majesty would have had sufficient reason for alarm and jealousy, and some plausible grounds for increasing their tax of bricks, seeing they had leisure enough to open pyramids. Nor, as the removal of Joseph's bones could be only understood as declaratory of their intention to leave Egypt at all events, would this measure have been suffered by that government which so obstinately refused them permission to emigrate. But, after this permission was granted, no time remained for any proceeding of the kind; they were driven out of Egypt the same night without so much as time to prepare their provisions, and were the next morning encamped at Birket el Hadje on the western frontier of the kingdom.

After this it is, perhaps, useless to examine Dr. Clarke's fourth and last ground of belief, which is taken from the traditions of the Egyptians, the Arabians, and the Jews. The first, as contained in Manetho, if they were worth any thing, are, as we have shewn, directly hostile to his hypothesis. The second, which are of still less weight, leave us in doubt whether the pyramids were built by Joseph or Pharaoh, or some king who reigned before the flood. But Joseph is in Egypt, what Nimrod is in Assyria, and Solomon in Palestine, the person to whom all unclaimed antiquities are referred. Pharaoh, which is Coptic for 'King,' was the common title of all the Egyptian sovereigns from the time of Abraham down to the Persian conquest; and the antediluvian founder,—though this tallies well enough with Manetho,—Dr. Clarke will not thank us for. Josephus alone, of all the Jewish writers, makes any mention of the pyramids, and he, without naming any pyramid in particular, and without ever insinuating that one of them was intended for Joseph's tomb, merely tells us, that among other labours, such as embankments, canals, &c. the Egyptians obliged his nation to contribute to the construction of *pyramids*. Now this is certainly probable in itself, and it becomes more

so when we consider the tradition mentioned by Herodotus, that the stones of which the pyramids are constructed were hewn amid the mountains on the eastern side of the Nile, and, consequently, in the very territory which Israel occupied. Though the making of bricks is particularly specified, we, at the same time, learn from Moses that this was only a part of their labours, (Exod. i. 14.) and hewing of stones may well have been another. At all events, we should agree with Dr. Clarke in assigning the brick pyramid of Hillahoun to them, if it were not for the consideration that Moses, who specifies their building for Pharaoh 'the treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses,' would hardly have omitted to notice an edifice so burdensome in the construction and so renowned when finished, as even a single pyramid must have been.

On the whole, we can find no reason for depriving Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycenius of the wicked renown of having raised the useless and oppressive piles which bear their name; and though it is impossible to say when the first pyramids were erected,* and whether some of them may be or may not be the work of the Israelites, it is utterly unlikely that any of them were raised by this people on their own account, or in honour of the Patriarch Joseph.

After all, it is hardly necessary to dive into so remote an antiquity in order to account for the dilapidated state of the great pyramid, when we have good reason to refer its violation to the Caliph Almaimoun in the ninth century after Christ. This statement indeed, which the best Arabic historians agree in, Dr. Clarke, who lays so much stress on Arabic tradition, regards as a fable. His reasons are, first, that the pyramid was *open* in the time of Strabo. Secondly, that Almaimoun could not have attempted it at the only place where entrance was possible, without a more perfect knowledge of the interior than he was likely to possess, supposing it to have been closed till then. To the first, we reply, that Strabo doubtless gives us to understand that the interior of the pyramid was accessible, but under very different circumstances from those of its present dilapidated entrance. 'In the middle of the sides,' he tells us, 'is a stone which may be taken out, and, when this is removed, a tunnel which leads to the coffin, &c.' It is plain from this account, that in the time of Strabo, the side on which the entrance is was furnished with the same flights of stone as the other three, and that, one of the stones being removed, the secret of

* Dr. Clarke supposes Herodotus to have fixed on Mæris as the first builder of pyramids. But Herodotus only says, that Mæris 'built pyramids,' not that he first raised edifices of the kind.—Euterpe, § 101. It is impossible to compare Herodotus with those fragments of Manetho which yet remain, without observing the difference in favour of the former.

which was, probably, with the priests, the passage was discovered; and, as he does not say, 'in one of the sides,' but ἐν μεσσοῖς τῶν πλευρῶν, it may be conjectured, either that there are other entrances as yet concealed in the *remaining three sides*,—or, which is more likely, that Strabo, who does not say that he himself had entered the sepulchre, did not know in *which side* the moveable stone was, and, therefore, expresses himself thus ambiguously.—But, if the knowledge of the particular stone which was moveable, or the means of removing it were lost, as they well might be, in the lapse of time and the ruin of the ancient religion, it is far from improbable that Alnaimoun might endeavour to open this celebrated tomb, and that the present entrance was hewn by his labourers, who may also be supposed to have dislodged King Cheops from his granite chamber. Nor is it incredible that such a general knowledge of the proper place in which to begin their labours might be obtained in the time of this Caliph, as would enable him, with some previous search, (for the openers of the pyramid appear to have begun too high,) to discover the only practicable access to the interior. For this the account of Strabo would be, in fact, sufficient; and as Alnaimoun was a lover of learning, and patronized translations from the Greek, he is, perhaps, the most likely of all the Arab princes, even during the time of their greatest renown, to attempt the exploring of an ancient monument, or to have persons about him who were acquainted with Strabo's volume. It would be but reasonable to expect that such an attempt would be decorated with many fabulous circumstances by the Arabic historians; but the event is, in itself, far from unlikely, and, if it were altogether untrue, it is not easy to conceive how such a fable could have originated.

An account is given, at some length, of the manner in which our travellers first received intelligence of the trilingual tablet of Rosetta and that magnificent sarcophagus which lays claim to the honour of having contained the body of Alexander. The same subject is renewed afterwards, while giving an account of Alexandria, and we can readily participate in the natural and laudable exultation with which Dr. Clarke describes the unavailing artifices and remonstrances of Menou, and the disinterested zeal and industry which he himself exerted in securing these precious relics of antiquity to the public collection of his country.

Alexandria had capitulated while our author was at Cairo: but when he arrived in the English camp, on the 10th of September, the French were still in the town, which they were little less impatient to leave than the unfortunate inhabitants were to get rid of them. They had practised here the same oppression, and displayed the same avarice and cruelty which the soldiers of Buonaparte's school have every where indulged. They had carried their cruelty to their

their Turkish prisoners to the severest extremities, 'making them work, like horses, at their mills, and in drawing water.' Some of these unfortunate wretches Dr. Clarke met with, on his first entrance into the city, who had been liberated that morning from their dungeon, and who 'were endeavouring, literally, to *crawl* towards their camp.'

'The legs of these poor creatures, swollen to a size that was truly horrible, were covered with large ulcers, and their eyes were terrible from inflammation. Some, too weak to advance, had fallen on the sand, where they were exposed to the scorching beams of the sun. Immediately on seeing us they uttered such moans that might have pierced the hearts of their cruel oppressors. They begged for water, but we had none to give them; for, eager in the pursuit of our object, we had neglected to supply ourselves with provisions. We succeeded, but not without difficulty, in prevailing on some Arabs to take care of them until relief could be obtained.' 'We had afterwards the happiness of hearing that they reached the Turkish camp.'—p. 241.

Of these unfortunate captives it was calculated that upwards of forty perished every day from the miseries to which their conquerors exposed them. After these truths, which Dr. Clarke has told honestly and with all the indignation of a humane and virtuous mind, it is amusing to find how much the civilities which he himself received from the officers and learned men of the French army have induced him to qualify his censures; to speak of 'the urbanity which is characteristic of the French people even towards their enemies,'—p. 277, and to distinguish between Frenchmen in general and 'the sample which their army in Egypt afforded.'—p. 243. Unhappily for the cause of humanity, the conduct of Menou's army in Egypt did not differ from that of Massena's in Portugal; and Hamburgh and Tarragona have as dismal a story to tell as was told by the merchants of Alexandria. Still, however, we would not be mistaken. It is not on the national character of Frenchmen, but on the system of wickedness and violence which began with Buonaparte, and we trust has ended with him, that we would fling the blame of these accumulated and successive horrors; and the mass of the people are no otherwise guilty than as they suffered their vanity to blind them to these crimes, and endured, in their leaders, a conduct which was at variance with the ancient and habitual feelings of their nation, and our common nature. It is well, however, that these things should be remembered,—not in reproach to those who were, in no small degree, fellow sufferers with the rest of the world, but as a warning to them and to ourselves against those who, after indulging in every excess of lawless pride and cruelty, have begun at length, in their adversity, to speak of national faith, of peace, of freedom, and humanity.

Dr. Clarke deduces from the decay of the obelisks at Alexandria, and from similar appearances on other ancient buildings,—a fact well worthy the notice of those who are concerned in the erection of national monuments,—that granite, namely, from the decomposition of its feldspar by exposure to the atmosphere, is less calculated for works of duration than pure homogeneous marble, or even than common limestone. Of the latter we have such abundance in this country, that there is every reason for preferring it to the more costly materials, as well as to the more beautiful, but far less durable sandstone, employed in most of our finest buildings.

Of the two obelisks known by the name of Cleopatra's Needles, one only is now standing. A subscription was raised by several officers of our army and navy to remove to Great Britain its fallen companion, which, as it now lies on the sand, measures seven feet square at the base, and sixty-six feet in length. Lord Cavan presided in this undertaking, which was worthy of the ancient Romans, and would, probably, have been attended with complete success, had not, for some unexplained reason, the sailors of our fleet been forbidden to assist in the labour.

Dr. Clarke gives some probable reasons why the emperor named in the inscription on the base of Pompey's Pillar is not, as is generally supposed, Diocletian but Hadrian, and attempts also to prove that this magnificent monument was really erected to the unfortunate general whose name tradition has assigned to it. The Arabs, it seems, call it the ruins of 'Julius Cæsar's Palace.' But Julius Cæsar is said by Appian to have really built a monument over the place where Pompey's head was buried, in the suburbs of Alexandria, which was afterwards destroyed by the Alexandrian Jews during their revolt under Trajan. Further, we learn from Lucan and Valerius Maximus, that the head of Pompey was enclosed in an urn. But it was sometimes the practice of the Romans to place their cinerary urns in conspicuous and lofty situations. Therefore the *monument* built by Cæsar to Nemesis, in memory of Pompey's murder, was the *pillar* in question, which having been overturned by the Jews, was reinstated by Hadrian, of whom we learn, on good authority, that he repaired the monument formerly raised to Pompey. This is really a plausible structure of hypothesis; but the worst is that Appian, as referred to by Dr. Clarke himself, does not describe Pompey's monument as a pillar, but as a *chapel, shrine, or sacred inclosure*, (τῆμενος,) and as having been destroyed by the Jews to supply the 'necessities of war.' But in no necessities of war could a pillar of this kind be useful; so that, it is apparent, the testimony of Appian is decisive against the notion that this pillar was raised by Julius Cæsar to Pompey's memory, while the new name of 'Pompey's Pillar,' given

it by we know not whom, and known to the Franks only, is by far too weak to build any hypothesis on its foundation, and was, in all probability, as vaguely assigned to this monument by the travellers of the sixteenth century, as the name of Cleopatra was given to the obelisks, and to the creek which is called her 'bath.' With the Arabs all the Cæsars are identified with Julius, as all the Pharaohs are with the adversary of Moses; so that his name being assigned to it by their tradition is a circumstance of no moment whatever. And the inscription itself, which remains on its base, is decisive of the fact that it was erected, as it now stands, in honour not of Pompey, but of Diocletian or Hadrian. The unfortunate Roman general has, then, as little claim to this pillar as Joseph to the Great Pyramid; but it is certain that, in the manner in which its base is supported, there are many circumstances which lead us to suspect that this foundation is the work of later and less skilful hands than those which carved the shaft and capital. Nor have we forgot what has entirely, to all appearance, escaped Dr. Clarke's memory,—his own conjectures among the ruins of Alexandria Troas, and the remarkable coincidence of a pillar of similar dimensions, lying prostrate among the other works of the same great monarch who founded the capital of Macedonian Egypt. If we conceive Alexander to have been the founder, and one of the later Roman emperors the restorer of this Στήλη, we shall have formed, perhaps, a more probable conjecture than if we still adhere to the notion that it relates to the unfortunate rival of Julius.

It is remarkable that the catacombs of Alexandria, the most extensive in all Egypt, and, perhaps, in the world, should have attracted, comparatively, little attention from the numerous travellers who have visited this ruined metropolis. Dr. Clarke, who among the tombs is always at home, has been, perhaps, the first who has done sufficient justice to the regularity of their plan, the chaste and awful simplicity of their ornaments, and the long and gloomy arcades of this subterranean city of death and silence. Twelve large halls, besides many smaller apartments, surrounded with places adapted to receive bodies in a recumbent posture, are disposed in a form not very dissimilar from the ancient symbol of the trident, and conclude with a circular sanctuary covered with a simple dome, which is hewn, like all the rest, in the solid rock. In this part of the excavation an ornament appears which Colonel Squire took for a crescent, but which Dr. Clarke more probably apprehended to be the *winged globe*, which, according to Macrobius, was the Egyptian symbol of Serapis, the Lord of the dead.

The occurrence, however, of this single hieroglyphic, appropriate to any cemetery, and as likely to be employed by the Ptolemies as by the original possessors of the land, is not sufficient to induce us

to regard these extensive excavations as vestiges of an antiquity greater than that of Alexander, and as marking the site of the ancient Egyptian city of Racotis. Racotis was not a *city*. It is called by Stephanus '*a small town*,' and by Strabo merely '*a village*.' It was built by the Egyptian kings as a fortress to shut out the Greeks from that noble harbour of which their own superstitious hatred of commerce prevented their making use, and was possessed not by any respectable caste of Egyptians, but by a colony of those graziers whom their religion regarded as unclean. There was, indeed, an ancient chapel here, dedicated to Isis and Serapis; but we have no reason whatever for supposing that this was hewn in the rock, and it is utterly improbable that a paltry fishing town should be adorned with a series of sepulchres superior to the royal caves of Thebes, and which evidently required the labour of a numerous population, and the patronage of a resident monarch. As little claim has Dr. Clarke's circular crypt to the appropriate title of Serapeum, which last named building was not a *cave*, but a magnificent structure raised on an artificial mound,—on the site, indeed, of the ancient chapel of Racotis, but in a different quarter of the suburbs from the *Necropolis*.

Serapis, no less than Apis, was regarded by some early Christian writers as a symbol of the Patriarch Joseph. Dr. Clarke, though he in this place agrees with Jablonski and Macrobius in explaining both the one and the other to be the sun, distinguished by his residence in the winter and summer signs of the zodiac, is yet unwilling to abandon his former hypothesis, which he vainly endeavours to reconcile with the physico-theology of his allies by the assertion that, 'if the sun in Hades was called Serapis, Joseph, having descended thither, and being "even as the sun," according to a style of deification which was invariable in Egypt, would receive the name of Serapis, after the same manner in which the name of Vulcan, father of the sun, was, so many ages after, applied to Ptolemy by the priests of Egypt.'—p. 284, 285.

If going into Hades made Joseph 'even as the sun,' it must be owned that this planet must have been extremely multiplied in Egypt. But, first, to say that Joseph, after his decease, was *identified* with the God Serapis, (as it implies that Serapis was already known and honoured,) is something very different from what Dr. Clarke had previously maintained, that 'the worship of Serapis' derived '*its origin* from the death of the Patriarch Joseph.'—Nor, secondly, though our author tells us that this style of deification, (the identifying, namely, a deceased hero with one of their ancient divinities,) was '*invariable* in Egypt,' has he produced any instance in which such posthumous flattery has been adopted in Egypt or any other country. The most which the idolatrous servility of the
ancients

ancients arrived at, and it was more than the Egyptians can be ever shewn to have done, was to add their heroes to the synod of the elder immortals, or to turn them into a *new star*. They did not dream that any of the ancient Gods evacuated his robes, his throne, his name and existence, to gratify the ambition of the new comer. If Augustus had become Jupiter, how could they have got rid of the old son of Saturn?—If Joseph were changed into the Sun, what became of the former luminary? But to celebrate a monarch, as *resembling Vulcan* in wisdom, or the Sun in extent of empire,—or, in the language of flattery, to assign him a celestial origin, is very far from applying to him ‘the name of Vulcan or of the Sun,’ and this is all which is done for Ptolemy in the trilingual inscription of Rosetta.

Both Gibbon and Dr. Clarke have singularly mistaken the tenour of the story told by Tacitus and others, which supposes the famous image of the Alexandrian Serapis to have been imported by Ptolemy from Pontus. That story, whether true or false, is by no means inconsistent with the Egyptian derivation of the name, or with the honours paid, from a very early age, to their Deity in Memphis. Ptolemy dreamed that a figure adorned with particular symbols appeared to him. An image resembling his dream was found in Pontus, and, when brought into Egypt, was recognized by the priests as the proper and orthodox representation of their God Serapis. It was not, then, the introduction of a new *Deity*, but of a new and miraculous *image* of a well-known God; and, though the former might have shocked the prejudices of the Egyptians, the latter had nothing in it which could offend them. The whole has extremely the air of some well known legends in the Romish church, and was, probably, contrived for the purpose of throwing an air of wonder and mystery over the magnificent temple, by which Ptolemy thought to transmit his own name to posterity. If it were necessary to suppose such an image was really found in Sinope, or that Ptolemy had not first sent it there to enhance the miracle, it would be easy to conclude that this trading city had, at some unknown period, imported an Egyptian idol; or that this deity had been derived to them from the colony which Sesostriis left in their neighbourhood during his celebrated expedition.

With this visit to Alexandria our author's African travels concluded. A Turkish frigate then lying in the roads was ordered by the Capudan Pasha to convey him to Constantinople, and the Mohammedan admiral vainly attempted, through his interest, to obtain an entrance for his fleet into the harbour of Alexandria before the city was finally evacuated by the French. This manœuvre was evidently intended to obtain the plunder of the city for his Galeongies, and was, with great propriety, met by a positive refusal,

fusal, which did not, however, produce, as our travellers expected, a recal of the mandate for their passage. The base treachery of the Capudan Pasha towards the Mameluke Beys, which took place soon after Dr. Clarke left Alexandria, is detailed in a note from the valuable manuscript of the lamented Colonel Squire. Its circumstances are generally known. There can be but one opinion as to the villainy of the transaction; but, we confess, we cannot understand on what principles of common sense, or sound feeling, Dr. Clarke can say that 'none of the real or supposed massacres of Buonaparte can be said to have equalled this in treachery or atrocity.'—p. 293, note.

Now, what was the real extent of the Pasha's crime? He invited the Beys to visit him; he endeavoured to kidnap them on board his ship;—they naturally resisted, and, in the scuffle which followed, not, as it appears, from any previous design to assassinate them, three of the eight persons concerned were killed, and two drowned in their attempt to escape, while another was severely wounded. We say there was no previous design to assassinate, because the two who surrendered were not injured at all, and the wounded man was taken care of. It was crime enough, no doubt, to lay so treacherous a scheme in order to make them prisoners and send them to Constantinople; and the person who contrived it was guilty, in foro conscientiæ, of the bloodshed which followed. But their death was not the thing intended, nor any thing more than Buonaparte himself, with, at least, equal treachery, accomplished in the forcible abduction of Ferdinand VII. to Fontainebleau. But what is this to Buonaparte's massacre at Jaffa? We conclude Dr. Clarke is at last convinced that *this* is something more than a fable, since Buonaparte himself acknowledges it. But at Jaffa, Buonaparte, in cold blood, not in an incidental affray, premeditatedly, and as a part of his regular plan, not in attempting to carry a different plan into execution, destroyed by military execution not *five*, but, according to his own statement, *five hundred*; and, if Sir Robert Wilson's information spoke truth, *five thousand* human beings, of whom many must have been, at least, as brave and virtuous, and of whom all were endued with the same capacity of pleasure and pain, as the Mamelukes whom Dr. Clarke deplores so deeply. Buonaparte's victims, being his prisoners and unarmed, were as absolutely under his protection as the Beys under the Capudan Pasha, and, as we proved in a late Number, had done no more to forfeit that protection than the unfortunate rulers of Egypt. We do not blame Dr. Clarke for expressing his feelings strongly, nor for feeling a due indignation against Turkish treachery and bloodshed. But it is a fatal effect of that 'prestige' which Buonaparte was able to cast round his crimes, and of that resolution to believe nothing against him,

him, which party feelings have produced in too many of our countrymen, that an able man, (like Dr. Clarke) a candid and honest man, (for such he evidently is,) and a humane man, (as every part of his writings shews him to be,) should be found, at the present day, inclined to deal so unequal a measure of reprobation to the incidental murderer of five, and to the cold-blooded wholesale executioner of an army. We gladly turn from this unaccountable obliquity of feeling, and accompany Dr. Clarke on board the Turkish frigate, which he found in a state of confusion very alarming to those who were to make their voyage in her. They were told by two Ragusan officers, whom they found in the ward-room, 'that the superannuated captain of the frigate had never been to sea before his present voyage; that, at the age of seventy, he had espoused a relation of the Capudan Pasha's, and obtained in consequence his appointment to the frigate; that his nephew, a young man, had rather more experience, and held a station similar to that of first-lieutenant on board one of our ships. All the business of steering the vessel was left to the two Ragusans, and to an old pilot who had never consulted a chart in his life; the captain's nephew having the management of the crew, and the care of the rigging. A few French prisoners were kept in irons, ready to be sent aloft in rough weather. To these were added, a sturdy buffoon, who might be considered as burlesquing the office of boatswain; it was his duty to keep the crew in good-humour by all sorts of tricks and jokes; to promise, and sometimes to distribute, *bachshish*,* when any additional hands were required in aid of the French prisoners aloft, and when the Turkish sailors refused, as they constantly did, to venture from the deck; an idiot, held sacred as a saint, and kept on board for good luck; a couple of dervishes; an auctioneer, employed daily in hawking commodities for sale between the decks; an immense concourse of passengers, from all parts of the Levant; pilgrims upon their return from Mecca; Tartars, as couriers; sixty Arabian horses, belonging to the Capudan Pasha, with their Arab grooms; venders of coffee and tobacco, who had regular shops established in different parts of the ship;—and, to sum up the whole, a couple of English travellers, with their interpreter, a Greek, who was continually crossing himself at the scene of confusion he witnessed.'—vol. iii. pp. 308, 309.

With such a commander and such a crew, the voyage was not to be performed without adventures. Their inattention to the signals of the fleet, exposed them, very early in their course, to a shot from some of the British cruizers; and the ancient and laudable custom of crowding all sail in uncertain weather, procured them the loss of their foresail before the French prisoners could be unfettered to get it in. These mishaps were duly imputed by the captain to the presence of infidels on board,—their advice, which

* 'An expression answering to drink-money in English.'

they

they thought fit to offer during a gale of wind, excited as much contempt and anger in their bearded Palinurus as a British officer could have felt if a landsman were to instruct him in his duty; and though Dr. Clarke, who found a sextant in the cabin, was able to inform them of that which they before knew nothing of—the latitude of the vessel and her distance from Rhodes and Cyprus—he had no other thanks for his discovery than contemptuous pity for the slow means by which the infidels acquired that knowledge which Mohammedans possess by instinct. After all, absurd as this appears, the Turkish are not the only mariners by whom the use of the sextant is little known or practised, nor is the Mediterranean the only sea in which it may be neglected with impunity. When some years ago an American vessel was condemned as English at Copenhagen, because no sextant was on board, and because the Danish courts would not believe that a voyage across the Atlantic was practicable without such an aid, all the other American captains in the harbour came forward to state, that the instrument was with them neither necessary nor usual, and that they had frequently made the passage with no other guide than the compass and their reckoning of the vessel's course, till they made the north of Ireland. Whether British merchant vessels are better provided, is more than we can answer.

The first land they fell in with were the mountains of Lycia, which afforded them by night a fine specimen of the same natural phenomenon of meteoric fires, for which, as was noticed in the last volume, the coast of Samos is remarkable, and which Dr. Clarke, with much probability, conjectures to have given rise, in the present instance, to the ancient story of the flaming mountain Chimæra.—Thence, coasting Rhodes, they arrived, on the 4th of October, off the island of Cos, where our travellers, having still much to do in Greece, and being heartily tired of the Turkish frigate, took advantage of a small boat which was engaged to convey an Egyptian dervise to the shore,—and were, a second time, safely landed in the town of Stanchio. Here they found a new Greek bishop just appointed by the Porte, whose only prospects of reimbursing himself for the money which that *congé d'élire* had cost him, were the fees of his office as justice of the peace, a situation which, in these islands, the bishops usually hold. They received a visit from their old friend the French consul, who was in a state nearly approaching to beggary, not having received a single *sous* from his government since he arrived in the island,—and in whose behalf Dr. Clarke made a fruitless and, it must be owned, an unpromising appeal to the patriotism and purses of a ship full of French officers who touched at this island in their passage from Egypt. They remained four days in Stanchio, during which time they copied
some

some inscriptions, two of which are of a very singular and interesting character, purporting to be honours paid by the senate and people of Rhodes, to the filial piety and conjugal 'benevolence' of 'Suetonia the daughter of Caius' and 'Anaxinæa wife of Charmylus.'

'What an exalted idea,' Dr. Clarke observes, 'do these records convey of the state of society, in a country where the private virtues of the inhabitants were considered as public benefits,—and were gratefully and publicly commemorated by the senate and the people; where the filial piety and the chastity of its women were thus honoured and rewarded! Even amidst the depraved state of public morals, in the modern cities, were these virtues estimated at as high a price, *each nation would have to boast of an Anaxinæa and a Suetonia!*'—p. 325.

This is virtuously and eloquently said, and we heartily sympathize in the praises bestowed on these worthy Rhodian ladies; but there are some circumstances in Dr. Clarke's eulogium, which might excite, perhaps, a smile in the profane. A directly contrary inference might be drawn as to the state of female virtue in those countries where common duty and common chastity were of so rare occurrence as to be rewarded by statues and trophies; and, bad as the state of morals may be in these degenerate days, it is rather an unjust aspersion on London and Paris, to insinuate that neither the one nor the other, as things now are, can boast of *one good wife or dutiful daughter*. To say the truth, we are ourselves a little sceptical as to the utility of a public bonus on private virtues; nor do we think that the most exemplary matrons of modern times would particularly covet the renown of seeing their names fastened up, in their own lifetime, on a wall, and having their domestic behaviour subjected to the scrutiny and praises of a mayor and corporation. At all events, it should be remembered that England is not without its institutions in honour of conjugal virtue, and, though the Whichnor flitch of bacon be not so costly to the donor as a marble tablet, it is a boon full as likely to be esteemed by a careful housewife, and one animated by a due share of 'benevolence towards her husband.'

The modern laws of Cos do not reward female chastity, but they discountenance, in a very singular manner, any cruelty in females towards their admirers. An instance occurred while our travellers were in the island, in which the fatal termination of a love-affair occasioned a trial for what the Mohammedan lawyers describe as 'homicide by an intermediate cause.' The case was as follows:—

'A young man, desperately in love with a girl of Stanchio, eagerly sought to marry her; but his proposals were rejected. In consequence he destroyed himself by poison. The Turkish police arrested the father of the obdurate fair, and tried him for culpable homicide. "If the accused,"

accused," argued they with becoming gravity, "had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently he would not have been disappointed, consequently he would not have swallowed poison, consequently he would not have died:—but he (the accused) had a daughter, and the deceased had fallen in love," &c. &c. Upon all these counts, he was called upon to pay the price of the young man's life; and this, being fixed at the sum of eighty piastres, was accordingly exacted.—p. 332.

Dr. Clarke's readers will recollect an application of the same principle, noticed by him in his second volume, where the people of Samos were fined because a Turkish frigate was cast away on their island. It is, after all, nothing more than the deodand of our own common law carried to that excess which might naturally be expected where the same person both imposes and regulates the amount of the fine by which he is himself to profit.

At Stanchio our travellers hired a small half-decked boat with large latteen sails, to carry them the remainder of their tour through the islands. It was the property of a poor Casiot, who with two young men his nephews, and a boy his great-nephew, composed the crew. The vessel was very unpromising in its appearance, but the Casiot master, though very old, was an admirable seaman, and gave them great satisfaction through a long, and, in some parts of it, a dangerous voyage.

They passed by Leria or Leros, renowned in ancient times for the roguery of its inhabitants;—and, October 9th, entered the port of Scala in the island of Patmos. Here again they fell in with a large cargo of French prisoners, who had been landed on the island by an Algerine captain, who, instead of conveying them to France, had already attempted several summary methods, by poison and otherwise, of getting rid of his passengers. The officers sent a petition to our travellers, stating the embarrassments of their present situation; that they had much valuable property lying on the open beach, exposed to the depredations of the numerous pirates by which the Archipelago is infested; while their own men were in a state of constant mutiny and drunkenness, which, no less than their want of arms, prevented their resisting an attack.—It is gratifying to an Englishman to find that, thus circumstanced, they applied for assistance to his countrymen, and still more so, that assistance was not withheld. Our travellers, by an immediate application to the British ambassador at Constantinople, procured them a safer conveyance than the vessel of the rascally Algerine, and, by their interest with the Fathers of the Convent of the Apocalypse, obtained permission for them to deposit their effects within the massive walls of that almost impregnable sanctuary. The visit which our travellers made to obtain this indulgence, will be memorable

nable in the literary world, inasmuch as among the dusty and moth-eaten heap of manuscripts which fill the convent library, they discovered and purchased the noble manuscript of Plato, now in the Bodleian library at Oxford, which had escaped the research of Villoison, as well as the Lexicon of Cyrill, which that eminent critic had seen but not been able to obtain. A longer search might probably have enriched their collection still further,—and the monks were perfectly ready to sell, on reasonable terms, what they considered as rubbish only. But our travellers were warned by a Greek officer in the Turkish army, who accompanied them, and who, as having been dragoman to Sir Charles Holloway during his mission, had assumed the name of Riley, and the character of an Englishman, that if it were known to the people of the town that the monks had derived any gain from their manuscripts, the consequence would be a very heavy *avania* laid on the monastery by the Capudan Pasha. They were obliged, therefore, to be content with such acquisitions as Mr. Riley could conceal under his Turkish habit, or which could be afterwards smuggled on board their vessel in a basket of bread.

‘Just as we had concluded this bargain, the French commissary returned; and finding us busied in the library, afforded an amusing specimen of the sort of system pursued by his countrymen, upon such occasions. “Do you find,” said he, “any thing worth your notice, among all this rubbish?” We answered, that there were many things we would gladly purchase. “Purchase!” he added, “I should never think of purchasing from such a herd of swine: if I saw any thing I might require, I should, without ceremony, put it in my pocket, and say, *Bon jour!*”—pp. 350, 351.

The monks preserve with considerable care the original charter of their house, in the handwriting of Alexius Comnenus, and a magnificent copy of some works of Gregory of Nazianzum—(not of Nazianzen, as Dr. Clarke carelessly describes him)—which purports to be the calligraphy of the same imperial penman. Dr. Clarke, whose repugnance to the Greek faith almost amounts to antipathy, finds in this place, as in Russia, sufficient food for his spleen, in the grotto where St. John is supposed to have written the Book of Revelations, and which, as might be expected, bears no signs of meriting the character imputed to it,—in the ignorance of the monks,—and even in the slender population of the island.—He quotes with much satisfaction, the wise saying of Sonnini, that ‘while the monasteries swarm with sluggards, the fields become deserts, and population is consequently diminished.’—Now, such a dictum as this we should hardly have expected to be praised by a member of the same university which has produced Mr. Malthus—since there is nothing more certain in political economy than that
supply

supply always follows demand as far as it can,—so that, unless the sluggards of the monastery abstained from eating as well as working, there would be no want of other people to cultivate the fields for them in exchange for their money. And if they have no money, it is plain they must either starve or soon cease to be sluggards.—If a garrison of soldiers were in Patmos, the increased demand would be thought a strange reason for neglecting the fields,—and it is mere cant to say, that the presence of forty or fifty monks can make the rest of the people idle, or draw off a ruinous proportion of labourers from the soil. The people of Patmos are, indeed, by Dr. Clarke's own statement, as active and industrious as the rest of their countrymen.—This rock of seven Greek miles in length, by one and a half in breadth, has twelve small merchant vessels of its own, which trade with the Euxine, Italy, and Malta;—the town is cleanly and flourishing, and if agriculture is neglected, a more satisfactory reason is to be found than the supposed influence of the monks, in the continual incursions of the pirates. In a place where the male population are all either fishermen or sailors, it can excite no surprize that the *resident* population should be chiefly of the weaker sex,—but what the *caloyers*, or the superstition of the country have to do with this, it would not be easy to shew. It is equally unfair to the Grecian character to say, as Dr. Clarke does immediately after, that ‘the Greek families send their sons to be educated in Patmos, by a set of monks unable to read their own or any other language.’—Mr. Walpole's note, which he has subjoined to the foot of page 346, might have convinced him that the general ignorance of the monks of Patmos, has been perceived by the Greeks as well as the English, inasmuch as it has ruined the reputation of their once flourishing academy; while the person who has the superintendence of the few boys who still are sent there, was certainly able to *read*, since he was found by Mr. Walpole reading Homer.—There is so much of common-place declamation and prejudice in all these observations, as well as those on the neighbouring island of Samos, that we are sorry to see them in a work like that of Dr. Clarke. The Greeks have faults and follies enough of their own without exaggeration—and the bad effects of a monastic life are sufficiently obvious without falling into the absurd invectives of those who ascribe the effects of an unsettled government to the crimes of the priesthood; and believe that Samos is become a desert, because the bishop has an income of five hundred pounds a-year.—p. 363.

Our travellers left Patmos, October 15th, and after encountering a violent storm of which their pilot had in vain forewarned them, since their eagerness to quit the island induced them to give little credit to his forebodings, were driven into a small harbour on the coast

coast of Naxos, whence, on the 17th, they proceeded to the principal town and port of the same name with the island. Several boats were in the harbour, drawn up, in the old Homeric fashion, with their prows resting on the beach, their masts struck, with a sail over them to form a kind of tent, under which the mariners were drinking wine, and singing to the melody of the lyre or three-stringed viol.—The town looks well from sea, but within is dark, dirty, and irregular. The churches, as at Patmos, have bells, a privilege which the Turks seldom accord to their Greek subjects. Naxos having no anchorage for large vessels, is happily free from the visits of the Capudan Pasha, and is inhabited by many of the descendants of the best Greek families, from whom, as well as the Latin archbishop, our travellers received much hospitality. The soil is barren—but the citrons grow to an enormous size. Some which were lying on the shore, ready for exportation to Constantinople, were as large as a man's head, but consisting chiefly of rind, which is made into a green sweetmeat. With the exception of a temple of Bacchus, of which little but the portal remains,—an unfinished colossal statue of the same divinity, which our travellers did not see, and a few very uninteresting inscriptions, Naxos contains nothing remarkable but its minerals. It supplies all Europe with emery,—and Dr. Clarke conjectures that future travellers who shall have more leisure than he enjoyed, may possibly detect in its rocks some specimens of oriental sapphire and ruby.

From Naxos they visited Paros and Antiparos. The first of these islands is better cultivated than Naxos, and abounds with olive plantations, the fruit of which constitutes the principal and favourite food of the inhabitants. 'Oh!' said the young peasant who was Dr. Clarke's guide to the marble quarries, 'Oh, how we feast at my father's, when olives first come into season!' On the beautiful marble for which Paros is celebrated, Dr. Clarke descants with the zeal of a connoisseur, and the science of a geologist. He should not, however, have assumed as a notorious fact, that the Belvedere Apollo is formed of this material, since Mengs has made it, at least, doubtful, whether that matchless monument be not from the quarries of Carrara.

In a conspicuous part of the principal quarry of Paros, is a bas-relief of Silenus, surrounded by many other figures, of ordinary execution, but curious inasmuch as the figure of Silenus is noticed by Pliny as a *lusus nature* discovered in splitting the rock, and only so far assisted by the chissel as such accidental resemblances commonly are. The French have more than once endeavoured to remove it, but, perceiving that it would separate in two parts, if they persisted, owing to a fissure in the stone, they had the good taste to abandon the undertaking. Below is an inscription purporting

porting that two persons named Adamas and Odryses, dedicated the sculpture to the Nymphs. On these *Nymphs*, Dr. Clarke starts a most whimsical hypothesis, in supposing them to be, not the sportive deities to whom the woods, the mountains, the sea and rivers were given in custody,—but merely mortal females,—the *girls* of Naxos. He translates *νυμφαῖς*, ‘to the *lasses*,’ and, to prove that the word means ‘unmarried women,’ he refers to Diodorus Siculus, Bib. L. iii. but without naming the chapter. We can assure our readers, however, that they may save themselves the trouble of searching for any thing of the kind in Diodorus. All he says, in that passage (L. iii. c. 59.) which only is to Dr. Clarke’s purpose, is, not that the name of Nymphs could mean ‘unmarried women,’ or women in general, but that the Deified Daughters of Atlas were called Nymphs by the Greeks, because, (according to that mythological pedigree of the gods which derived them all from a certain imaginary paradise on the Western ocean,) the name of Nymphs was common to the female inhabitants of *that particular region* where the blessed dwelt. But it is really amazing, and shews the danger of that passion for discoveries with which Dr. Clarke is animated, unless ballasted by a double portion of accuracy,—that an experienced antiquary should suffer himself to forget that *all caves* were accounted the favourite residences and sanctuaries of those supernatural ladies, to see whom was usually fatal,—and of whom, in this and many other respects, our Fairies are the natural successors. To these, the usual companions of Pan, of Bacchus, and Silenus, the cave of Paros, as well as those of Vary and Corycus, would be with great propriety dedicated,—and this, and not Dr. Clarke’s jovial translation, is the natural and true meaning of the inscription.—Antiparos, with its marvellous grotto, has been described by many; but Dr. Clarke was able to examine it with the eyes of a philosopher, in which capacity he is much happier than in his quotations from Diodorus. We have, however, too little time to follow his steps with more than a rapid glance.—From Paros he went to Syra, the ancient Syros, the native country of their Greek servant, of whose reception a most interesting account is given;—from Syros to Gyarus, well known as a place of banishment under the Roman empire, now, as in all ages, nearly uninhabited, and proverbially barren and desolate.—While on this last isle, they narrowly escaped being pillaged by a large party of Hydriots, who are as bold boatmen and pirates as they are adventurous merchants, and who are accustomed to pass the *Ægean* in all weathers, in long open canoes, with thirty or forty rowers, the accurate representatives of the ancient liburnus. Gyarus is now called Jura.—Hence they visited Ceos, now called Zia, a very interesting island, where they were received with much
hospitality,

hospitality, and where the ruins of Ioulis, as yet but little explored, promise valuable returns to the curiosity of some future traveller. It was in *Ioulis*, if Dr. Clarke was rightly informed by the Zians, that the celebrated and important marble now preserved at Oxford, was found, which is usually though erroneously known by the name of the *Parian Chronicle*. From Zin, our travellers sailed, by Macroiisi, to the promontory of Sunium, of which the antiquities and natural scenery have been often described. On the pillars of Minerva's Temple, many names were written of persons who had visited the spot, and, in this fine climate, even penciled-marks long remain unimpaired by exposure to the atmosphere. Among them were those of the lamented Tweddell and of the Hon. Captain William Paget.

The last of these, a gallant naval officer, now buried at Gibraltar, will not want a memorial in Greece. His name will be long remembered, for the coolness, the intrepidity, and the humanity which he displayed when commander of the *Romney*, a fifty-gun ship, during his memorable action with a French frigate, *La Sibylle*, in the harbour of Myconi. The French officer was an old acquaintance, and one with whom he had lived in habits of friendship. Captain Paget sent a boat to him, saying he was sorry they had met under such circumstances, but that he must desire him to surrender. He received for answer, that the Captain of *La Sibylle* well knew Captain Paget's force,* and that he would defend himself to the last extremity. The Frenchman fired first, aided by four armed vessels, which were stationed so as to rake the *Romney*. Captain Paget having observed that, from the situation of his ship, some mischief would ensue to the inhabitants of Myconi, patiently sustained this powerful attack without returning a single shot, until, by getting a spring upon his cable, he had brought the *Romney* into a situation where the cannon might play without doing any injury to the town; then he gave his broadside, with three cheers from his crew. The Frenchman returned the salute; and a warm contest ensued, in which the *Romney* was ultimately victorious. The history of this action is often repeated in the Archipelago, although it has not been recorded in England: and as the name of the hero appears inscribed with his own hands upon the conspicuous pillars of Sunium, the ΣΤΗΛΑΙ ΔΙΑΦΑΝΕΙΣ, visible from afar, may stand as lasting a monument of his fame, as the glorious sepulchre which chance *did* assign to the memory of Tweddell, when it caused him to be buried in the Temple of Theseus.†—pp. 450, 431.

October

* The *Romney* was short of her complement by seventy-five men.

† We cannot help noticing Dr. Clarke's strange fondness for the auxiliary verb.—We find it in the present Volumes, perhaps a dozen times, brought in without rhyme or reason. We hope that, when Dr. Clarke 'doth' publish a new edition, he will undo many of those *does* and *did*s, which were never a graceful redundancy in our language, and, now that they are perfectly antiquated, have the same effect when mingled with his general style, as a tye wig with half boots and pantaloons. He also employs 'antiquated.'

October 29th, they disembarked in the harbour of Piræus, now called Porto Leone, and thence proceeded to Athens. The details of his observations in a place which has, of late years, been as well known and as frequently visited as Paris, we shall hold ourselves excused by our limits from enlarging on. In some respects indeed, this part of his work, though written with the same force and good taste which we have praised in his accounts of other ancient cities, is of a character which gives us real pain, inasmuch as there is a bitterness always apparent in speaking of Lord Elgin in his pursuits in Greece, which since this question has been fairly submitted to the good sense of the people of England, very few will, we think, be found to partake in or to justify. Dr. Clarke himself has indeed reluctantly admitted a fact which is, in itself, a very considerable justification of the conduct which he so much reprobated, inasmuch as he tells us, that 'the sort of marble which was used for the Parthenon, not being entirely homogeneous, is characterized by a tendency to exfoliate when long exposed to air and moisture,' a fact of which, in different parts of this volume, he gives more than one remarkable instance. It is true he urges that 'to operate an effect of this nature has required the lapse of twenty-three centuries,' and that he laments over the more rapid destruction to which these relics must now be exposed, 'under the influence of a climate peculiarly qualified to assist their progress towards destruction:' but, he will not easily convince a candid man that they are more likely to perish when *protected* from the weather and all other violence in *London*, than when *exposed* to weather and depredations of every kind in *Athens*. Nor when Dr. Clarke tells us that to see that part of the Panathenaic procession which yet remains on the Frieze of the Parthenon, is, of itself, worth a journey to Athens, can we help feeling a very contrary emotion, from that with which he is inspired towards the person who has enabled us to examine these glorious sculptures without the difficulties and expenses of such a voyage. If, indeed, it could be proved that the climate of this country is really of so destructive an efficacy as Dr. Clarke supposes, yet, if we were to set against the eventual destruction of the monuments themselves, the advantages which the arts both have and will derive from their being, in the mean time, accessible to all; we should hold the revival of Grecian sculpture in

usted,' not in its true sense of 'obsolete,' but instead of 'ancient.' See p. 463.—But the strangest pedantry of all is where, instead of a reference to Acts xix. 24, in the usual manner, he talks of 'the history of the Actions of the Apostles!' p. 477.—'Fie, fie!' as Sir Hugh Evans would say, 'this is affectations!'—Then Dr. Clarke describes himself as having 'sat about providing' a thing, p. 533,—and many other strange peculiarities of diction, which have crept on the author during the progress of his work, for his two first volumes were free from them. We hope they will not stick by him.

the west a satisfactory reason for having deprived the east of treasures which it no longer understood, or any otherwise appreciated than as children value baubles. Nor can we conceive a nobler fate for works, which, however durable, must eventually perish, than to perish in the full gaze of Europe, and in the service of that art of which they are the most brilliant ornaments,—leaving behind them the seeds of future works, perhaps not inferior to themselves, and having been the instruments of communicating the arts of Greece to that nation by whom her language and her spirit have been, in every age, most cultivated.

It is a well-known, though remarkable fact, that from the date of the Venetian siege, in 1464, to the middle of the sixteenth or even the seventeenth century, Athens was entirely overlooked by the few travellers who visited the east, and was supposed to have lost at once its ancient name and all vestiges of its ancient grandeur. The merit of first calling the attention of Europe to its splendid ruins is given by Chandler to Martin Crusius, in his *Epistolæ Familiares Turco-Græcæ*; but by Dr. Clarke the claims of a certain Guillet or Guilletière are preferred, who visited the place with two Italians, two Germans, and an Englishman named Drelingston, in 1670, and whose publication Dr. Clarke whimsically describes as ‘unassuming *although* very diminutive.’ We did not know before that ‘diminutive’ volumes were generally symptomatic of pride; but we would willingly acquiesce in the converse of the proposition,—and thank our author’s *modesty* for the ponderous bulk of those travels which have afforded us so much amusement, if we did not fear that others may be encouraged to display their *meekness* in the same manner, who have neither the same powers to fill an ample page, nor the same pretensions to engross the time of the public.

In Athens, and actively employed in Lord Elgin’s service, Dr. Clarke found an old acquaintance in the person of the celebrated Don Battista Lusieri, by whose kindness, as well as by the scaffolds and ladders with which the Parthenon was then surrounded, our travellers were enabled to examine many of the details of that glorious edifice more accurately than either Spon, Stuart, or Chandler. It is remarkable, that though Lusieri admitted the ornamental parts of the Athenian temple to be of unrivalled excellence, he still preferred to it those of Præstum and Egina in the essential parts of their architecture; and professed to have detected in the Parthenon not only certain superfluities which indicated a taste in some measure degenerated from the severe purity of the ancient Doric, but also some instances in which the Athenian workmen had cheated Pericles, and where spaces had been filled with rubbish and loose stones, which in the Posidonian temples are of solid and immoveable masonry.—‘For our own parts,’ says Dr. Clarke, with far

more feeling, if not with equal correctness, 'in viewing the Parthenon we were so much affected by its solemn appearance, and so much dazzled by its general splendour and magnificence, that we should never have ventured to this critical examination of the parts composing it.'

'Often as it has been described, the spectator who for the first time approaches it finds that nothing he has read can give any idea of the effect produced in beholding it. Yet was there once found in England a writer of eminence in his profession as an architect, who recommended the study of Roman antiquities in Italy and in France, in preference to the remains of Grecian architecture in Athens; and who, deciding upon the works of Phidias, Callicrates, and Ictinus, without ever having had an opportunity to examine them but in books and prints, ventured to maintain that the Parthenon was not so considerable an edifice as the church of St. Martin in London; thereby affording a remarkable proof of the impossibility of obtaining from any written description, or even from engraved representation, any adequate idea of the buildings of antient Greece; compared with whose stupendous works, the puny efforts of modern art are but as the labours of children.'—vol. iii. pp. 488, 489.

A whimsical instance of Dr. Clarke's peculiar manner of riding an illustration to death, appears p. 501, where, after, with great good taste and judgment, producing the hawthorn which has vegetated for many ages in the vaults of Calder castle as a parallel instance to the sacred olive tree in the temple of the Nymph Pandrosus, he subjoins the important information that 'the first toast after dinner in a Welsh mansion is, generally, *the chief beam of the house.*' Does he suppose that Celtic rafters, more fortunate than the sceptre of Agamemnon, bear leaves and blossoms after their separation from the tree, or does he aspire to imitate the ingenious Mr. Aircastle, who explains the natural history of the elephant in Piccadilly, by the fact that his keeper was a one-handed Welchman?

Of the temple of Theseus, the pnyx, the areopagus, and the magnificent Corinthian pillars formerly belonging to Hadrian's temple of Jupiter Olympius, very striking descriptions are given: By the simple fact that the Ilissus has been divided into many small channels for the mills and gardens near the city, he accounts for its present stream, and justifies the ancients from the charge of exaggeration in the descriptions which they have left of its abundance. In the Stadium of Herodes Atticus, his researches were able to discover or his lively fancy to supply those vestiges of ancient grandeur which other inquirers have sought for in vain. He gives us, according to his usual custom, two panoramic descriptions of the prospects from Mounts Anchesmus and Hymettus, and with a singular benevolence professes to teach the student to wake the latter for himself, with three books to represent the hills;

and

and six pebbles for the principal objects contained within the area of Attica. With all this, his description is the fullest and, in many respects, the best, as it is certainly the most eloquent which has yet appeared of this delightful country, and we can easily forgive his impetuosity and occasional puerilities for the many good qualities of head and heart which are apparent in all his pages.

After a perilous adventure in the public baths of Athens, which were appropriated during certain hours for the reception of females, and where Dr. Clarke, in ignorance of this circumstance, found himself unawares in a situation as extraordinary, and which might have been as fatal as that of Actæon, our travellers embarked, on the fifth of November, in their little Casiot bark, on a voyage to Epidaurus. They were accompanied as far as Ægina by their friend Lusieri, and a young artist named Theodore, a Calmuck by nation, but who had highly distinguished himself at Rome, and who now at Athens, 'like another Euphanor, rivalled all which the fine arts had produced, under circumstances the most favourable to their birth and maturity.' At Ægina, which they supposed, though, as afterwards appeared, without sufficient reason, to have been exhausted by the researches of Chandler; they only stayed long enough to land the two artists, and to obtain a pilot, such as he was, who, after much blundering and some danger, carried them not to Epidaurus, but to a small port named Epiada, the Epi-yatha of Chandler. Here, however, they thought it best, when once well ashore, to proceed no farther, with such a guide, and dismissed their old Casiot captain, whom they made thoroughly happy with the present of a silver coffee-cup, over and above his pecuniary recompense.

From Epiada their first intention was to proceed to Epidaurus on horseback. An intelligent Greek, however, with whom they fell in at the former place, advised them, in preference, to go to Ligurio, where the temple of Esculapius, whom he called *Ἀσκληπιός*, was still to be imperfectly traced. The country of the Morea they found singularly beautiful, and the white dresses and reed pipes of the shepherds completely carried back the fancy to the days of pastoral poetry. The Ligurians amused them with many legendary stories of *Asclapios*, considering him as a great king who had once reigned in Epidauria.—In their own town are no antiquities, and the coins which they offered for sale were not antique but Venetian. The ruins are at Hieron, now pronounced Jero, about an hour's distance, yet even here, the remains of a small theatre are the most interesting feature; and our travellers picked up no greater curiosity than a fine young wolf-dog of the true ancient breed.

At Nauplia, where they were hospitably entertained in the house of the English Consul, they arrived at the same time with the

Turkish Bulletin, which, nearly a quarter of a year after the event, announced to the subjects of the empire the expulsion of the French infidels, 'forsaken of God,' from Misr, by 'the troops belonging to the Sublime Porte of Solid Glory.' All the mention of the English was in a postscript, stating that 'the English Djowra had acted friendly on the occasion.' The news was received with the usual rejoicings, among which was a dance with swords and bucklers, (our English *Morris*,) which Dr. Clarke, with some probability, regards as, in Peloponnesus, a relic of the ancient Pyrrhic dance.

Nauplia consists of an acropolis on a high rock, with a lower town, and is situated on a plain well calculated to repay the labours of agriculture. In all these circumstances it agrees with Athens, Argos, and Corinth; but each of these places, as well as Nauplia, differs from the other, if we believe Dr. Clarke, in certain peculiar characteristics,—the first being adapted to a religious sanctuary,—the second to a regal residence,—the third to a *military* capital,—and Nauplia to be the *emporium* of Greece. In this, it is pretty evident, there is a good deal of fancy; but we should not quarrel with his distinctions if he did not add that 'in every part of Greece there is something naturally appropriate to the genius and *history* of the place.' Now if he means that the *history* of the cities corresponds with these particular natural features, he is certainly rather unfortunate in his instances, since Argos and Nauplia were, during the most brilliant days of Greece, neither remarkable for metropolitan nor commercial eminence; and Corinth, notwithstanding its impregnable situation, was chiefly celebrated as a peaceful and trading republic. Nauplia has, however, since the days of the Venetians, enjoyed a considerable trade in oil, wine, and sponges, but is now once more fallen into decay,—in part from the ravages of the plague, but still more, as we conceive, from the superior privileges enjoyed by the islands of Hydra and Spezzia. Even when no plague is there it is unhealthy, and here, and, indeed, all through the Morea, a stock of Peruvian bark, or of the arsenic ague drops, is necessary to every traveller.

Dr. Clarke found gipsies in Nauplia, at which he is surprized,—inasmuch as 'these wanderers first entered Europe from the North of India so lately as the beginning of the fifteenth century,' and 'their whole tribe, at the first, did not exceed half a million.' We can see but little reason for this surprize, since they are found in great numbers all over Spain—a region far more remote from the original track of their emigration than Greece. The exact time of their having entered Europe is not, we believe, so well ascertained as Dr. Clarke seems to imagine, and so far from the Morea being 'the ultimate of their journey to the south, since their first emigration,'

gration,' we know that they are found, in considerable numbers, in the southern provinces of Persia. It is probable, indeed, that their progress to the west was not through Tartary, but through more southern regions; that instead of Asia Minor receiving them from Greece, a directly contrary process took place; that their principal seat was for a considerable time in Sinjar in Mesopotamia, whence their name of Tchinganeh is, apparently, derived, and where the Jezideans, a people of singular habits and religion, still, possibly, are their descendants.

From Nauplia Dr. Clarke visited the ruins of Tyrins, which perplexing remains, the oldest and, in many respects, the most remarkable in Greece, afford him ample scope for speculation, and for the development of certain hypotheses, of which we have had, in many parts of his works, some awful prognostications. In the first place, having decided in no very clear language, that, 'by whomsoever they were built, they are, *decidedly*, of Egyptian origin;' he, secondly, apprehends that they are *not* Egyptian but Celtic. Then, having assumed, as certain, what is one of the most doubtful questions in antiquity,—that *Stonehenge* was built by the Celts,—he proceeds to shew that the Celts must have been *Phanicians*, because *Stonehenge* has all the marks of a *Phanician building*. Then, by the help of Pezron, he proves that these same Celts were *not* Phœnicians but *Phrygians*, being the same with the *Cyclopes*, who came out of the regions of *Upper Asia*, some years before the death of the Patriarch Abraham, and whose frontal eye he accounts for by a reference to a piece of armour, which we never were so fortunate as to meet with, a *Celtic helmet*,* and, to crown the whole, deduces the origin of Cyclopean or Celtic architecture from the caves of India, many of which are, as he supposes, 'the archetypes' of the ruins of Persepolis, the sepulchres of Syria and Asia Minor, &c.

Unfortunately we know, from a comparison of what little is known concerning the Phœnician language, that this nation was neither Celtic nor anywise connected with the Indo-European family. We know that *no building* has been found in Phœnicia, or on the eastern side of the Mediterranean, which in any other manner resembles *Stonehenge* than as one massive piece of work must resemble another. If it be true, as is certainly very possible, that the primitive population of Greece was Celtic, it must still be very uncertain whether they were the founders of Tyrins; and, if the *Cyclopes* were really Celts, and not, as may be suspected, those

* The most ancient accounts of the Celtic nation describe them without any defensive armour at all, except their bucklers. The helmets with frontal apertures, to which, we conceive, Dr. Clarke alludes, were of frequent occurrence among the *Grecian* and *Guthic* tribes, but never, that we have heard of, used by the Gauls or Cimbri.

Ogres, Gins, and Goblins, (to whom, in all countries, the vulgar ascribe the erection of works of unknown antiquity, and which, to the eyes of ignorance, appear to have required supernatural strength,) we may be sure that they were already settled in Greece before the time assigned by Pezron for their emigration. We have little inclination to enter into a controversy in which more absurdities have been uttered than in any other which has been started among modern scholars; but we cannot help observing that the whole of Dr. Clarke's argument depends on similarities of architecture, in which all nations must agree at a certain period of their civilization or barbarism, and for which there is no more necessity for supposing a common origin, than there was for Dr. Clarke's sending the Crusaders into Phrygia to learn the art of building chimneys. As we know, however, that Danaus brought an Egyptian colony into this neighbourhood, it is much more reasonable to assign to these relics an Egyptian than a Celtic founder, in which case we are perfectly willing to allow that they may have been copies from Memphis or Thebes.

At Argos Dr. Clarke obtained from the English Consul some beautiful terra cotta vases, which were taken from the neighbouring tombs. These vases sometimes contain little gilded representations of fruit and flowers, which our author very strangely fancies to be 'the supper for Hecate,' mentioned in many ancient writers, and which he still more strangely illustrates, from 'a passage in the Dialogues of Lucian,' where Mercury is asked by Charon what he carries in the satchel, *with which we see him so often represented*, and he answers, '*Lupines, so please you, and a supper for Hecate.*' Now, first, it is not Mercury, but Menippus, of whom Charon asks the question: Mercury's wallet, therefore, has nothing to do with the affair. Secondly, Menippus does not say 'a supper for Hecate,' but '*Hecate's supper*,' τῆς Ἑκάτης τὰ δείπνον. Further, we know from the 'Cataplus' of the same author that 'Hecate's supper' was not what was buried with Menippus, but the dunghill diet which he had eaten just before his death. And, lastly, there is no mention in any ancient author of offerings to Hecate at funerals, (the honeyed cake being intended for Cerberus,) nor that she received any sacrifices except the broken victuals which were exposed, in her honour, every month, where four roads met. Nor were the relics of the funeral feast buried with the person, but laid on the top of his tomb. With all these inaccuracies, which, in Dr. Clarke, proceed not from ignorance, but hurry and love of paradox, his observations on the votive offerings found in tombs are extremely curious and interesting, and, therefore, the more deserve correction in points where his mistakes are important.

The antiquities of Argos are not very numerous. The most curious,

curious, perhaps, is the oracular shrine, of which the secret passage is now laid open, terminating behind the altar, and affording an excellent station whence a priest might, unseen, deliver the response of his Deity. In his visit to Mycenæ Dr. Clarke takes occasion to expose the error of those who believe all buildings of brick or terra cotta to be of a later date than the independence of Greece, and he gives some very probable reasons for supposing that the singular vault, to which most modern travellers have given the name of 'the Treasury of Atreus,' is, in fact, the same edifice which Sophocles and Euripides have described as *the tomb of Agamemnon*.

The poor inhabitants of Nemea, now called Colonna from the pillars which are the scanty remains of the ancient Temple of Jupiter, complained bitterly of Turkish oppression.

'The owner of the hut told us that each male is compelled to pay a tax of seventy piastres; that for himself, having three sons, they demanded of him an annual payment of two hundred and eighty piastres, besides other contributions; that he toiled incessantly with his children to gain enough to satisfy their demands, but found himself unable, after all his endeavours. Having said this the poor man shed tears; asking us if the time would ever arrive when Greece might be delivered from the Mahometan tyranny: and adding, "If we had but a leader, we should flock together by thousands, and soon put an end to Turkish dominion."—p. 716.

Sicyon, now called Basilico, though overlooked by Chandler, possesses some interesting relics of antiquity, and the beautiful plain between this city and Corinth still retains its ancient fertility.

At Corinth little is to be seen except the remains of a temple which former travellers have variously supposed to have been dedicated to Juno, or to have been the Sisyphæum mentioned by Strabo, but which Dr. Clarke apprehends to have been in honour of Octavia, sister of Augustus. Its style, however, which is a very clumsy Doric, is decisive against its being a Roman work, since no instance can be found so late as the time of Augustus, in which these proportions were adopted by that people, and we still conceive that the Bunæan Juno has the best claim to the edifice. The acropolis is still fortified, and might, with very few adscititious aids, be rendered little less impregnable than Gibraltar. The isthmus Dr. Clarke supposes to have been originally overflowed by the sea, which he grounds on the name of Pelops' Island, anciently given to the Morea, on the mythological fable which assigned the isthmus to Neptune, and, as he tells us, on the opinion of the ancients concerning it. We fear the name of island was too vaguely applied in old times, to induce us to lay any strength on the first of these arguments. The second may have originated

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in many circumstances besides that to which our author ascribes it; and that the ancients had any such opinion respecting the isthmus we have not been able to find, though we have found that Pausanias says *the direct contrary*. Those, indeed, who examine, not Dr. Clarke's watch-paper plan, but the larger map of Chandler, will be soon convinced that this rocky neck of ground has never, since the general deluge, been subject to the waves, against which Mount Oneius must always have been a very sufficient barrier. But, though Dr. Clarke's fondness for a mythological allegory has, in this respect, blinded him to the natural objects before him,—he has made admirable use of his eyes in detecting the ruins of the Isthmian town, and those relics of the ancient stadium of which Chandler had rashly denied the existence. This is, indeed, our author's peculiar praise, and it is no small one, that though he sometimes fancies more than he finds, he leaves nothing unfound for want of acute and careful investigation, and has carried with him every where an eye peculiarly quick in detecting, and a curiosity unwearied in exploring what elder travellers, following each other's track, have passed by with indifference or inattention.

The road from Corinth to Megara has still the same bad reputation as in the time of the robber Sciron; so much so that our travellers could not prevail on their Tchochodar to accompany them, as he preferred the dangers of the sea to the protection of the Albanian peasantry who are the guides over these mountains. Of that simple and hardy race, whose appearance, houses, and manners struck Dr. Clarke as they did Lord Byron, with their resemblance to the mountaineers of Scotland, our author is, like Chandler, high in his praises. They were, on the other hand, the better pleased with the travellers for not being accompanied by a Turk, and the journey was made in perfect harmony, along a narrow track carried over precipices still crowned with those pine woods for which they have been celebrated ever since the days of Sinis.

Megara has no antiquities worthy notice, but a few hours more conducted our travellers to Eleusis, the scene of Dr. Clarke's greatest exploit, the removal of his celebrated Ceres. When a man has laboured with so much diligence and such exemplary disinterestedness to enrich the public collection of his university with the most remarkable statue in the world, it would be a very ungrateful task to attempt to derogate from the value of his offering, or to insist on the doubts which may still be reasonably entertained whether the statue of Ceres was likely to be placed *without* the precincts of her temple, or whether a mass of more than two tons of solid marble was likely to have been removed from its original shrine, even when that shrine was laid in ruins. The statue in question,

question, by whatever name we are to call it, is, confessedly, of antiquity and workmanship which make it of the highest intrinsic value; and the superstitious of the neighbouring peasantry, who strenuously, and, till Dr. Clarke's perseverance surmounted all obstacles, successfully resisted its removal as *dangerous to the prosperity of their harvests*, outweighs, in our mind, we confess, the presumption that it is any other than the Goddess of Plenty herself. The difficulties to be encountered in removing this relic were not trivial. The fragment was first placed in a triangular frame of strong poles connected by transverse beams, and moved on rollers by a long grass rope which was held by fourscore peasants. Twenty peasants more and many boys were busied with levers in raising the machine when impeded by rocks or large stones; and by this simple contrivance the mass was removed over the brow of the acropolis of Eleusis to the sea. This was not done, however, without an omen. An ox, loosed from the yoke, came to take, as it were, his last leave of the Patroness of Agriculture, and, after butting the marble several times with his horns, ran off, bellowing, towards the plain. A clamour arose among the female spectators, extremely unfavourable to the traveller's hopes; the male peasants, less vociferous but little less superstitious, were each afraid to be the first to violate the repose of their goddess, and it was necessary that the parish priest, in full canonicals, should strike the first blow in loosening the statue from the soil, before any hand would stir against the Mighty Mother. The example once set, and by a person of his sacred character, the work went on briskly, but the forebodings of the populace followed the vessel on which the statue was embarked, and their prophecies were, whimsically enough, though unfortunately, accomplished, in the wreck of the *Princessa* merchantman, off Beachy Head.

Having accomplished this great object and fully satisfied their curiosity in Athens and its neighbourhood, our travellers departed for Constantinople, by the way of Bœotia and Macedonia. The remainder of the third volume is occupied by some interesting extracts from the MS. journal of the lamented Colonel Squire,—by a catalogue of books sold by Theodosius, a Greek bookseller, at Venice,—by a meteorological journal, and by ‘a dissertation on the discovery made by Colonel Capper on the existence of ancient pagan superstitions in Mount Libanus, particularly those which relate to the worship of Venus.’ This last is, we will venture to say, one of the most extraordinary productions which have appeared in the literary world. The discovery made by Colonel Capper had been repeatedly alluded to by Dr. Clarke in his previous work, and the curiosity of the reader attracted to that elaborate elucidation which was promised in the Supplement. But still no account was
given

given of *what* Colonel Capper had seen, or *what* he had heard, no rites were described, nor was any thing else made known to the reader than that the discovery was most curious and interesting, and that it related to the goddess Venus. Now comes the dissertation, expressly intended to make all matters clear, and to elucidate what Dr. Clarke calls 'a very interesting relic of the ancient mythology of Syria.'—Vol. iii. p. 18.

Accordingly, he begins by telling us that 'the superstition discovered by Colonel Capper can be considered as nothing less than the expiring embers of those holocausts which once blazed in honour of the Sidonian Astarte.'—p. 806. This we knew already, since he had repeatedly said that Venus was the goddess honoured, and since Venus and Astarte are universally believed to have been the same. Next he goes on to give a long and learned account who Venus was, by what names she was distinguished—that she was Ashteroth, Astarte, Baaltis, Atergatis, Juno, Isis, Hecate, Proserpine, Ceres, Diana, Europa, Venus Urania, Dercetis, and almost every other name which, in the language of our boyhood, 'femineo generi tribuuntur.' But, all this time, not a word of Colonel Capper's discovery. Furthermore he informs us that many popular pagan superstitions were preserved in the ceremonials of the Greek and Roman churches, which he illustrates at full length by the *Κόρυς ἐλέησον*,—the *crux ansata*,—the annual lamentations for Adonis,—the controversy between Albericus and Abelard,—St. Paul preaching at Athens,—the manner in which the Pagan Saxons and Christian Greeks observed the Festival of Easter;—but of Colonel Capper we hear as yet nothing.—Finally, he winds up his argument with the celebrated aphorism of Middleton, which speaks of Popery as Heathenism scarcely disguised,—and this is all!—Colonel Capper's Syrian Astarte is buried under this vast heap of erudition. We rise without the least possibility of discovering the drift of Dr. Clarke's discourse on the fact which he was desirous of proving; but satisfied that the author is a man of infinite learning, and that Colonel Capper has seen something or other among the mountains of Lebanon, rather than which there is nothing, in *rerum natura*, of which Dr. Clarke will not give us satisfactory information. This is the proper place to mention, that, at the beginning of this volume, is a catalogue of the Patmos library, procured by Lord Sligo; to which are prefixed some very learned and valuable remarks by Mr. Walpole on the Grecian libraries in general.

Dr. Clarke's Fourth volume opens with his second departure from Athens. Of Marathon, over which renowned field his journey lay, he has given a plan and two beautiful views from the pencil of Lusieri.—A vast tumulus on the north side of the plain, which has

been

been generally called the tomb of *the Persians*, our author, with more apparent reasons, supposes to contain the ashes of their conquerors, and two small marble basements in its vicinity, he regards as the sepulchres of the Plateans and of Miltiades. A multitude of arrow-heads made of flint, which are still turned up by the spade and plough, shew how the Persians were armed, and the name of the village (Sepheri, not Sefairy as Dr. Clarke writes it) means, in modern Greek, 'the War,' or, 'the Battle.' The soil is fertile, and (what was a singular sight for Englishmen on the second of December) was covered with a beautiful species of crocus.

Thebes, like all the other principal cities of Greece, is placed nearly in the centre of an almost circular plain, like an enormous crater, surrounded by steep and lofty hills.—Notwithstanding all its misfortunes, it yet retains, in the vestiges of its gates and its prodigious rampart, many proofs of ancient grandeur.—Its inhabitants amount to three hundred families within the walls, besides very extensive suburbs.—The women, whom Du Loir praises for their beauty, are secluded with greater care than those of any other Grecian city,—an oriental peculiarity which distinguished them in ancient times, and which they appear to have derived (at least no other reason can be given for the fact) from the original Phœnician settlers under Cadmus.—In one of the churches dedicated to St. Luke, is a tomb with a long Platonic inscription, and in that of St. Demetrius are some Corinthian pillars, in a style more simple and majestic than any other known specimen. We regret that Dr. Clarke has not drawn them, but respect his motive for omitting them, which appears to have been an unwillingness to interfere with the labours of his friends Fauvel and Lusieri.

The agricultural population of this district consists entirely of Albanians, of whose honesty, hospitality and cleanliness Dr. Clarke renews his commendations. Those of the village of Platana were not ignorant of the great battle which had been fought in their neighbourhood, and Dr. Clarke was guided by their information to the remains of Plataea, which had escaped all previous travellers. Having ascertained the position both of this place and of Leuctra, now pronounced *Leftra*, they ascended mount Helicon by a very ancient paved road which conducted them to the convent of St. Nicholas, where a beautiful source of excellent water struck their attention, in a spot exactly corresponding to the site which Pausanias ascribes to Aganippe and the grove of the Muses. Hence they descended to Lebadea where they were hospitably entertained by Signor Logotheti the archon,—of whose dinner parties, however, Dr. Clarke has given a portrait in the same encaustic painting with that which he employed in describing the banquets of Mosco.

'Fowls boiled to rags, but still tough and stringy, and killed only an hour before they are dressed, constitute a principal dish, all heaped together upon a large copper or pewter salver, placed upon a low stool, round which the guests sit upon cushions; the place of honour being on that side where the long couch of the *diván* extends along the white-washed wall. A long and coarse towel, very ill washed, about twelve inches wide, is spread around the table, in one entire piece, over the knees of the party seated. Wine is only placed before strangers; the rest of the company receiving only a glass each of very bad wine with the dessert. Brandy is handed about before sitting down to table. All persons who partake of the meal, wash their hands in the room, both before and after eating. A girl, with naked and dirty feet, enters the apartment, throwing to every one a napkin: she is followed by a second damsel, who goes to every guest, and, kneeling before him upon one knee, presents a pewter water pot and a pewter basin, covered by a grill, upon the top of which there is a piece of soap. An exhibition rather of a disgusting nature, however cleanly, then takes place; for having made a lather with the soap, they fill their mouths with this, and squirt it, mixed with saliva, into the basin. The ladies of the family also do the same; lathering their lips and teeth; and displaying their arms, during the operation of the washing, with studied attitudes, and a great deal of affectation; as if taught to consider the moments of ablution as a time when they may appear to great advantage. Then the master of the house takes his seat, his wife sitting by his side, at the circular tray; and stripping his arms quite bare, by turning back the sleeves of his tunic towards his shoulders, he serves out the soup and the meat. Only one dish is placed upon the table at the same time. If it contain butcher's meat or poultry, he tears it into pieces with his fingers. During meals, the meat is always torn with the fingers. Knives and spoons are little used, and they are never changed. When meat or fish is brought in, the host squeezes a lemon over the dish. The room all this while is filled with girls belonging to the house, and other menial attendants, all appearing with naked feet; also with a mixed company of priests, physicians, and strangers, visiting the family. All these are admitted upon the raised part of the floor, or *diván*: below are collected meaner dependants, peasants, old women, and slaves, who are allowed to sit there upon the floor, and to converse together.'—pp. 119, 120.

Dinner ended, the Bard or *Ῥαψωδός* is always introduced who, with his lyre resting on one knee, and his face lifted towards the ceiling, warbles such syllables of dolour as Dr. Clarke compares rather 'to the howling of dogs in the night than any sound which might be called musical,'—and yet he supposes, we apprehend with considerable reason, that these entertainments, in many respects, resemble those of which we read with so much delight in the writers of classical antiquity.

The cave of Trophonius is distinctly and unquestionably pointed out by the cavities grooved in the rock for the reception of votive offerings.

offerings. The adytum itself, however, is choked with rubbish which our travellers were unable to remove without assistance, and in removing which the country-people were, for some reason or other, strangely disinclined to labour.

That the ancient superstitions of Greece are by no means forgotten they had many proofs. A Greek, of some education, secretary to the archon, when speaking of the snowy ridge of Parnassus to which the eyes of the two Englishmen were continually attracted, observed in Italian :—‘It is there that the *old gods* (*antichi dei*) have resided ever since they were driven from the plains.’ He spoke gravely, and, observing a smile on the countenances of his hearers, added by way of reproof,—‘they did strange things in this country ;—those old gods are not fit subjects for laughter.’ Of Parnassus Dr. Clarke’s description is, in spirit and beauty only inferior to the apostrophe of Childe Harold to the same venerable mountain, of which a striking engraving is given from a sketch taken on the road from Livadia to Castri. This last-named town is well known to occupy the site of ancient Delphi. Of the Castalian spring and the neighbouring ruins a satisfactory account is given, and it is well known that, though Dr. Clarke was himself prevented from visiting the Corycian cave, they were his suggestions, in the Treatise on Alexander’s Tomb, which have enabled other travellers to explore it. The Muses are still alive in the traditions of this neighbourhood, and it is remarkable that, both at Castri and Arracovia, the peasants resisted as a heresy the notion that these Ladies were nine in number, and adhered to the more ancient doctrine that they were *three* or, at most, but *five*.—Castri has been miserably oppressed by Ali Pasha, but some parts of this mountainous range are extremely fertile and cultivated with sufficient industry. All the villagers complain of oppression, and our author (though with a salvo for his old friends the Russians) apprehends that almost any possible change of government would be a blessing to this fine but unhappy country. Parnassus, of which he scaled the summit, he regards as one of the highest mountains of Europe.—He had, however, no barometer nor any means of measurement but his own sensations and a comparison with other heights ;—and, when we attend to the fact that, in the depth of winter as they now were, the snow was only ‘in patches,’ while the ice extended but a small way down its sides,—we suspect that the elevation cannot have been so great as he supposes. The higher regions of the mountain are, however, extremely bleak and bare of herbage, except some alpine plants which nature has secured by woolly leaves against the bitterness of the climate.—On their descent from Parnassus, our travellers were entertained by the poor and ignorant monks of a convent dedicated to the Virgin, whose

whose church was without books of any kind, even a copy of a single Gospel, and whose divine service seemed chiefly distinguished from Paganism by a few hymns to the Panagia. Thence they journeyed to Velitza, in the neighbourhood of which place are some extensive ruins of the ancient Tithorea and some more trifling remains which the Greeks call Thivi, or 'Thebes,' but of which the original name is not very easy to be determined.—The people of Velitza were glad to see our travellers because their coming was attended with an acceptable fall of rain.—We doubt, however, if they were really simple enough to ascribe any magical sympathy to these events,—and apprehended that no more was meant by the expressions to which Dr. Clarke alludes than is meant by what is, in England, no unusual rustic compliment,—'You have brought good weather with you.'—Whether this compliment was originally founded in superstition we cannot say.—A similar idea has been carried to its utmost height by the people of St. Kilda, who assert that the arrival of a vessel at their island gives a feverish cold to all its inhabitants.

From Tithorea they passed along an ancient military way, and over a handsome modern bridge of five arches across the Cephissus, before they ascended the chain of Ceta, whence they enjoyed a glorious prospect of the gulf of Malea, and where the character of the whole scene forcibly reminded them of the Trachinæ of Sophocles,—who has adhered, in his description, with admirable truth, to the minutest circumstances of nature.—On leaving the mountain, they advanced towards Thermopylæ, still traversing the Roman military road, and in the very gorge of the pass, discovered an ancient tomb, which they apprehended, with sufficient reason, to be that of the three hundred Spartans.

Dr. Clarke's details of the present appearance of the defile, and the spirit with which he traces the movements of both Greeks and Persians, are well worthy of notice, but we have little space to spare for them. The narrowest part of the pass is still occupied by a barrier and a Turkish guard; and as the country has never been drained or improved, the whole scenery is pretty much as Xerxes must have seen it when his advanced guard found the Lacedæmonians combing their long hair and amusing themselves with gymnastic exercises. In the neighbourhood of the hot springs from which the defile is named, a gaseous fluid bubbles up through many fissures in the soil, which may, perhaps, as Dr. Clarke observes, have given Sophocles the hint of those *θεομυδάρις ἀρροί*, which boiled up from the earth where Hercules cast the fragments of his envenomed garment.—At this distance of time, it gives a new interest to the most beautiful productions of the Grecian drama, to be informed that the poet, in his descriptions, did not merely delineate

delineate an ideal picture, but that he adapted the mythological tales of his country to the actual features of its geography, and its existing characteristic phenomena !

‘ We looked back (he continues, in taking leave of this remarkable spot) towards the whole of the passage with regret ; marvel-ling, at the same time, that we should quit with reluctance a place, which, without the interest thrown over it by ancient history, would be one of the most disagreeable upon earth. Unwholesome air, mephitic exhalations bursting through the rifted and rotten surface of a corrupted soil, as if all the land around were diseased ; a filthy and fetid quag- mire ; “ a heaven fat with fogs ;” stagnant but reeking pools ; hot and sulphureous springs ; in short, such a scene of morbid nature, as sug- gested to the fertile imagination of ancient poets their ideas of a land poisoned by the “ *blood of Nessus*,” and that calls to mind their descrip- tions of *Tartarus* ; can only become delightful from the most powerful circumstances of association that ever were produced by causes diame- trically opposite ;—an association combining, in the mere mention of the place, all that is great, and good, and honourable ; all that has been embalmed as most dear in the minds of a grateful posterity.’—
p. 251.

The last town in Trachinia is Zeitun, supposed by some to be the ancient Lamia,—and the first in Thessaly is Pharsalus now Pharsa. Dr. Clarke, in illustration of the idea that different regions produce different physical effects on the minds of their inhabitants, instances Thessaly and *Yorkshire*, as both proverbially remarkable for the shrewdness rather than the honesty of their people.—We are not particularly called on to break a lance in defence of either of these extensive regions,—but we believe that the ill-reputation both of the one and the other, has proceeded rather from the trade for which they were famous, than from any peculiarities in their scenery. We know nothing in the air either of the East Riding, or of Larissa, which can dispose a man to those qualities which are imputed to their occupants ; but both have furnished a considera- ble number of horsedealers, a race whose acuteness is often called into play, and who have at least as many temptations to fraud as other traders.—The plain of Pharsalia is flat and open, only differ- ing from those of *Cambridgeshire* in the circumstance that eagles and vultures hold the place of Royston crows. It abounds in tumuli,—and our travellers saw a Turkish sportsman with some beautiful greyhounds. At Larissa, a large and wealthy but intole- rant and inhospitable town, they remained two days, and thence set out for Tempe, now pronounced Tembi. The situation of this celebrated vale had been strangely mistaken by the greater number of modern travellers ; and it is singular that the only good direc- tions for finding it had been given by a person who was never in Greece,—Arthur Browne, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and

author of *Miscellaneous Sketches, or Hints for Essays*. London. 1798. He was the first to detect the inconsistencies of Pococke and Busching and to send future travellers to look for Tempe in its real situation, the defiles between Ossa and Olympus. On that situation no doubt can now remain, since Dr. Clarke was fortunate enough to discover an inscription purporting that the pass of Tempe had been fortified by Cassius Longinus, whose name as well as his mission into Thessaly, Mr. Walpole, with almost equal felicity, has detected in the Third Book of Cæsar's History of the Civil War. The woods, which once appear to have adorned this celebrated region, have been much diminished in the service of the neighbouring cotton works,—but the mountains on each side are truly sublime, and an idea may be conveyed of the vale, by comparing it to Killiecrankie in Scotland, or Dovedale in Derbyshire, on a larger scale of rock and wildness. In the centre of this romantic seclusion stands Ampelakia, a town of four hundred houses, inhabited by Greeks and many Germans, who have established very considerable manufactories for spinning and dying cotton, and whose red twist, though undersold by our superior machinery, is preferred all over the continent to that which England furnishes, on account of its superior durability and beauty. Caravans laden with this thread pass continually northwards, and its sale extends as far as Hamburgh. No Turks are found in Ampelakia, and this circumstance, together with the industry of the inhabitants, give to this tiny Manchester an air of comfort and freedom which few other Grecian towns enjoy.

Our travellers had no time to search after Pella and *Ægæ*. The former place is, however, so accurately marked out by the descriptions of Livy, that the first traveller who has leisure to penetrate into the inland country can hardly fail of discovering it. The second, now called Vodina, has since been visited by Mr. Fiott, of St. John's College, Cambridge, who was so fortunate as to discover and explore the tombs where the Macedonian kings are laid with their dresses and ornaments, and had good feeling enough (very different from the generality of travellers) to respect the repose of the dead, and leave their remains and treasures unviolated. This part of Macedonia is a flat and marshy plain, but the mountains which border it are of very striking forms and dimensions; and Olympus, though at the distance of fifty miles in a straight line from Thessalonica, is of so great magnitude in itself as to appear almost close to those who look on it from that city.

The plague was raging in Thessalonica when our travellers entered it. They were, however, most hospitably received in the houses of the English consul, Mr. Charnaud, and of Mr. Abbot, the senior English merchant in the Levant,—and, in the enjoyment

ment of a well-educated male and female society, they were easily induced to prolong their stay, in defiance of all real or imaginary risk of infection. They even ventured to explore the most infected district of the city, in order to see the celebrated Propyleum of which Stuart has given a detailed account,—and by observing the simple precaution of touching no one in the street, escaped without mischief. The statues on this building are as large as life, and some of them of exquisite proportions, though the pillars which support them are in a very inferior taste. With rare good fortune, they have been respected both by Turks and Greeks, and under the name of ‘Incantadas,’ or *enchanted figures*, are regarded as a species of talisman on which the prosperity of the city depends. Many attempts have been made, both by French and English, to get them removed, but the Pasha has remained firm, and they are likely to retain their present exalted stations. There are many other equally interesting though not equally celebrated remains of antiquity in this city, which is, on several accounts, one of the most important of the Turkish empire in Europe. The ancient walls are yet entire, or nearly so; they have been obviously built at different times,—the lower parts, which are in that style of architecture usually called Cyclopean, being surmounted by an upper structure of brick-work intermixed with many marble fragments of broken columns, inscriptions, and friezes. Their circuit is about six miles, but within this are many void spaces. The appearance of the town, rising like an amphitheatre from its harbour, is very striking; but like all other Grecian cities, its interior by no means corresponds to this external magnificence. All kinds of provisions are abundant, and the neighbourhood swarms with hares, which the modern Macedonians esteem (as the ancient did before them) an unclean and impious diet. The population of Thessalonica is vaguely computed at about 60,000 souls, of whom 30,000 are Turks, 16,000 Greeks, 12,000 Jews and gipsies, and about 2000 negro slaves. The population of all Greece, in its largest sense, is estimated by Beaujour, from whom Dr. Clarke professes to take his statement, at 1,920,000,—but all such calculations are matters of mere conjecture, and to be received accordingly; though they may be useful as comparative estimates of different regions similarly situated. Dr. Clarke, who always appears to take a strong and pleasing interest in every thing which relates to Christian antiquities, does not leave Thessalonica without some natural reflexions on a city which was the scene of St. Paul’s most active labours, and of which the numerous Jewish population still, probably, presents a picture not very different from that which it offered to the Apostle on his first visit to the place. A church is shewn which the Greeks regard as
built

built on the spot where the Apostle of the Gentiles preached; but, as our author with good reason remarks, the scene of his labours was among the *Jews*, and the known attachment of that people to their ancient places of worship would point out the oldest *synagogues* in that city as the most probable theatres of his oratory.

The distances are marked along the whole road from Salonika to Constantinople by small tumuli, placed in pairs, opposite to each other; each pair distant from the next 2000 paces, which are not, indeed, as Dr. Clarke supposes, equal to *two* Roman miles, but which, allowing twenty-eight inches to each pace, come very near the *ordinary Roman mile of 1610 yards*, and may therefore sufficiently decide by what hands the road was made, inasmuch as there is no other known division of distance with which they appear to tally. This part of Macedonia is low and marshy, but well cultivated, and our travellers noticed a fine breed of sheep resembling those on the Sussex downs. In their second day's journey they passed some extraordinary rocks, which, like the Castle of St. John, present at a distance so perfectly the appearance of ruins, that a near approach was necessary to undeceive the eye; and two large lakes, which now bear the names of St. Basil and Beshak. Of the first, neither Dr. Clarke nor Mr. Walpole is able to give the ancient name; the second, Dr. Clarke has shewn to be Bolbe, which D'Anville has placed considerably too far from Thessalonica, and on whose banks we are to look for the valley of Arcthusa, and Bromiscus—near which latter town Euripides died either of old age, as the epigram of Dionysius imports, or, according to the common tradition, of the bite of dogs. Our travellers did not visit Mount Athos, which circumstance, however, has not preserved the unfortunate inhabitants of its monasteries from Dr. Clarke's usual severity when speaking of Greek monks and Greek superstition. Their revenues, he, from mere conjecture, states at above a million of dollars annually; and, without having conversed with a single ecclesiastic of their body, he takes it for granted that they are all 'as ignorant and avaricious as their brethren in other parts of Greece.' From the charge of ignorance we certainly cannot defend them; but it is very evident that if they were suspected of enjoying a revenue any thing like that which he has ascribed to them, the Turkish government, which is always on the watch for opportunities of increasing its *avarias*, and which has far better means of information on the subject than Dr. Clarke could possibly enjoy, would never be content with so paltry a tax as that which these monks now pay of *one thousand dollars*. The fact that many of their religious utensils and pictures are ornamented with gold, silver, and pearls, is a very equivocal sign of a great income. These are their tools of trade,—the raree-shows which

which they live by exhibiting;—they are in many instances the relics of better times, and it is as inconsequent to argue from them to the personal wealth and luxury of their possessors, as to conclude that a silversmith or jeweller is luxurious because his windows are stored with fine things. But it is also certain that whatever the monks receive, beyond the sum necessary for their bare subsistence, is laid out in trinkets of this kind. They are known to live themselves on coarse fare, on bread and olives, in sack-cloth and dirt, so that it is not very surprizing that they should be able to keep up and increase the ornaments of their churches and altars. But, if 5 or 600,000 dollars had been annually appropriated to this end, their churches might have been long since paved with silver, they might have carved Mount Athos itself into an image of the Panagia; except, indeed, that before any such accumulation of treasures could have been accomplished, they would have infallibly received a visit from the Capudan Pasha as governor of the Archipelago, or from his excellency the chief of the black eunuchs, who is the first commissioner of the Sublime Porte for the religious administration of the empire. The truth is, that the time when Rycaut wrote (from whose work all these tales of Grecian wealth are taken) was not a time of accurate inquiry, or when travellers were at all accustomed to examine into the *probability* of the facts related to them. But an assertion which in Rycaut bears no great weight, becomes important when advanced by Dr. Clarke, and we have, therefore, taken the more pains to show on how slender a foundation it reposes.

The ruins of Amphipolis are still considerable, but belong to the Romans rather than the ancient Greeks. As our travellers approached the borders of Thrace the population became chiefly Turkish; and the difference was marked by the number of fountains by the way side, the tall minarets rising amid groves of cypress and poplar, and the distances of the villages from the main road, in order to escape the desolating track of their own armies. They met two parties of well-dressed women on horseback, riding astride with their veils on, and each guided by a pedestrian attendant. As soon as they perceived the foreigners, they caused their horses to be led out of the road and to be placed so that their backs were towards the passengers, lest their eyes, which only were visible through their thick veils, should be profaned by the gaze of an infidel. The disturbed state of the country prevented their visiting Philippi, but they detected the situation of the ancient Neapolis in the town and port of Cavallo. At Yeniga they found the inhabitants in the full riot of a Turkish carnival, firing their muskets and pistols in the streets to celebrate the eve of their great fast of Ramadan. At such periods it is very dangerous for a Christian to fall in their way; but here, as in all other countries where similar

institutions prevail, the fast itself is broken by almost all who can do it without detection. The ruined city of Bistonia, situated near a large salt water lake, attracted a share of their passing attention, but the antiquities of Thrace, both in number and interest, fell grievously short of those which surround a traveller in Greece and Macedonia. At a village called Shaft-cheyr they were very unpleasantly situated from the ill-humour of the guides, but were relieved from their embarrassments by a hospitable and kind-hearted old Turk, who, though not rich, would accept no payment for their lodging and supper, though he was so sensible to the supposed pollution which his house contracted by the entertainment of Franks during the fast, that, as they accidentally discovered after their departure, he broke all the earthen vessels in which he had brought water for them, and fumigated the apartment in which they had slept. At Fairy, a large town on the eastern side of the mountain Serrium, they were exposed to more serious danger. The town had been attacked by a party of insurgents from the country a few days before their arrival. It was now a heap of smoking ruins, and under the misrule of a race of fiercer ruffians than any whom they had seen since their visit to the Circassians of Caucasus. They passed the night in a wretched coffee-house, or rather temporary shed constructed to answer the purpose of a coffee-house, subject to the insults and menaces of these wretches, whose object it was to provoke a quarrel, and whose violence would only have been still further incensed by the production of the Sultan's firman. The morning freed them from their embarrassments and they passed the Hebrus, now called Maritza, which flows about three quarters of an hour's journey from Fairy; and Dr. Clarke has been at the pains of collecting many curious particulars respecting its streams from ancient history and fable. There is a passage in Plutarch's book on Rivers, which appears to Dr. Clarke a sufficient reason for concluding that *tobacco* grew here many ages before the discovery of America, and that its fumes were then used, as now, for their intoxicating qualities. Plutarch certainly does inform us in the passage alluded to, that the Thracians were accustomed to burn a certain herb after dinner in order to set themselves asleep by its fumes.—De Fluv. Op. T. x. p. 718. Ed. Reiske. But there are so many plants which produce an intoxicating effect that we certainly could not have ventured, from this statement, to assert, so confidently as Dr. Clarke has done, that this can be nothing but 'an allusion to *tobacco* and to the *practice of smoking*.' The general opinion which derives tobacco from the West Indies is hardly to be overturned by a possibility of this kind, and, above all, it is extremely unlikely that Plutarch would have described the modern Macedonian herb as '*very like marjoram*,'—*ἐρίγανη παρόμοιος*.—But this is not the most remarkable instance in which Dr. Clarke, when

when speaking of the Hebrus, has allowed his zeal to outrun his accuracy. 'Perhaps,' he continues, 'the old mythological story of its bearing the head of Orpheus, which was converted into stone, originated in an appearance presented by one of the extraneous fossils common to the banks of this river.' Now, the truth is, that no passage can be found in any ancient writer which describes the head of Orpheus as turned into stone. The account which Ovid gives of the transaction is that a serpent which attempted to bite the head of Orpheus was turned into stone, (*Metam.* xi. Fab. 1.) And Dr. Clarke's reference to Servius to prove that the head was thus changed, is such that it is well for him that he did not make it while he was in the under forms at school. 'Cum caput ejus,' says Servius, 'ad ripam delatum *serpens* mordere voluisset, est conversus in lapidem!' For the omission of the '*serpens*,' (which does not occur in Dr. Clarke's quotation,) the blame may, to a certain extent, be laid on Reiske, from whose note on Plutarch de Fluviiis, in the place already mentioned, Dr. Clarke has, apparently, taken the passage. But, both Reiske and Dr. Clarke would have been in grievous danger if they had been called up in their juvenile days to shew cause why sentence should not pass on them for making *caput* agree with *conversus*; and what has happened may be a salutary warning to critics and professors, while gathering 'extraneous fossils,' to beware of 'snakes in the grass.' Since the days of Euridice herself, indeed, your real Thracian serpent has been singularly subtle and dangerous to those who are not careful to look where they tread, and he is an enemy against whom the rarest genius is but a weak defence unless it be accompanied with caution. But, surely, Dr. Clarke was bewitched while he trod on Thracian ground, for a few pages afterwards we meet with a learned statement to prove that 'the whole Pantomime of Harlequin was originally derived from Greece,' and that it

'still preserves, among modern nations, a very curious mythological representation, founded upon the dramas of the ancients. Thus we see Harlequin, as Mercury, with the *harpè* in his hand, to render himself invisible, and to transport himself from one end of the earth to the other; wearing at the same time, his *petasus* or winged cap; and being accompanied by Columbine, as PSYCHE or the soul; an old man, who is CHARON, and a clown, MOMUS the son of Nox!'—'Indeed, some of the representations of Mercury upon antient vases, are actually taken from the scenic exhibitions of the Grecian theatre, and that these exhibitions were also the prototypes of the modern pantomime, requires no other confirmation than a reference to one of them, taken from D'Hancarville, and engraved for this work, where Mercury, Momus, and Psyche, are delineated exactly as we see Harlequin, the Clown, and Columbine upon the English stage!'—pp. 459, 460.

On an opinion of this kind it is not easy to speak with gravity, or we might, perhaps, observe, that, though there is no deficiency of infor-

information respecting the Grecian stage, we may challenge Dr. Clarke to produce a single instance in which the departure of the soul, under the guidance of Mercury and Charon, is mentioned as being represented on that stage in the manner which he supposes, or in which any of the distinctive peculiarities of Harlequin appear to have found a place in the spectacles of the ancient mimi or comedians. As for the whimsical delineation which, properly castrated, he has transferred from D'Hancarville and Winkelman to the head of his fourteenth chapter, we are persuaded that if he himself will once more examine it, he will perceive, as all the world perceived before, that the bearded figure with the ladder on his neck, is marked out, by the kingly crown which he wears, as no less a personage than Jupiter himself,—that the lady at the window is Alcmena, —and that the whole caricature is taken, indeed, from the Grecian stage, but from a play in which neither Momus, Charon, nor Psyche was of the *dramatis personæ*.

The eastern part of Thrace resembles the steppes of Russia, and, to add to the similitude, there are here tumuli precisely similar to those of Tartary. Such tumuli, indeed, are always most abundant in countries of this description, as a visit to our own downs may convince us. Not that open plains were peculiarly selected for these kind of sepulchres, but because that which was the most ancient form of sepulchre every where, has remained in these situations unlevelled by the plough and unconcealed by the growth of brushwood. Our travellers ascertained the site of the ancient Heraclea to be not at Eski Eregli as generally supposed, but at Buyuk Eregli, about two hours distant,—and on January the 12th passed, for the second time, through Constantinople in their way to their former lodgings at Pera.

Of Pera, its climate, its water, its society, Dr. Clarke speaks in terms at least sufficiently unfavourable:—the fountains are conducted through cemeteries, and charged with all the impurity which such a medium implies,—the sudden changes of temperature from heat to cold place a man in hourly risk of a fever or a locked jaw,—the streets and houses swarm with rats like a rabbit-warren, and yet cats are so abundant and so much in the habit of entering the houses through their ill-made roofs, that the bed-chambers smell much more offensively than dunghills. It is true that Dr. Clarke was, at the time, in a state of health which was likely to quicken his apprehension of the disagreeable. But his description of the streets, the markets, and manufactures, and, above all, the antiquities of Constantinople, is full of novelty and strength of colouring, not the less entertaining for being tinged with the same species of humour which we find in Smollet's *Matthew Bramble*. It should be above all observed, that so zealous is Dr. Clarke for the increase

of

of knowledge, and so much is he at home in the works of ancient and modern travellers, that where he himself has made no discovery, he often gives directions, by the observance of which succeeding adventurers may be more fortunate, and we know not whether most praise is due to his description of what he has seen, or his hints for further discovery.

Dr. Clarke's volume does not end here, though it is here that he concludes the second part of his travels. A Supplement follows, containing a hasty journal of his progress through Wallachia, Transylvania and Hungary, to Vienna; and copious remarks on the mines of Nagybania, Cremnitz, and Schemnitz. But for this part of his journey we have no space. His mineralogical observations are not of a kind to bear abridgment, and he had in Hungary little leisure or inclination for other inquiries. He arrived at Vienna, May 29th, and thence continued his journey through Germany and France to England. In the Appendix is given a translation, by the Rev. G. Browne of Trinity College, Cambridge, of the famous fragment of Nicetas the Choniote, describing the well known devastations of the Franks when they took Constantinople, A. D. 1205. A list of the plants collected during the tour, containing no less than sixty *new species*; a diary of the temperature of the atmosphere in the different regions which he visited in Europe, Asia, and Africa; and an itinerary of his course from Athens to Boulogne, together with a map of his journey, on too small a scale to be useful, and two plans of Constantinople and the sea of Marmora, conclude the volume, of which our opinion may be gathered in part from the strictures which it has called forth, though it would be an act of great injustice to appreciate its merit from those strictures only. It has been often supposed to be the delight of critics to find fault. It might, with more truth, be said to be their peculiar and most urgent employment, and the more necessary does it become in proportion to the general ability and previous reputation of the writers under their scrutiny. But while we can say with great truth that we have not knowingly passed over a single mistake in Dr. Clarke's long work, without its due reprehension, we should despise ourselves if we were to represent such errors as detracting in any serious degree from the general value and authority of his statements; or if we were slow to acknowledge that an equally careful selection of those passages which have pleased and instructed us would have far exceeded the limits of our Review. Few men have seen so much as he has done, still fewer have described what they have seen so well; and we hardly know any writer with whose character and feelings we become so well acquainted from the perusal of his work, or where, bating a little prejudice, peevishness and impetuosity, the impression is more thoroughly favourable.

ART.

ART. VIII.—*Paris in 1815. A Poem.* Svo. pp. 75. London. 1817.

THIS is the work of a powerful and poetic imagination; but the style and expression are of very unequal merit. Occasionally uncouth, and frequently obscure, they nevertheless are often, perhaps we might say generally, suitable to the ardent inspirations which they are destined to convey.

The subject of the poem is a desultory walk through Paris, in which the author observes, with very little regularity, but with great force, on the different objects which present themselves. It is evident that he visited Paris already well imbued with the local history of the town, and more particularly with that of those most interesting events which for five-and-twenty years have rendered that capital equally the object of horror and curiosity.

The bias of the author's mind, both in religion and politics, is strongly adverse to the revolution and the revolutionists, and when he enters the scenes on which so many atrocious crimes have been committed, his descriptions are tinged with the deep and mellow colours of an enthusiasm against which no reader, we think, can easily defend himself.

Approaching from Mont Martre, the first object that strikes our poetical traveller is the British flag which, from that remarkable eminence, floated over the haughty capital of France.—The hurried fortifications raised here by Buonaparte, symbols of

What terror on the *boastful* land has been,
are well delineated; but the stanzas, which describe the feelings of the British army when they first scaled Mont Martre, and glutted their eyes with the view of *conquered* PARIS, appear to us to be of a still higher strain:

IX.

‘War has its mighty moments:—Heart of Man!
Have all thy pulses vigour for a thrill
Prouder than through those gallant bosoms ran
When first their standards waved above that hill?
When first they strove their downward gaze to fill
With the full grandeur of their glorious prize—
Paris! the name that from their cradle still
Stung them in dreams; now, glittering in their eyes,
Now won—won by the Victory of Victories!

X.

‘For *this*, had bled their battle round the world;
For *this*, they round the world had come to war;
Some with the shatter’d ensign that unfurl’d
Its lion-emblems to the Orient star;
And some, the blue Atlantic stemming far;

And

And some, a matchless band, from swarthy Spain—
 With well-worn steel, and breasts of many a scar ;
 But all their plains to their last conquering plain
 Were sport, and all their trophies to *this* trophy vain.'—p. 5, 6.

Before we proceed, we must take the opportunity of stating, once for all, that the author is sometimes extremely negligent in the construction of his Alexandrines. It requires more management than he is entitled to demand, on the part of his readers, to modulate the closing lines of the two stanzas just quoted (and there are many others *ejusdem farinae*) into any thing like verse. This is a fault which no authority can sanction, and which, therefore, like the errors of Hamlet's strolling players, *should be reformed all-together*.

On entering Paris, the author changes his metre, (on which we shall say a word hereafter,) and gives the following striking picture of the first impressions created by a sight so new to his eyes.

'The barrier's reach'd—out reels the drowsy guard ;
 A scowl—a question—and the gate's unbarr'd.
 And this is Paris! The postilion's thong
 Rings round a desert, as we bound along
 From rut to deeper rut of shapeless stone,
 With many a general heave, and general groan.
 Onward, still darker, doubly desolate,
 Winds o'er the shrinking head the dangerous strait :
 The light is lost ; in vain we peer our way
 Through the dark dimness of the Faubourg day ;
 In vain the wearied eyeball strains to scale
 That squalid height, half hovel and half jail :
 At every step the struggling vision bar
 Projections sudden, black, and angular,
 Streak'd with what once was gore, deep rent with shot,
 Marks of some conflict furious and—forgot !
 Grim loneliness !—and yet some wasted form
 Will start upon the sight, a human worm
 Clung to the chapel's wall—the lank throat bare,
The glance shot woeful from the tangled hair,
 The fleshless, outstretch'd arm, and ghastly cry,
 Half forcing, half repelling charity.
 Or, from the portal of the old hotel,
 Gleams on his post the victor-sentinel,—
 Briton or German,—shooting round his ken,
 From its dark depth,—*a lion from his den !*—pp. 12, 13.

If, as we suspect, this passage should remind our readers of Mr. Crabbe, the following description of the lodging of one of Buonaparte's last-stake ruffians, the *sédérés* whom he attempted to arm in 1814, less in his own defence than for the overthrow of all order, will press the resemblance more strongly upon them.

'Heavy

' Heavy that chamber's air ; the sunbeams fall
 Scattered and sickly on the naked wall ;
 Through the time-crusted casement scarcely shown
 The rafter'd roof, the floor of chilling stone,
 The crazy bed, the mirror that betrays
 Frameless, where vanity yet loves to gaze ;
 And still, the symbols of his darker trade,
 The musquet, robber-pistol, sabre blade,
 Hung rusting, where around the scanty fire
 His squalid offspring watch its brands expire.
 His glance is there ;—another, statelier spot
 Has full possession of his fever'd thought ;
 In the fierce past the fierce to-come he sees,
 The day returned of plunder'd palaces,
 When faction revell'd, mobs kept thrones in awe,
 And the red pike at once was King and Law.'—p. 16.

We regret that our limits do not permit us to give the whole of the vivid and energetic passage in which the author describes the infamous Abbaye, and exhibits the horrors of the massacres of September, 1792. The contrast between the present appearance of the building, and the recollections which it inspires, are finely conceived and forcibly expressed.

' But pause ! what pile athwart the crowded way
 Frowns with such *sterner aspect* ? The Abbaye !—
 Gay in the sight, the shadow of that pile,
 The meagre native plays his gambol vile.
 Above, tolls out for death the prison knell,
 Below, dogs, monkeys, bears, the jangling swell ;
 The crack'd horn rings, the rival mimes engage,
 Punch in imperial tatters sweeps the stage ;
 The jostling mob dance, laugh, sing, shout the rhyme,
 And die in ecstasies the thousandth time.
 And look ! around, above, what ghastly row
 Through bar and grating struggle for the show,
 Down darting, head o'er head, the haggard eye,
 Felons ! the scarcely 'scaped,—the sure to die !
 The dungeon'd murderer startles from his trance,
 Uplistening hears the din, the monkey-dance,
 Growls at the fate that fix'd his cell beneath,
 And feels the solid bitterness of death.
 Yes, 'twas the spot !—where yonder slow gendarme
 Sweeps from his round the loitering pauper-swarm ;
 Where up the mouldering wall, that starveling vine
 Drags on from nail to nail its yellow twine ;
 For ornament ! Still something for the eye ;
Prisons, nay graves, have here their foppery.'—pp. 19, 20.

He then proceeds to a more detailed description of those dreadful nights ;—it is all good, particularly the account of that most
 awful

awful scene in which a priest ascended a kind of pulpit in the prison, and gave the last admonitions of piety and the last consolations of religion to the mixed and melancholy crowds of fellow sufferers who knelt before him:—but we must limit ourselves to such passages as may be most easily disconnected from the context.

The following incident in that dreadful tragedy is not more powerfully given than the rest, but it is an insulated episode which will lose nothing by being quoted alone. After sketching, with the hand of a master, the bloody and drunken tribunal of that night, (drunk with wine as well as blood,) he goes on—

‘ And now, a prisoner stood before them, wan
With dungeon damps and woe—an aged man,
But stately;—there was in his hoary hair
A reverend grace that Murder’s self might spare.
Two of the mob, half naked, freshly dyed
In crimson clots, waved sabres at his side.
He told his tale,—a brief, plain, prison tale,—
Well vouch’d by those faint limbs and features pale:
His words were strong, the manly energy
Of one not unprepared to live or die.
His judges wavered, whispered, seemed to feel
Some human touches at his firm appeal.—
He named his king!—a burst of scoff and sneer
Pour’d down, that even the slumberers sprang to hear;
Startled, to every grating round the room
Sprang visages already seal’d for doom;
Red from their work without, in rush’d a crowd,
Like wolves that heard the wonted cry of blood.
He gazed above,—the torch’s downward flame
Flash’d o’er his cheek;—’twas red,—it might be shame,
Shame for his country, sorrow for her throne;—
’Twas pale,—the hectic of the heart was gone.
His guards were shaken off;—he tore his vest,
A ribbon’d cross was on his knightly breast,—
It covered scars;—he deigned no more reply;
None, but the scorn that lighten’d from his eye.
His huddled, hurried judges dropp’d their gaze;
The villain soul’s involuntary praise!
He kiss’d his cross, and turn’d him to the door—
An instant,—and they heard his murderers’ roar!’—pp. 24, 25.

The dreadful continuance of these scenes, and the long line of victims immolated, are thus beautifully described:

‘ The evening fell,—in bloody mists the sun
Rush’d glaring down; nor yet the work was done;
’Twas night;—and still upon the Bandit’s eye
Came from their cavern those who came to die;
A long, weak, wavering, melancholy wave,
As from the grave, returning to the grave.

’Twas

'Twas midnight;—still the gusty torches blazed
 On shapes of woe, dim gestures, faces glazed;
 And still, as through the dusk the *ghastly file*
Moved onward, it was added to the pile!—p. 26.

From this heart-touching subject, the poet turns to the royal procession to Notre Dame in 1815; and here again his description of the objects that move before his eyes is exquisitely tinged with the colour of the thoughts that pass through his memory, and of the feelings that arise in his heart.

When the *Mousquetaires* who had accompanied the king to Ghent (and who have been *therefore*, we believe, since disbanded) appeared in the procession, the applauses of the crowd (mob as it was) rent the air.

'Twas the heart's shout—the vilest of the vile
 By instinct bow before the virtuous brave.'

The fatal night of the departure of this gallant band from Paris, and the melancholy festivity in which at Ghent they renewed the pledges of their devotion, are finely imagined, and (with the exception of the last line) forcibly expressed.

XXXII.

'It was a dreary hour; that deep midnight,
 Which saw those warriors to their chargers spring,
 And, sadly gathering by the torch's light,
 Draw up their squadrons to receive their king:
 Then, thro' the streets, long, silent, slumbering,
 Move like some secret, noble funeral;
 Each forced in turn to feel his bosom wring,
 As in the gloom shone out his own proud hall,
His own no more;—no more!—he had abandon'd all!

XXXIII.

'And when, thro' many a league of chase and toil,
 With panting steed, red spur, and sheathless sword,
 At last they reach'd the stranger's sheltering soil;
They saw their country, where they saw its lord.
 All ruin'd now, they fenc'd his couch and board,
 But with still humbler head, and lower knee;
 And scorn'd the tauntings of the rebel horde;
 Nay, in the hour that seal'd the base decree
 Of exile, pledged their faith in proud festivity.

XXXIV.

'I love not war; too oft the mere, mad game
 That tyrants play to keep themselves awake.
 But 'tis not war—it earns a nobler name—
 When men gird on the sword for conscience' sake,
 When country, king, faith, freedom are at stake.
 And my eye would have left earth's gaudiest show,
 To see those men at their poor banquet take

The

The sword, and, mid the song and cup's gay flow,
Swear on it, for their prince to live—or to lie low.—p. 31.

The high mass of Notre Dame is described with appropriate splendour; but in the midst of the parade of this ostentatious worship, the poet recalls us, by the most touching strokes, to the humble scenes of our own purer devotion.

XLV.

'Georgous!—but love I not such pomp of prayer;
Ill bends the heart 'mid mortal luxury.
Rather let me the meek devotion share,
Where, in their silent glens and thickets high,
England, thy lone and lowly chapels lie.
The spotless table by the eastern wall,
The marble, rudely traced with names gone by,
The pale-eyed pastor's simple, fervent call;
Those deeper wake the heart, where heart is all in all.

XLVI.

'Vain the world's grandeur to that hallow'd roof
Where sate our fathers many a gentle year;
All round us memory; at our feet the proof,
How deep the grave holds all we treasure here:
Nay, where we bend, still trembling on our ear
The voice whose parting rent life's loveliest ties;
And who demands us all, heart, thought, tear, prayer?
Ev'n He who saith "Mercy, not sacrifice,"

Cares He for mortal pomp, whose footstool is the skies!—p. 37.

At this ceremony, the author witnessed the expression of the deep-rooted grief of the Duchess of Angouleme; and he touches upon the unparalleled sufferings of the *orphan of the Temple* in a tone which will go to the reader's heart, and console him, in some measure, for the pain which he may have felt at the unmanly brutality of Mr. Hobhouse, and the unwomanly brutality of Lady Morgan.

After a spirited apostrophe, which beautifully contrasts the promise of her fortune with the event—

'Daughter of France! in what empurpled bow'r
Pass'd thy young loveliness the sunny hour?'—p. 41.

the poet describes the dark and dismal scene in which she was secluded: and then adds, in a strain of poetry and pathos which we have seldom seen equalled—

'She had companions. Deeper misery!
All whom she loved on earth were there—to die!
And they must perish from her—one by one—
And her soul bleed with each, till all are gone.
This is the woe of woes, the sting of fate,
To see our little world grow desolate,

The

The few on whom the very soul reclin'd,
Sink from the eye, and feel we stay behind;—
Life, to the farthest glance, a desert road,
Dark, fearful, weary—yet that must be trod.
Daughter of France! did not such pangs compress
Thy heart in its last, utter loneliness?
Didst thou not droop thy head upon thy hand,
Then, starting, think that time was at a stand,
And find its flight but by the thicker gloom,
That dimm'd thy solitary dungeon-room?
Didst thou not gaze upon thy glimpse of sky,
And long to bid the last, best hour be nigh?
Or melted even by that moment's view,
Stoop to the world again, and think, how blue,
How bright to thousands spread its canopy?
How many a joyous heart and laughing eye,
Buoyant with life and hope, and free,—oh, free!—
Bask'd in the brightness thou shouldst never see?
Her world was past; her hours, or few or more,
Left her bound, wretched—all she was before!
This, this is misery—the headsman's steel
Strikes, and we perish—*but we cease to feel.*—pp. 42, 43.

The author's description of his own feelings when he visited the scene of these sorrows, is not less beautiful.

'The Temple tower is fallen; yet still the grot
Lives in pale mockery of the woeful spot;
The weedy walk still borders the parterre,
A few wild shrubs chok'd in the heavy air;
And, helped by some rude tracery on the green,
The eye may image where the pile has been:
But all is past,—trench, buttress, bustling guard,—
For silence, ruin, and the pale dead sword.

Heaven! what wild weight of suffering was prest
In this close den, *this grave in all but rest!*—
I trod the ground with reverence, for that ground
Was holy to my tread; its dungeon-bound,
Dear as the spot where blood and ashes tell
That there the martyr closed his triumph well;
The torture's tools even hallow'd—brand and stake,
Scourge, fetter—all, all relics for his sake.—pp. 43, 44.

Such sentiments as these will prepare our readers to believe that the captivity of the royal family is, if we may use the expression, rather *wept* than *sung*. There is in all these passages a tone of deep and real feeling which springs from a higher source than any fabled fountain of the Muses.

But we must pursue our walk—and that leads us to the Boulevards, where we think our author will be found to be as acute and

and pleasant a painter of Parisian fopperies and gambols, as we have before seen him an indignant and pathetic censor of their crimes.

'Now comes the idler's hour. The beggar-bard
Takes his old quarters on the Boulevard;
Beneath the trees the Conjuror spreads his tools;
The Quack harangues his group of graver fools
In lofty lies, unruffled by the jar
Thrumm'd from his neighbour Savoyard's guitar;
Veil'd virgins beam, like Dian in a mist;
Philosophers show mites; she-tumblers twist;
Each the fix'd genius of some favourite tree,
Dryads and fauns of Gallic minstrelsy.
In double glories now, the broad Marchande,
Fire-eyed, her skin by Gascon summers tann'd,
Red as the kerchief round her coal-black hair,
Lays out her tempting trays of rich and rare.
Resistless ruby bands, delicious rings,
In genuine paste; the true wax coral strings,
Mingling with wonders of profounder art,
Woman's dear helps to mystify the heart;
Crisp auburn curls,—to hide th' obtrusive gray;
That stubborn hue, which yet will make its way;
Glass eyes, mouse eyebrows, teeth like studs of snow,
Grinning in grim good humour row by row.
Secrets so strictly kept from upper air,
Yet here let loose, the sex's whole repair;
Mysterious things! that, like the tricks of dreams,
Make what is seem not, while what is not, *seems*.'—p. 47.

We have already indulged ourselves in more quotation than we could well spare room for, and must here therefore close our extracts with the conclusion of the poem, which alludes to Waterloo in strains that become a Briton and a Christian.

'The heavens were sick of crime,—the endless strife
Where black ambition flung its stake of life.
The trial came.—On rush'd, with shout and ban,
The rebel hosts, their Idol in the van;
Strength of their heart, and wonder of their eye;
Illusive glory, for his hour was nigh!
Their rites of blood arose. In vain the name
Of their dark Baal echoed. Evening came.—
Then the true thunders roll'd. Their livid gaze
Saw the horizon one advancing blaze;
They saw it smite their Idol on his throne;
And he was amote,—pomp, art, illusion gone!
Then died his worshippers. The jealous steel
Raged through their quivering ranks with faithful zeal.

The sacrifice was done! and on its wing
The earth sent up the shout of thanksgiving.*—p. 59.*

From these extracts our readers will probably pronounce the anonymous author of this work to be an *admirable poet*—and they will do him no more than justice; they may also be inclined to call the work itself an *admirable poem*, in which candour obliges us to declare that they will not be altogether so correct. It has some very considerable faults, and these happen to be of the kind that are least perceptible in extracts: namely, a general want of plan, much abruptness, and frequent obscurities. A poem, we admit, should not be a diary; and a poet is not bound to drive Pegasus in a cabriolet through the streets of Paris;—but there are limits to poetic licence; abrupt transitions and obscure chasms break and

* The author has subjoined a note on the subject of the battle of Waterloo which, for the beauty of its expression, the justness of its sentiments, and the originality of its views, we are satisfied our readers will thank us for laying before them.

To those who may, like the writer, incline to think that a more glorious age is about to rise upon the world, and that Waterloo was the thunderstorm which was to give the last clearing to the air before that perfect vision, it assumes a loftier character than its mortal triumph. It seems to bear the features of a grand, immediate interposition of Superior Power. The final overthrow of the French empire, which was atheistic, jacobin, and revolutionary to its latest hour; and the utter disgrace of Napoleon, the concentrated spirit of the revolution, were at least the results of the battle of Waterloo. They may appear to have been its providential objects. Had human judgments been previously consulted they would probably have drawn a different plan of the battle. The Prussians would have at once joined the British, and swept the enemy before them; or the British would have been in force enough to have driven in the French early in the day; or Napoleon would have fallen or been taken prisoner. But the battle was not to be so fought, to be most fatal to the atheistic power. If the French had been beaten in the broad day, they might have rallied, or retired before superiority of force, or in the last event have been made prisoners in masses. But the conflict held on, bloody and disastrous, till the moment when they could neither escape nor conquer. Retreating an hour before nightfall, they might have been saved; fighting an hour after it, they might have had the night for retreat. But they broke on the edge of darkness. The Prussians came up, retarded during the day, to be unfatigued by battle, and fresh for pursuit. The night was made for remorseless slaughter. "Thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon!" The distribution of the triumph was judicial. England had seen in France only an envenomed enemy, Prussia had felt in her a remorseless oppressor; England had suffered no serious inflection, Prussia had been steeped to the lips in suffering; and to England, on this memorable day, was given the GLORY, and to Prussia the REVENGE.

¶ If Napoleon had been killed or wounded, or made prisoner, or borne from the field in the backward rushing of his army, there might have been some reserve of fame for him. But a stronger Will determined that he should be saved for immortal and cureless shame; that he should be seen a coward, and ready fugitive; that no question should be left to the world of his abjectness of soul, and that he should be reserved to be shewn as a monster to an English rabble, and yet survive!

¶ If the French army, the authors of so much misery to Europe, were to have been finally punished, it was done by the battle of Waterloo. For the first time since the accession of Napoleon, their force was exclusively French; and it was trampled like a mire of blood. There has been no instance for these thousand years of such total destruction of an army. The flower of France, and the leading strength of the rebellion, was the Imperial Guard. It was reserved for the last and most complete sacrifice of the day.*—p. 64.

ruffie

ruffle the stream of feeling down which the heart delights to glide; and an over anxious desire of contrast and variety has always the effect of distracting and wearying the mind. It is irksome, for instance, to be hurried in one page from the early markets of the Faubourg Mont Martre to the midnight festivities of the Faubourg St. Germain. In truth, we think we discover in several parts of the poem, sufficient proof that the author made on the spot the separate sketches, and that afterwards, desirous of making a *whole*, he joined them together, sometimes ungracefully, and not always intelligibly.

To this mode of composition we also should have been inclined to attribute the variety of metre which the author has adopted, and which in his preface he attempts to defend as right in principle.

'The occasional changes in the metre have been adopted, not in the idle imitation of superior writers, but simply to avoid the monotony of a perpetual recurrence of the same measure. The diversity of the subjects in these pages might of itself require diversity of metre. *Pomps and processions are not to be told in the same cadence with murders.* But, independently of the subject, there is a physical delight in this variety. The ear, or that combined sense of ear, eye, and mind by which we enjoy the full charm of versification, requires change to give the fullness of the charm. No excellence of poetry has been perfectly able, in our most illustrious models, to resist the antagonist monotony of a thousand lines in the same stanza. The suitableness of adopting the practice at all may be dependent on the length of the poem: in a very short performance, the monotony can scarcely arise from the measure; in a very long one, the reader makes intervals for himself, and comes refreshed by the intervals; in the intermediate order, too long to be despatched like a sonnet, and too short to be reserved for another sitting, he may require more aids than the present writer has allowed himself to supply in diversity of metre.'—Pref. pp. xi, xii, xiii.

None of these reasons appear to us to be founded in fact or just in principle;—they are, or at least they look like, the after-excuses which a person sometimes invents to justify to himself a practice which he is too indolent to correct. For instance—'*pomps, processions and murders are not to be told in the same cadence;*' and yet the liveliest *pomp* of the whole poem, the description of a ball-room,

'The buoyant, brilliant dance of tress and plume
Gleaming o'er diamond eyes and cheeks of bloom.'—p. 17.

is immediately followed, and in the same metre and cadence, by the *massacre* at the Abbaye.

'That mass of cloven bone and shatter'd limb
And spouting brain and visage strain'd and dim,
And horrid life, still quivering to the eye,
As chok'd in blood the victim toil'd to die.'—p. 27.

Again:—the gorgeous *procession* to Notre Dame is in the same stanza and cadence with the description of the *death* of the suicide, and the exposure of the body in the Morgue. Our readers will thank us for exemplifying this assertion by the last stanza on this melancholy subject, which describes the recognition of the body by the unhappy parent.

The crowd pass on. The hurried, trembling look,
That dreaded to have seen some dear one there,
Soon glanced, they silent pass. But in yon nook,
Who kneels, deep shrinking from the oriel's glare,
Her forehead veil'd, her lip in quivering prayer,
Her raised hands with the unfelt rosary wound?
That shrouded,—silent—statue of despair
Is she who through the world's delusive round

Had sought her erring child, and found, and *there* had found!—p. 40.

On what principle is it that, if the author really intended to suit his metre to his subject, the same form of stanza should be adopted for the following description:—

But musing's done.—The rabble round me press,
With every cry of earth since Babel's fall.
The world's in gala.—Poisarde loveliness
Glides, faint and feather'd from her last night's ball,
Dispensing glances on the friseur small,
The tiptoe thing beside her,—all bouquet;
His bowing head, a curly carnival;
His shoulders to his earrings, grimly gay;—

All have put on their smiles; 'tis the King's holiday.—p. 28.

These instances are sufficient to show that the author has not acted on his own principles, and that if he is right in his preface he is wrong in his poem; but the fact we take to be as we have before hinted, and that he is wrong in both. Nor does the length of his poem (which does not, we believe, exceed a thousand lines) appear to us to require or justify these variations, even admitting that such an irregularity could be, in *any case*, admissible. There are many other faults incident to this mixture of metre; one is that it alternately reminds the reader of Lord Byron and Mr. Crabbe, and excites in his mind an unjust and disparaging impression that the author is rather an imitator, than an emulator of the merits of those two admirable poets. If he reminded us of but one of them, the resemblance might be considered as accidental; but when he so frequently and so strongly brings *both* to our recollection, a reader will hardly admit the likeness to be fortuitous, and will be inclined to think that it belongs more to mimicry than to fair poetical imitation. Yet such suspicions would be essentially unjust to the author's real powers; he has a vigorous originality of thought, which places him rather by the side than in the train of those whom

he

he most resembles: but, as we have already said, the poem has evidently been composed of detached sketches, in which the author involuntarily fell into the stanza of Lord Byron or the couplet of Mr. Crabbe, as the recollections of these great poets happened, at the moment, to be uppermost in his mind.—The error, therefore, of being at once like Childe Harold and the Village is venial, and may be natural,—but it is an error, and it is our duty to warn the unknown author, that it will not on repetition be forgiven by the judicious part of the public.

He must also, we would take the liberty of saying, endeavour to divest himself of a habit of *inversion*—the wretched expedient which Darwin employed to cover the weakness of his style, and the poverty of his imagination, and which we should be sorry to see sanctioned by one who so little needs these mechanical aids as the author of 'Paris.' He needs no such helps, and the only passages in his poem which we have not read with unmixed pleasure, are those in which he has *taken pains* to be forcible or fine. Nothing can be better than his natural style; while it flows from his heart it is full at once of force, feeling, and simplicity; but sometimes, in search of a *strong* expression, he stumbles upon a *hard* one, and in his anxiety for the sublime, he now and then falls into the obscure. We have thrown out, we hope not in vain, these few observations on the defects of an author in whose future success we feel interested—who seems to exhibit a union, unhappily too rare, of piety and poetry, of what is right in politics, respectable in morals, correct in taste, and splendid in imagination.

ART. IX. *Voyage de Découvertes aux Terres Australes, exécuté sur les Corvettes Le Géographe, Le Naturaliste, et la Goëlette Le Casuarina, pendant les Années 1800—1804.*
Tome Second. A Paris. 1817.

THE audacious attempt, which was made in the publication of the first volume of this work, to rob Captain Flinders of the well-earned merit of his nautical labours and discoveries, while he was basely and barbarously kept in prison in a French colony, was regarded with becoming indignation throughout Europe, and with shame by the better part of the French nation. That volume was four years in preparation; yet such were the apparent marks of haste in bringing it out, that references were made to charts and plans which did not accompany it, and which, we verily believe, had no existence. We know that they were not made during the voyage; for the commander of the expedition told Captain Flinders that his charts would be constructed in Paris; which he never reached, having died on the passage home. M. Péron, the zoologist

and historiographer of the voyage, knew nothing of charts; but his coasts, his capes, and his headlands, his gulphs, straits and harbours were enumerated with great care, and each of them dignified with some new name, generally of the august family of Napoleon Buonaparte, or of his Institute. Captain Flinders's book, accompanied by an Atlas of admirable charts and plans, was published in 1814; and now (after an interval of nine years) the second volume of the French voyage makes its appearance. This delay is, to us, quite inexplicable, as the volume has no plates to illustrate or to decorate it, and one half of it had, at different times, appeared in print: we shall only observe that the charts in the small Atlas which accompanies it, are *very like those of Captain Flinders*, only much inferior in point of execution. M. Péron died in 1810, when he had corrected the press as far as p. 230, leaving behind him several memoirs on different subjects, of which the remaining part of the volume is chiefly composed; so that M. Freycinet, the surviving editor, had no very laborious task in bringing it forward.

Captain Freycinet, however, must have felt himself under considerable embarrassment in undertaking its publication. A new dynasty had succeeded, or rather the old and legitimate family had been restored, to that throne which an usurper had too long filled. Under the auspices of this usurper the voyage had been made, and it was natural enough that the savans, sent upon the expedition, should wish to gratify their patrons by designating, under their names, the islands, headlands, bays, inlets, &c. which, no doubt, they had a right to do, where names not yet published, or capriciously given, had not received the public sanction; but the confusion which this arbitrary practice, but too common among all nations, creates in geographical researches, cannot be too severely reprobated. The French, however, attempted to abolish names which the duration of more than two centuries ought to have rendered sacred.

'I feel,' says Freycinet, 'all that annoyance and pain which certain parts of the geographical nomenclature, followed in this relation, may occasion to the reader; but I could not employ other denominations than those which are made use of in the first volume. Before I published my own nautical part of the voyage, and continued the relation of Péron, I was desirous of changing a nomenclature which the present political and moral situation of France and of Europe renders obnoxious; but the first volume had already been in circulation many years, the second was immediately expected by a great number of subscribers, and without doubt it was right to suppose that it was of greater importance to satisfy the public than to suppress the conclusion of a work of which, in the final analysis, the nomenclature can neither injure the nature nor the importance of the facts. Besides, all those who have partaken

partaken of the fatigues and the sufferings of this expedition would be the first to complain, in seeing themselves thus deprived of at least one part of the favour which the public might bestow on the results of their dangers and their labours.—Pref. p. viii.

This is all very fair on the part of M. Freycinet; and is indeed the only way that was left for him to get decently out of the difficulty—but there is another and a more serious dilemma, resulting from this same nomenclature, which will require a more delicate management. M. Freycinet, we understand, is about to be dispatched on a second expedition to the coasts of New Holland—for the purpose of filling up, in detail, those prominent features and general outlines which the first expedition merely enabled the French to sketch—just as Flinders finished the details on the southern and eastern coasts, of the latter of which Cook had given the outline. He will of course be sent in a ship of war belonging to Louis XVIII. under whom he holds his commission: what system of nomenclature will he now therefore pursue? He cannot well, under such a commission, continue to consecrate his new discoveries to the Buonapartean family; still less can he venture to blend the two dynasties together—no change can in fact be made from one family to the other, without some awkward *mésalliances* occurring—as, for instance, that of surrounding Ile de Louis XVIII. with the Recifs de Talleyrand, Fouché and Decaze; placing Mont Angoulême on Terre Napoléon; or, (still more shocking,) *Le Nez de Bourbon* at the entrance of *Golfe Joséphine*—these are points of great tenderness, which will not be overlooked by the savans of Paris, and of which (as we have just said) it will require all the discretion of M. Freycinet to steer clear—but this is his affair.

In the reply to the charge preferred by Captain Flinders against the French government of having, by the most atrocious and inhuman conduct, endeavoured to rob him of the merit of his nautical labours and discoveries, M. Freycinet discreetly and silently passes over that part of the complaint which regards Captain Flinders's wrongs; admitting, however, what he could not well deny, that the names given by Captain Flinders to points first discovered by him, ought to be retained:—yet he has *not* retained them. In truth it is not very material whether Captain Baudin, or Captain Flinders, was the first to survey this or that point of an extensive coast; or which of them completed his survey one day or one year sooner or later than the other—the merit of hydrographical surveys and maritime geography consists in their accuracy; and by this test let the operations of Captain Flinders be tried against those of the French navigators. But Captain Freycinet chuses to mistake entirely the real grievance of Captain Flinders, and (we are sorry to observe) is even uncandid enough to suppress all mention of the

cause of it. Some men are so dull of understanding as to require the *argumentum ad hominem* to make them feel the true state of a case: and lest M. Freycinet should labour under this infirmity, we shall put it in such a way, as may probably bring it home to his own feelings.

We will suppose M. Freycinet to be sent out by his government with a passport from the English Secretary of State, to complete the survey of the coasts of New Holland, and that England, somewhat tardily, fitted out an expedition for the same purpose. We will suppose that the French had, with great industry and ability, nearly completed the task, when, in this dangerous and uncertain navigation, they had the misfortune to be shipwrecked on one of those innumerable coral reefs, with which this fifth continent is almost wholly surrounded; that, by little short of a miracle, the lives of the sufferers were preserved in this disaster; that, however, they were reduced to the necessity of procuring a miserable little vessel, hardly sea-worthy, capable of stowing only a few months provisions for the surviving crew; and that in this frail bark they set out on a long voyage for their native country; that, on arriving off the Cape of Good Hope, they found their provisions and water nearly exhausted, the crew sickly, and the vessel so leaky as to make it unsafe to proceed farther; that, on anchoring in Simon's Bay, their ship was taken possession of, all the charts and journals of the voyage seized, the captain separated from his crew, marched into the interior, and inhumanly kept there for seven years; that, in the mean time, the tardy expedition sent out by the English had completed its labours, assumed the merit of having discovered and surveyed all the unknown points of the coast, and published their labours to the world, while the poor French Captain, who had in fact previously completed all this, was detained in the deserts of South Africa, by some brutal governor, who conceived that he was best serving the views of his more brutal master by such conduct.—But the thing is impossible—the atrocious conduct of that miscreant De Caen, who had the meanness to steal one of Captain Flinders's journals, and the double dealing of Buonaparte and his sycophantic savans, which we have already exposed in a former Number, can have no parallel. We repeat that Europe has felt, and the better part of the French people have felt, with becoming indignation, the more than savage treatment of a brave and meritorious officer, whose life was the sacrifice of the villainous conspiracy.—But to the matter before us.—

There is nothing in this volume that might not have been written and printed in half as many months as it has consumed years. The historical account of the voyage scarcely exceeds 300 pages, consisting of nothing very profound or very elaborate; nothing beyond

beyond those trite and general observations, which commonly occur in nautical surveying and hydrography, natural history and descriptive geography. The remaining pages are chiefly filled with detailed memoirs by M. Péron, all, or the greater part of them, previously published in the *Annals of the Museum* and other periodical works. It is, therefore, not our intention to trouble our readers with any particulars of them, but having enumerated their titles, to dismiss them altogether. The first is on the dysentery of hot climates, and on the use of the betel leaf. The second, on the temperature of the sea, at its surface and at a great depth, in which are very few experiments made by M. Péron but a great deal of theoretical reasoning from those made by Cook, Phipps, Förster, and Irving. One experiment however we must mention, because it presented a phenomenon which has not before been noticed; but which, from the facts stated, is easily and satisfactorily explained. In 4° North latitude, when the temperature of the sea at the surface was 24.8 of Reaumur, it was found, at the depth of 2144 feet, to be 6° only—that is, nearly 19° of Reaumur less than at the surface. An empty bottle was sent down to this depth firmly corked, sealed, and bound with coarse cloth; it came up, as every one knows it must do, from the pressure of such a column of water on the condensed volume of air within, with the cork in the bottle. The surface of the bottle was immediately covered with drops of water which its diminished temperature had condensed in the surrounding atmosphere; the water within had lost its transparency and was of a whitish colour, and it fermented like sparkling Champaign. On pouring some into a glass, it soon recovered its natural colour and transparency; but when the bottle was again corked and shaken, and the cork drawn out, it escaped with a jet like bottled beer. The phenomenon, he observes, is precisely that of the artificial gaseous waters, which are made by compression. We beg leave however to doubt the accuracy both of the depth to which the thermometer is supposed to have descended, and the extraordinary degree of difference in the temperature between the water at that depth and at the surface. Seamen know how difficult it is to sound with 200 fathoms of line; and there is no instance on record of any such difference of temperature as is here mentioned.

The third memoir is a notice respecting the habitation of marine animals, by MM. Péron and Le Sueur—the fourth, on the vegetation of New Holland, which we have before seen in print, and which is far inferior to that of Mr. Brown on the same subject, inserted in Captain Flinders's voyage, is by M. Leschenault. The next is a fragment on the art of preserving animals in zoological collections, by MM. Péron and Le Sueur; and the last is a general view

view of the English colonies 'aux Terres Australes,' in 1802, by M. Péron, which is now neither interesting nor accurate.

The first volume of this work closed with the arrival of the ships in Sidney Cove, to which point we also followed them in a former Number. We now proceed—

The *Géographe* and *Naturaliste* had scarcely left Port Jackson on their way to Bass's Strait, when they fell in with an English vessel, having on board a Frenchman of the name of Coxwell, whom they had previously seen at Sidney—poor M. Coxwell having conceived that, as peace was now restored between England and France, it would be no bad speculation to fit out a ship to catch sea-elephants in Bass's Strait. Joined, therefore, with a Captain Lecorre, he proceeded from Bourdeaux for this purpose in a small vessel called the *Enterprize*; but being overtaken by a storm, the adventurers lost their sails and found it necessary to make for Port Jackson to refit and repair their damages. Here they obtained all they stood in need of, and experienced, as M. Péron had done, all the friendly attentions that they could possibly require: they were, however, expressly told, that the catching of sea-elephants would not be allowed in the Strait that divides the colony of Van Dieman from that of New South Wales; but that they were at liberty to fish on the Two Sisters, close to Furneaux's Islands, in the entrance of the Strait. After being there about eight days, a violent storm came on, the ship was dashed to pieces among the rocks; and the Captain, his brother, and two-thirds of the crew perished.—'Such,' says M. Péron, 'was the melancholy fate of the first French ship which appeared in those seas! and the disposition of the English government towards strangers is so rigorous, that one may beforehand predict similar disasters to European adventurers who, in the present state of things, should be induced to carry their speculations into these distant regions.' It would appear indeed, from the gloomy pages of M. Péron, that the 'Cabinet of St. James's,' not contented with raising this storm for the express purpose of destroying Captain Coxwell's little ship, and thereby saving all the sea-elephants for its own fishermen, had, by a most extraordinary stretch of power, not only seized upon New Zealand, but upon all the numerous archipelagos of islands of the great equatorial ocean, as appendages to the new empire of New South Wales, without any other limitations to the eastward than the shores of Chili and Peru!—These immense possessions of England, together with her fisheries in the North and South Seas, and her commerce with India and China, incessantly haunt M. Péron's imagination, and lead him into the grossest and most ridiculous blunders and misrepresentations. M. Péron was, no doubt, an intelligent and well-informed naturalist, and, like most of his countrymen, exceedingly fond of making systems

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and building up theories; he might also have been, as the eulogy in the Appendix states, an amiable, and kind hearted man in private life; but such a morbid and unreasonable feeling of hostility towards England pervades the whole of his work—such envy, hatred and malice lurk in every page, and burst forth on every occasion where England is mentioned;—such a rancorous jealousy manifests itself at the commercial prosperity of this country, and so many lamentations are uttered for the decayed state of that of France, that we should not be in the least surprized, if the delay in the publication was, as stated by some of his own countrymen, in consequence of an interdict from Buonaparte, who felt no desire that it should be asked, Why the foreign commerce of France was in so melancholy a state of depression, while that of Great Britain was so flourishing?

On the arrival of the ships at King's Island in the Strait, the *Naturaliste* took her departure for Europe. The savans, Péron, Leschenault, Bailly, and Lesueur, were landed on the island. It presented to them various products in the mineral kingdom, almost all however belonging to rocks of a primitive formation—granites—porphyries—jaspers; the waters were strongly impregnated with the oxyd of iron; and the fishermen told them that, in the interior, was a hill entirely composed of sal gem (native cristallized muriate of soda). The vegetable productions were of the same genera as those on Van Dieman's land, strong and vigorous, but of less gigantic proportions—like them also they were mostly evergreens—and bore no eatable fruits. No trace of human beings either from New Holland or Van Dieman's land could be discovered on King's Island; but it abounded with curious and useful animals.

The naturalists had scarcely landed among heaps of sea-elephants lying on the beach, some of which began to crawl away with the most horrible howlings, while others remained immoveable on the sand, regarding them with a calm and indifferent air, when six British fishermen came down to make an offer of their services. The Chief, whose name was Cowper, told them that he had been thirteen months on the island, with ten people, occupied in catching these marine monsters for their oil and skins, for the China market. It was lucky for the French that these fishermen happened to be on the island, otherwise, with all the stock of animals fit for the sustenance of man, they would most probably have perished with hunger; for the ship, having landed them on the island, left them to their fate. Péron says they suffered extremely from the pitiful obstinacy of their commander, who on sending them ashore, refused to allow them either arms or provisions. Cowper however invited them to his hut, which with three others stood on the point of a hill;—this curious establishment is thus described.

The chief of these fishermen, the good Cowper, occupied one of these

these miserable hovels, with a woman of the Sandwich Islands, whom he had brought with him from Mowée, and who served him for a wife and housekeeper; in this same hut were assembled the most valuable of the provisions for the whole community, particularly the strong liquors. In the other huts the rest of the fishermen were lodged. A great fire kept up day and night with huge logs of wood served at the same time to warm the people and to cook their provisions. A large adjoining shed contained an enormous quantity of casks full of oil, as well as many thousands of the skins of seals dried and ready to be sent off for China. On one side was a sort of shamble, in which were suspended five or six Cassowarys, as many Kangaroos, with two fat Wombats. A large boiler full of flesh of the same kind was just removed from the fire, and diffused an agreeable odour.—(p. 18.)

M. Faure, the geographical engineer, had also been abandoned, when in his boat, by the *Géographe*, and obliged to take refuge among the *New-year's-day* Islands. Here he found a party of a dozen English fishermen placed amidst whole legions of amphibious animals of the genus *phoca*; he was received with the greatest hospitality, and remained three days with them, experiencing the most kind and unvaried attention; and at his departure, they even forced him to accept some of their most beautiful skins. This contrast between the conduct of the poor rude fishermen and that of his enlightened commander, makes M. Péron exclaim—

‘How is it that this affecting hospitality, of which long voyages offer so many examples, should almost always exclusively be exercised by men on whom the rudeness of their character and their low condition seem least to impose the obligation? Can it be then that this condition, rather than our splendid education and our philosophy, is apt to develop in us that noble and disinterested virtue which makes us compassionate the sufferings of others?’

This flippant declamation sets M. Péron's mind quite at ease, and he fancies that he has solved a grand problem. A Frenchman never suspects his ignorance, and rarely stops to examine the extent of his own argument. In a better condition of life, these Englishmen would be kind hearted, just as M. Péron, in a worse, would still be envious of his neighbour's prosperity, and his commander jealous of their happiness.

We have now a chapter of nearly thirty pages devoted to the history of the sea-elephant, and another to the advantages which the English derive from the *phoca* of the South Seas. Of the latter we have not one word to offer, as it has not the most distant concern or connection with Baudin's voyage of discovery—the former chapter is amusing enough, if it were only to show how much an ingenious gentleman like M. Péron can make out from an evening's conversation with a few intelligent English sea-elephant hunters; for the whole history of this huge monster is derived from that

that source. In giving a few particulars, we must pass over those parts in which the ardent and ferocious loves of 'those interesting creatures,' from the first overture to the final consummation, are described in all the glow of impassioned eloquence, and in the most minute and circumstantial details; a description which, however well it may suit the meridian of Paris, has (thank heaven!) too much warmth of colouring for the cool and sedate constitutions of our English climate.

That particular species of phoca known by the name of the sea-elephant, from the elongation of the upper lip into a kind of proboscis, and distinguished by naturalists under the specific name of *proboscidea*, is found only near the coasts and islands of the southern hemisphere, as the sea-lion, (*phoca jubata*), with which it has frequently been confounded, is the inhabitant of the northern regions. The male only has this proboscis, which it has the power to expand to about a foot in length. The usual size of this animal is from 20 to 30 feet in length, and from 15 to 18 feet in circumference. They produce but one at a birth, and on the shore, where for six or seven weeks the cub is suckled, and during that time neither male nor female taste any food. Forster says that the sea lions of Staaten land deposit their young on shore, and that during their land-residence they swallow considerable quantities of stones to distend their stomachs, some of which are as large as his two fists; but he did not observe that appearance of digestion having commenced which Beauchesne Gouin, the French navigator, fancied he had discovered, on the same spot. The young of the sea-elephant is, according to M. Péron, about four feet long and 70 pounds weight when born; and he adds, that, in the first eight days, it will increase four feet in length and 100 pounds in weight; and all this at the expense of the mother, who in the meantime has not tasted food. In six or seven weeks they betake themselves to the sea, where the young ones are taught to swim and provide for themselves. About a month afterwards the males and females again return to the shore, when the loves, &c. recommence.

The sea-elephant is a mild and tractable animal. On the first arrival of the English fishers on King's Island, one of the men took a liking to one of them, and begged of his companions to spare its life. For a long time it lived peaceably, and was respected in the midst of the general carnage. The fisherman caressed it daily, and in a few months it was grown so tame that he could without danger mount upon its back, put his arm down its throat, and make it come when called: in a word, this docile and harmless animal did every thing that its protector required, and suffered any thing without being offended.

Gentle, however, as they certainly are, the males sometimes make

make a kind of defence against the attacks of their murderers, as in the case of a seaman of Lord Anson's ship whose skull was fractured by an enraged sea-elephant, of which he died in a few days: but the females never attack; always endeavouring to fly, uttering the most doleful cries, and at the same time shedding tears.

The tongue only of these animals, M. Péron says, is used for food, and when salted is considered as a delicacy; but Jonathan Lambert, late sovereign of Tristan da Cunha, says that himself, his family, and his stock, lived for some time almost entirely on the flesh of the sea-elephant; and that he treated his pigs every now and then with one, 'to keep them in heart.' Péron adds, that the liver, which in some of the species is reckoned a luxury, in the sea-elephant is pernicious; and that the English fishers, on trying to make use of it, had experienced an invincible propensity to sleep, which continued for several hours. The fat is esteemed an infallible and speedy remedy for flesh wounds. The hide is valuable for covering trunks and for harness. But the oil is the chief object of the fishery of sea-elephants, of which they furnish an astonishing quantity; the fishermen estimating, according to M. Péron's account, one of the largest kind to yield from 14 to 1500 pounds weight, or about 350 gallons. This oil is stated to be clear, inodorous, and not liable to contract that rancid smell of which whale oil can never be deprived; when burned in a lamp it yields a bright and pure flame, without smoke, and without exhaling that infectious smell peculiar to most animal oils: it lasts longer than other products of the same nature, as the sixteenth part of a pint is sufficient to feed an ordinary wick twelve hours. These details were furnished to M. Péron by the English fishermen, and they seem to have carried a due share of uneasiness to his jaundiced mind, that so lucrative and advantageous a concern should fall to the lot of the hated English.

'The fishery of sea-elephants offers so much facility, it requires so little capital, it ensures advantages so very considerable, that every thing has concurred, for some years past, to give to it a rapid development in the Austral regions. Already on King's Island and the New-year's Islands, two fisheries are in full activity; a third exists on the land of Kerguelen; a fourth establishment of the same kind, I am told, is to be met with on the land of Sandwich; others have been formed on Staaten land. The Malouin Islands are no longer strangers to the English fishermen; and new shoals of these active men will not fail soon to establish themselves on the island of Juan Fernandez, if they are not there anticipated by the Spaniards.' (p. 59.)

M. Péron seems not to know that Juan Fernandez has long been settled by the Spaniards; that it is tolerably well peopled and cul-

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cultivated; that it has a governor and a regular garrison; but that the sea-elephants which disturb his imagination so much, are no longer found there. Our author at length takes leave of these amiable monsters of the deep in a lamentation at once eloquent and pathetic.

‘ Thus then this large species of the seal tribe is about to be attacked on all points at the same time; it is about to suffer terrible losses which will become more and more irreparable; it will not even have the resource which whales are permitted to enjoy, that of being able to take refuge in the midst of the ice of the poles, to surround itself, against man, with the horrors of nature. In fact, a mild temperature is absolutely necessary to the seal tribe; the land is their habitual abode; from being the cradle of their existence, it becomes the theatre of their amours, it receives their last sighs—With such necessities how could they withdraw themselves from the pursuit of their chief enemies?—For them still more so than for the whales must undoubtedly be realized that eloquent prediction of one of my first and dearest professors (Lacepede): “ That large species (of whale) will vanish like so many others; discovered in its most hidden recesses, attacked in its most distant retreats, overcome by the irresistible power of human knowledge, she will disappear from the face of the globe; there will be seen only a few fragments of this gigantic species; its remains will become a dust which the winds will disperse: she will exist only in the recollection of men and in the pictures of genius.”’

From King’s Island we are carried, for the second time, to the ‘land of Napoleon’ and his august family. It exhibits but a sombre and forbidding appearance, like that of the man whose name it bears. In the midst of the calcareous rock, on the Island Decrès, were discovered those remains of petrified forests which we noticed in a former Article. These singular incrustations of the vegetable world are not confined to this and to Kangaroo Island, but are found on the opposite continent of New Holland, on the coast of Nuyts, Leuwen, Edels, Endracht and De Witt; neither are they exclusively confined to the sea shore, but are met with in the interior of the country, and at different elevations above the level of the sea. They not only coat over the pebbles and marine productions, but also the leaves, the fruits, the branches, and the roots of plants; shrubs and even large trees are not free from their attacks, and the numerous trunks standing erect and covered with incrustations clearly announce that this operation of nature ascends to a very ancient date. M. Péron has a theory, with which we are not disposed to quarrel, for the formation of these Gorgonian forests of New Holland, ‘that are so completely coated over with stone, as to tempt one to believe, that a second Perseus had stalked with the head of Medusa in his hand along these distant shores.’

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The shell-fish, he says, which are produced in the sea and thrown by millions on the beach, exposed to the double influence of a burning sun, and a penetrating moisture, speedily undergo a sort of chemical decomposition. In parting with a portion, more or less considerable, of their carbonic acid, they acquire a tendency towards that state in which lime is when used as the basis of cement. This calcareous matter mixing with the quartzose sand, gives a calcareous cement somewhat analogous to that described by Dr. Higgins, and forms those singular incrustations found on the western and southern coasts of New Holland, with which every object is, as it were, glued together. Transported by the winds, this active matter is deposited upon the neighbouring shrubs; at first as light dust, which presently becomes a solid pellicle round the branch which it embraces: from that moment the growth of the plant is injured; vegetation becomes languid; and while yet alive, it is found to have undergone a kind of petrification.

‘In breaking the branches of this kind of lithophytes, while the incrustation is recent, the ligneous texture is perceived to be enveloped in a solid case, and without having undergone any remarkable alteration; but in proportion as the calcareous envelope augments, the wood becomes disorganized and is changed insensibly into a dry and blackish *détritus*; then the interior of the tube is as yet empty, and preserves a diameter nearly equal to that of the branch which has served as a mould; at last the tube is closed and filled up with quartzose and calcareous matter: a few years pass away and the whole is converted into a mass of sandstone. In this last stage of the process the arborescent form alone recalls the ancient state of vegetation.’ (p. 171).

In the same section, in which are contained these observations on the petrified state of the vegetable world, the question is discussed concerning the formation of the mountains and islands composed of madripores; and M. Péron peremptorily decides, what no one will deny, ‘that all the madriporic productions which have been found to exist at elevations more or less great above the present level of the sea, have been formed in its bosom;’ but then comes the difficult and often discussed question, ‘Have these mountains been raised, or has the sea sunk from its former level?’ the latter is M. Péron’s opinion, grounded on that of the most distinguished observers, who agree in rejecting all idea of their elevation being owing to volcanic eruptions,—but still, he observes, a very delicate and interesting question presents itself—‘What becomes of the waters of the ocean as they subside from the mountains which have been formed in their bosom?’—and from this results another equally difficult of solution—‘Whence comes this enormous quantity of calcareous matter which we perceive to act a part so prodigious in the revolutions of our globe?’—these questions, M. Péron observes, open a vast career for the imagination,

imagination, for enthusiasm, for hypothesis—but he pretends not to explain them.

No doubt whatever can be entertained with regard to the formation of those extensive reefs, of those numerous islands, and vast archipelagos, of which multitudes discover their origin to the navigator by the small degree of elevation they have acquired above the level of the ocean, and by the nascent state in which he sees them rising as it were out of their cradles. In our review of Captain Plinders's *Voyage of Discovery* we offered some observations on those extraordinary formations, the productions of marine worms; for that they are so has been attested by hundreds of navigators, who, in witnessing these operations, have detected nature, as it were, in the very act of creation. On this point we entirely concur with M. de Fleurieu.

'To which (he asks) of our ordinary systems could one refer the origin of that prodigious number of little platforms, either scattered about, or formed into groups, or united into archipelagos which, from accurate observation, appear to be still in a state of enlargement? We meet with these islands at the distance of fifteen hundred leagues from any continent or great islands, in the midst of a sea of which the plummet of the navigator is unable to measure the depth. The scrutinizing eye of the enlightened observer has discovered nothing in these low islands that declares an ancient existence, the remains or traces of volcanoes, either extinct or swallowed up under the waters, nothing that presents a picture of ruins, nothing in short which could indicate them to be the product of some convulsion of the globe: on the contrary, every thing announces, that they are the product of ages; that the work is not yet finished; that there must be a gradual extension of it; but that a long succession of time is necessary to make this extension sensible.' (p. 180.)

We are also ready to subscribe to the 'general results' of M. Péron on this point.

'We have seen these zoophytes in a state of petrification forming the greater part of the low islands of the Great Equinoxial Ocean, and some of the highest in this sea and that of India. We have found them in a living state, studding the seas with new dangers, multiplying the reefs of rock, increasing the size of islands and archipelagos, encumbering ports and roadsteads, and laying on every side the foundation of new calcareous mountains. Thus then, while man, who proclaims himself *the King of Nature*, constructs with labour on the surface of the earth those frail edifices which the action of time must soon overturn, the feeblest little worms, of whose existence he was ignorant till very lately, and which he still despises, multiply in the bosom of the seas those prodigious monuments of a power which bids defiance to ages, and of which the imagination even can have no conception.' (p. 183.)

We find little that deserves notice on the second visit of our navigators to the Land of Nuyts, of Leuwen, of Edels, and of

Eendracht, except that, in Shark's Bay, on the coast of the last-mentioned land, M. Péron, with an air of triumph, acquaints us that he has solved with simplicity and accuracy two problems equally important to the zoology and the natural history of New Holland—the one supplying the defective information, and the other correcting an error, of the celebrated Dampier—the first is merely that no river falls into Shark's Bay; the second deserves some further notice, as in attempting to correct one error, this professed zoologist seems to have fallen into another and greater.

When Dampier was in Shark's Bay he caught one of those marine animals from which it takes its name, eleven feet long, 'with a maw,' says this able navigator, 'like a leather sack, very thick, and so tough that a sharp knife could scarce cut it, in which we found the head and bones of the hippopotamus, the hairy lips of which were still sound and not putrified, and the jaw was also firm, out of which we plucked a great many teeth, two of them eight inches long, and as big as a man's thumb.' (vol. iii. p. 126.) Among our early navigators it would perhaps be difficult to name one more intelligent or more accurate in his observations and descriptions than Dampier; who from his friend Rogers had a very accurate description of the hippopotamus given to him, and was himself well acquainted with that species of the *Trichecus* known by the name of the *Manatee*, which he caught abundantly in the West Indies and Bay of Campeachy, and which he also says is plentiful on the coast of New Holland. He could hardly therefore mistake one animal for another. While in Shark's Bay some of Captain Baudin's seamen, having found an animal on shore in a state of putrefaction, drew out seven of its teeth, which they brought to M. Péron. He readily discovered that they belonged to a herbivorous animal, but differed essentially from those of the hippopotamus—'they were in fact,' says he, 'those of the *Dugon*, a mammiferous marine animal but little known,'—we believe he might have added, not known at all;—and in support of this assertion he gives a garbled quotation—from whom?—some naturalist of reputation?—no such thing—but from one Leguat, who wrote above a hundred years ago, and whose figure of a sea-cow (*vache marine*) with the head of an Alderney cow, body of a Chinese hog, and four webbed feet, supported by as many stout legs, might alone have been sufficient to stagger the credulity of M. Péron. But Leguat never mentions the *Dugon*—his description is that of the *Lamentin*, or, as he says other nations call it, the *Manati*, because of its having hands. Of this also Mons. Leguat gives a figure, being a creature with the head of a hog and the body of a whale, furnished with a pair of arms, (with which it is embracing a young Lamentin,) and breasts

breasts resembling those of a woman. Though these monstrous creatures, he tells us, were some of them twenty feet long, they came close to the shore, where the water was only three or four feet deep, to feed on the grass at the bottom, sometimes like a flock of sheep of three or four hundred together: they were so tame that he and his companions could wade among them and feel which was fattest and fittest for the knife; for their flesh was excellent, and tasted like the finest veal. This was at the Isle of Rodriguez or Diego Ruys, where Lamentins are now as scarce as Dugons on the coast of New Holland.

M. Péron and the other naturalists deserve great credit for their industry and perseverance in collecting objects of natural history with all the disadvantages under which they were placed by a harsh and unfeeling Commander; who seems to have entertained a thorough contempt for all knowledge not connected with his own profession, and who, even in that department, as far as we can discover, has done little or nothing for science. As M. Péron's part of the volume finishes, by his death, with the land of Endracht, we shall give an instance of the brutal treatment which the naturalists received there from Captain Baudin, which will serve also as a specimen of our author's manner. They had gone on shore to add to their collections, and being drawn off by some natives, who were not of the gigantic size indicated by the prints of feet seen hereabouts by Vlaming in 1697, and by their own officers on their first visit, they strayed so far as to lose themselves among the thickets: not a breath of wind refreshed the atmosphere; the heat of the mid-day sun reflected from the sandy surface was insupportable; and the stunted brushwood afforded them no shelter; they were laden with plants and shells; famished with hunger and choaked with thirst—and, in this state, after three hours of painful travelling, they found themselves close to the place from which they had set out; they determined therefore to follow the winding of the shore, however long it might prove.

An excessive and continual sweat dissolved our bodies. Our weakness was soon at its height. In vain did we fill our mouths with little pebbles to excite the secretion of a few drops of saliva;—the source of it appeared to be dried up; a feeling of dryness, of painful aridity, an insupportable bitterness made respiration difficult, and in some degree painful; our trembling limbs could no longer sustain us; at every moment, one or other fell down; and it was some time before we had the power to rise.

I was now constrained to abandon the greater part of the rich collection which I had just obtained at the expense of so much toil and danger, and which the kind M. Guichenault had had the complaisance to assist me in carrying thus far; but soon himself sinking under the weight of fatigue and heat, of thirst and hunger, he fell upon

the ground, pale, disfigured, his eyes nearly closed. All our assistance was of no avail; he could no longer stand up; and he wished, he said, to die on the spot. While waiting till our unfortunate companion should recover some strength, I proposed to M. Petit to plunge ourselves into the sea up to the breast, and to remain there some minutes, being well convinced beforehand that this kind of bath would bring a little relief to our sufferings. The effect far surpassed all my hopes. An agreeable coolness seemed to penetrate through every pore; our mouths became less scorched; the painful pinching which we felt in the stomach and bowels, ceased as if by enchantment; we perceived our vigour renewing—in one word, this salutary bath snatched us in all probability out of the hands of death: under its gentle influence M. Guichenault appeared to revive. To prolong the good effects which we experienced from it, we resolved, after abandoning part of our clothes and our shoes and stockings, to continue our journey in the sea. At sun-set, a gentle breeze sprung up; we left the water to resume the journey on the shore, and walk if possible a little more quick. Our weakness immediately returned, and night surprized us in the midst of the most laborious efforts.

At length however they perceived a large fire which their companions had made to serve them as a guide, and they succeeded in joining them between 10 and 11 o'clock at night.

'But at this moment the prostration of our strength was at its height; within two hundred paces of the spot, we fell as if lifeless on the strand. Our kind companions ran eagerly towards us; they raised us up, they supported us, and, making several fires around us, succeeded in rekindling the spark of life just ready to expire. Their eagerness was so much the more active as they had already abandoned all hope of seeing us again. . . . Our sufferings however were very far from having attained their limit—no kind of food or drink remained in the boat; we had to pass the whole night stretched on the sand, in our clothes drenched with sea water; and to finish our misery, a thick fog which rose the following morning on the surface of the sea did not allow us (for want of a compass) to rejoin the ship before two o'clock in the afternoon. At this period we found ourselves reduced to the most deplorable condition. For forty-four hours we had neither drank nor eaten, and we had walked fourteen of that number. Pale and trembling, with hollow eyes and lifeless countenances, scarcely could we support ourselves, scarcely could we distinguish objects. I no longer heard any thing, and my parched tongue refused its speech.' (p. 223.)

Every one was moved with compassion except the Commander, who fined M. de Mont-Bazin, (the officer of the boat,) in ten francs for each of the three guns fired the preceding evening as a signal for him to return on board, and upbraided him for not having left the whole three to their fate. 'And yet,' says M. Péron, 'to save the life of this unhappy man at Timor I divided with his physician the slender provision of excellent Peruvian bark which

which I had kept for myself.'—Captain Baudin* certainly appears to have been of a most unhappy and unaccommodating disposition, without one single qualification for conducting a voyage of discovery: he died at the Isle of France and was buried the day following with military honours, which is all that M. Freycinet, his first lieutenant, thinks proper to say of him.

M. Freycinet now continues the narrative of their operations on the second visit to the coasts of De Witt's Land, the geography of which still remains precisely in the same imperfect state in which Dampier found and left it. The numerous and almost continuous banks of sand, and reefs of coral rocks, with which it is defended, prevented all access to the shore; but the same reefs and banks were favourable to their search for objects of natural history, and assisted very materially in the enlargement of their collections: among other marine productions was a great number of sea-snakes, of all colours and proportions; but what particularly attracted their attention, was a kind of greyish coloured dust which covered the sea for a space of more than twenty leagues from east to west. The same appearance under different colours has been observed by various navigators, and is mentioned by Banks and Solander on the coasts of New Guinea, where the sailors gave it the name of *sea-sawdust*. On examining it with a microscope every atom appeared to have so regular and constant a conformation, that no doubt could exist of their being so many minute organized bodies; and they considered them to be the eggs or spawn of some species of marine animal. The *seas of blood* which are mentioned by several celebrated navigators are supposed to owe their tinge to a single species of microscopical *crustacea*.

On approaching the *Isles of the Institute*, an archipelago consisting of about twenty islets, and situated about the latitude 14°, a boat was sent to examine the Isle Cassini; on its return the officer reported that, within the group of islands, he had fallen in with a flotilla of Malay proas, twenty-four or five in number, which had come from Macassar for the purpose of fishing for a species of *Holothuria*, known by the several names of *Tripan*, *Biche de mer*, and *Sea-slug*. The proas were all under the orders of an old Malay Raja, and one little Chinese compass of two inches in diameter was the sole instrument that directed the fleet, sailing to its destination with the north-west and returning home with the opposite monsoon. It may be remembered that Captain Flinders met with a much more numerous fleet in the great Gulf of Carpentaria employed in the same fishery; and the

* The name led us into a mistake in our review of the first volume: It was another Baudin who fell in the battle of Trafalgar.

only difference we perceive between his account of preparing the 'tripan,' and that here given is, that in the former they are said to be dried by the fire of green wood, in the latter entirely by the sun. The two or three pages of trash connected with these '*priapes marines*,' decency demands of us to pass over; like the loves of the sea-elephant, they are only calculated for the meridian of Paris.

From De Witt's Land they proceed a second time to the Island of Timor, and from thence again towards De Witt's Land, which however they were unable to approach: they next tried to proceed to the south-west point of New Guinea; but finding the wind and the weather against them, and the sick list rapidly increasing, they bore up for the Isle of France. On passing the Cape, they called at Table Bay, where a committee of MM. Péron, Le Sueur, and Doctor Raynier de Klerk Dibbez, sat in judgment '*sur un objet assez délicat—ce fameux tablier des femmes Hottentotes*.' The result of an examination which we are assured was '*attentif et prolongé*,' is conveyed under ten distinct propositions, of which we shall content ourselves by asserting, on our own knowledge, that no less than seven of them are absolutely false. It is rather too much for a person who never set foot beyond Cape Town to tell the world that all the travellers into the interior of southern Africa, from its first discovery to the visit of M. Péron, have been mistaken; that the *Houzuanas* (who have no existence but in Vaillant's book) are *Boschimans*, and that the *Boschimans* are a people totally distinct from Hottentots. But a French *savant* must either get rid of his conceptions in the shape of a theory, or burst.

On comparing the general chart of New Holland constructed by Captain Flinders with that which accompanies this volume of Péron, and which is in fact a copy of that published by M. Freycinet in the nautical and geographical account of the voyage, it must strike every one how very well those parts of the latter are filled up, which were surveyed by Captain Flinders, or laid down by him from the surveys of his predecessors, Cook, Vancouver, and Dentrecasteaux, and how meagre is the whole line of the west and north-west coasts, which none of these able navigators had explored, but which was visited twice, and part of it three times, by Captain Baudin. If we except the Baie du Géographe on the Land of Leuwen; a more detailed but still incomplete survey of Shark's Bay on the Land of Endracht; a few clusters of reefs and islets along the extensive coast of De Witt's Land, with here and there a point of land or an undetermined gulph, the former seen at such a distance as to leave a doubt as to the continuity of the coast, and the latter purely conjectural; the whole of this extensive coast from Cape Van Dieman to Cape Leuwen of the old charts, or from Cape Leoben to Cape Gosselin of the French,

French, remains pretty nearly in the same state of uncertainty in which it was previous to this voyage of discovery, and may yet be considered as unexplored.

It is scarcely to be conceived that, with two ships and a small vessel, (the *Casuarina* afterwards added,) those who had the conduct of the expedition should not have made every exertion to determine that most extraordinary problem in geography—the existence or non-existence of some large river on the western side of New Holland. That there exists none deserving the name from Cape Leuwen on the west to Cape Howe on the east; nor from thence to Cape York, on the north; nor in the whole sweep of the Gulph of Carpentaria, is no longer a matter of opinion; but whether any river may discharge itself on the western and north-western coast from Cape Leuwen to Cape Arnheim still remains to be solved. The space to be explored indeed may almost be narrowed to the coast of *De Witt's Land* between Cape North-West (here impudently altered to Cape Murat) and Cape Arnheim; and from the observations of that excellent old navigator Dampier it may be inferred that the opening behind the group of Rosemary Islands (changed with equal effrontery to the *Iles de Montebello*) holds out the most probable hopes of finding such a river.—‘Hitherto,’ says Dampier, ‘we had found but little tides; but by the height, and strength and course of them hereabouts, it should seem, that if there be such a passage or strait going through eastward to the great South Sea, as I said one might suspect, one would expect to find the mouth of it somewhere between this place (latitude $18^{\circ} 21'$) and Rosemary Island.’ (vol. iii. p. 150.) ‘Unless,’ he afterwards observes, ‘the high tides and great indraught thereabouts should be occasioned by the mouth of some large river; which hath often low lands on each side of its outlet, and many islands and shoals lying at its entrance.’ (Contin. p. 6.)

M. Freycinet is about to proceed, or has already sailed, to endeavour to complete the discovery and survey of the western and north-western coasts of New Holland; but, we are glad to learn, that as Captain Baudin was anticipated by Captain Flinders, so will M. Freycinet be by Lieutenant King, who, under happier auspices, we trust, left England some months ago for this very purpose.

This however, we are given to understand, is but a secondary object of the French voyage; the first being that of collecting a number of facts, on various points of the southern hemisphere, for the purpose of ascertaining to a greater degree of precision than is yet known, two objects of no less importance to physical science than to geography—the first is, by a set of experiments on the declination and inclination of the magnetic needle, at

several places very distant from each other on the same parallels and the same meridians, to endeavour to discover the number and position of the magnetic poles in the earth, on the supposition that the present theory of its being one great magnet is the true one—the other, by a set of experiments at the same places, with an invariable pendulum, to ascertain to a greater degree of accuracy the figure of the earth in the southern hemisphere—In the prosecution of such an undertaking M. Freycinet must carry with him the good wishes of every lover of science.

ART. X. *The Tragic Drama.—The Apostate; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By Richard Sheil, Esq. 8vo. London. 1817.

NO department of literature has found more assailants and champions than the drama: this may in some degree be owing to the publicity of its claims. Most other branches win their way in comparative silence, amid the stillness of the closet, and the calmness of literary discussion; the pleasure which they give is wholly abstracted from the senses, and the impression which they leave is generally unaided by the passions. The drama, on the contrary, though it demands to be ‘censured in judgment, awakes the senses to judge;’ it addresses an assembled multitude, who, from physical and mental causes, are, for the most part, in a state of excitement that must be sustained by a continued and powerful appeal, and who require to be dismissed with feelings too various for distinct perception, and too rapturous for sober analysis.

Possessing and asserting this large share of influence, its importance has nevertheless been exaggerated both by those who have attacked and those who have defended it; and perhaps, as is often the case, it has suffered more from the zeal of its friends than from the malignity of its enemies. By the latter it has been represented as operating to the pollution of morals, the relaxation of laws, and even the subversion of governments. By the former it has been praised as not only polishing the manners and refining the taste of a nation, but as essentially connected with the harmony of society, and the morals of mankind. The truth is, that the drama is not a cause, but an effect of the state of society. Men go to a theatre neither to be improved nor depraved, neither to learn nor unlearn the precepts of morality or the rules of life; they go to it as to a place where the mind is to be employed, while the senses are gratified, where genius is to appear arrayed in the graces of elocution, and the splendour of external decoration; they go to witness the representation of sufferings to which all are exposed, or of follies in which all have participated; and they return with their principles neither confirmed nor shaken, except by the operations of the

the passions which they brought with them, and which would perhaps have operated if they had never entered the walls of a theatre. They go, in a word, to be amused, to seek, in the representations of fictitious life, a solace or a forgetfulness of the evils of reality; and if amusement can be obtained without mischief, though it is the lowest praise with which the admirers of the drama will be contented, it is, perhaps, among the highest that can be bestowed on any known mode of public recreation.

The Drama, which owed its origin in Greece to religion, is indebted to the same cause for its revival in modern Europe. The monks, anxious to interest their audience by sensible representations of the facts of religion, or, perhaps, to diversify the sullen and monotonous gloom of conventual life, exhibited the Mysteries, the first rude form in which the drama re-appeared.—In some respects we trace an involuntary resemblance between them and the Grecian tragedy; they were exhibited *sub dio*, and their foundation rested invariably on the national creed.

At the period of the Reformation, the teachers of the new religion, though professing and generally maintaining a greater strictness of demeanour, attempted to wrest this powerful engine from the hands of their adversaries, and to turn it against them; and controversy, after deluging every other department of literature, forced its way even into the indirect and impracticable channel of the drama. The comedies of Bale exhibited the most awful mysteries of religion clothed in the dark drapery of Calvinistic theology, and the audience with edifying patience sat out dramas, which extended from Adam to the commencement of the Gospel dispensation, and of which the characters were those whom it would now be justly deemed impiety to allude to on the stage, and irreverence even to name on ordinary occasions. Bale had numerous associates in the arduous task of dramatizing the Bible, and we must remember that at that time plays were acted more frequently in the halls of colleges and the palaces of bishops than in theatres, before we can believe that such subjects were selected for dramatic representation, or that actors could be found to personate them. The drama, however, was not much improved by this extraordinary coalescence; into which the tragic muse seems to have entered somewhat ungracefully:* the very means which her reverend teachers took to break her to their purpose tended (as might have been foreseen) to defeat it. To accommodate the drama to popular conception, they had

* The defence suggested by Warton of the Mysteries and Moralities, that they tended to abolish the barbarity of military games is, perhaps, the best that can be offered. But how can Warton seriously say, that they 'taught the great truths of Scripture to men who could not read the Bible?' They taught little but licentiousness and impiety, and the sacred names which they use, instead of consecrating, aggravate the profanation.

to mingle the narratives of Scripture with the incidents of ordinary life, and the language of inspiration with the refuse of colloquial abuse, and depraved idiom—hence their representations were without dignity, and their morality without effect.

At various times, it has been attempted to engage the drama in a service equally foreign, and to make it the organ of political sentiment—the attempt was equally unsuccessful, and the reason is obvious.

At the dramas above-mentioned all who were assembled knew what they had to expect: every man sat to be delighted with the echo of his own religious opinions, to have the doctrines on which he rested his future hopes confirmed by example, and enlivened by sensible representation; and retired to compare with his Bible the testimony of confessors, or to meditate on the tortures of martyrs to which, according to the prevalent creed, he might soon be summoned to add his own. The man who could sit to witness the attributes of the Deity or the Covenant of Grace made the subject of theatrical representation, would have shrunk with horror from the scenical martyrdom of a catholic saint. Every man at each assembly was of the same mind, and the satisfaction, however obtained, was universal. But in a drama which is rendered the vehicle of political sentiment, the case is widely different. Such a drama must include the supposition of a state so constituted as to render the theatre accessible to various parties; the audience is promiscuous, and, as at the first representation of Cato, one party applaud to shew that they feel the application of the sentiments, and the other to shew that they disregarded the application; they go not to be pleased with the performance, but with themselves, with their zeal in approving the sanction of their own sentiments, or their vehemence in decrying all that would venture to oppose them.

But the mind delights to keep its pleasures distinct from its toils; and though a man may carry the spirit of a patriot to the theatre, he soon grows weary of the labour of gratuitously supporting it. Thus, after various trials, the adventitious drapery fell from the dramatic muse—gorgeous tragedy once more came sweeping by in her own sceptered pall, and the drama was restored to her legitimate rights—of delighting by the living representation of the passions and manners of mankind elevated by poetry, and chastened by morality.

We have thus briefly deduced the history of the drama to prove that its great object was to give delight with deference to certain restrictions, and we have been the more circumstantial in doing so, because it leads us to the notice of a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of literature. While in every other department of literature, all means have been employed to excite and to satiate the appetite

appetite for novelty; while history, philosophy, and theology have contributed to enrich and diversify poetry, while it has sought to interest us not only by painting man in every situation in which he has yet been discovered, but in situations in which the vivid creations of fancy alone could give a habitation and a name, while the passions have been depicted not only in their visible operation on life, but in the silent and unwitnessed workings of the heart, the drama still rests her claim on the merit of her earliest productions, and the efforts of competitors or of imitators have only served to establish the triumphs of Shakspeare. That the genius of this great writer surpassed, and probably will continue to surpass, the powers of every other dramatic poet will scarcely be disputed. But since the mind of man is always in a state of progression, since the changes of society, though they could not alter the nature of the passions, have at least modified their expression,—since the improvement of our manners, by heightening and refining our sensibility, has afforded opportunities of displaying it in new situations and struggles before unimagined,—since the artificial and imaginary causes of its excitement have multiplied, and thus given to morbid and factitious feeling the sympathy once bestowed only on real—writers of feeblar powers might have hoped to please, at least by dramas more regularly constructed,—by feelings more philosophically traced, by exhibitions of complicated passion, which had never been depicted before but in their elements, by new combinations of qualities diversified by the more intricate relations of society, by imagery borrowed from sources which the limited state of literature did not *then* afford, and by a harmony of modulation with which the improvement of our language has enabled us to delight the ear. This at least might have been expected, but that the expectation has not been fulfilled is obvious, from our not having had, since the days of Rowe, (a writer of no poetical eminence,) more than two decisively and permanently successful performances.*—To inquire into the causes of this, may not be useless, and certainly cannot be uninteresting.

The history of the English stage presents us with two striking periods. The one, when dramatic composition, free from all external influence, formed a distinct and separate school of its own. The other, when the introduction of French rules, both in criticism and composition, gradually changed its aspect, and brought along with it a taste for the principles and structure of the Greek tragedy, on which the French is founded, and which indeed it very closely resembles. There are, in truth, some points of obvious difference,

* The tragedies of Zanga and Douglas are the only exceptions we remember; those of the Gamester and the Fatal Marriage owed their revival to the inimitable talents of Mrs. Siddons.

but it may be observed, in general, that the agreement is essential, and the difference merely accidental. The rigid preservation of the unities of time, place, and action; the historical subjects, regal personages, and public events; the developement of the story *always* at its commencement, and *generally* at its conclusion, committed to narrative, and usually entrusted to an inferior performer, the immeasurable length of the speeches in the dialogue, the absence of all vehement action in the scenes, or *practical* catastrophe on the stage, are points of invariable and original agreement, that not only assimilate, but in a measure identify the French and classical dramas with each other.

The points of dissimilitude are few and unimportant, and, as we before remarked, arise rather from the difference of manners necessarily modified by the lapse of ages, than from any inherent discrepancy either in the conception of the authors or the taste of the audience. The predominance of love* as the principal agent among the passions, the consequent superiority of female interest in French plays, the bienséance of the heroes who appear to have changed sexes with the heroines, (the latter being licensed to rant, while the former are permitted only to whine,) the official niceties of court etiquette, preserved alike amid the courts of Epirus,† Babylon,‡ Rome,§ and Constantinople,|| where they were all alike unknown, are features of the French drama impossible not to be recognized as national; but the difference produced by them is (to borrow the language of the schools) modal, not essential; they leave the general resemblance unaltered; the unity of their character, principle, and structure unbroken. Such was the school that, at the period of which we speak, held the balance of dramatic criticism suspended with a lofty hand, and pronounced all the theatres in Europe barbarous but her own.

Of the classical drama, on which it was founded, it may not be amiss to add a few words—to assist the inquiries of those who may be desirous of ascertaining why, supported as it has been by scholars and critics, it can never become popular on the modern stage?

The basis of ancient tragedy is mythology—and that mythology, long exploded, can now scarcely afford a striking illustration to the theme of a school-boy, much less a popular subject for tragedy;—what, according to Gibbon, was viewed by contemporary philo-

* Voltaire, in the preface to his *Merope*, expresses his astonishment at the success of his play, because the interest was not founded on what the French call love.

† *Andromaque*.

‡ *Semiramide*.

§ *Titus*.

|| *Bajazet*.

Abbé le Blanc gives a humorous defence of the politesse of the French stage, which he, perhaps, thought very serious. 'I am sure there is nothing half so insipid in Titus, or any of Racine's effeminate heroes, as in the title which Dryden gives to his celebrated tragedy "All for Love, or The World Well Lost."'

sophers with cold and jealous scepticism, is viewed by modern readers with incredulous disdain. This mythology, always offensive to reason, cannot be considered entitled to much respect for its morality.—The gods who (always visibly or invisibly present) constitute the whole *matériel* of the drama, are beings whom, as mortal, we should feel disposed to execrate, and whom their rank of deity only makes us view with greater horror;—they are all malignant, vindictive, and meanly jealous of their prescriptive privileges of sacrifice and worship; in passion they are below mortals, in power they are fatally superior to them. In this system, religion and morality are completely disjoined;—the deities frequently impel to the commission of the most atrocious crimes, and *their anger is never excited by the breach of moral duties.*

In these plays all the excitement that might be derivable from the operation of the passions, or the influence of character, is necessarily suspended. It is not the agitation of the human mind, but the hostile agency of the gods, we are called on to witness;—the fate of the personages is decided from the commencement of the drama, and often announced in the prologue by the gods themselves.

If one overpowering and tremendous impression of the power of the deities (abstracted from all ideas of their justice or their beneficence) were the result of these exhibitions, the grandeur of the impression might atone for its falsity and immorality. But nothing like this terrible singleness of view can occur in the perusal of the Greek tragedy. The gods (who have all the littleness of mortality among themselves, as well as in their mortal transactions) are as much at variance with each other as they are with their human victims.

One final observation occurs to us on the subject of the Greek drama, grounded, like the rest, on that false mythology which pervades its whole essence. Of all the various views under which human misery can be beheld, that is surely the most overpowering which denies it all the consolations of conscious rectitude, and all the hope of future reward. The gods of the Greek drama are so intently occupied in aggravating the miseries of human existence, that they seem never to have time or inclination to afford their victims or their favourites a hope of expiation or relief from futurity. This, it may be said, was their national creed—granted;—but does not the concession aggravate the difficulty, by proving a total want of the sensibility not only of poetical justice, but of moral feeling, in both the author and the audience? All around the personages of their tragedies is suffering—all beyond them is darkness.—In a word, the Greek drama presents an actual moral desert, without one fertile spot to cheer the traveller, not even a *mirage* to allure him by its seductive brilliancy.

Were

Were we to take our estimate of the effect of the French and classical drama on the English, from the simple and obvious truth, that previous to their introduction our drama had attained its present distinction, and since that period its decline has been rapid and total, it might seem enough,—but we conceive this can be more successfully proved by a brief recurrence to our dramatic history. To enable us to judge of the causes that rendered the early writers so eminent, we must take a view not only of their mental powers, whose admitted superiority was doubtless the first of those causes, but also of the circumstances under which those powers were exercised, of the state of society and literature under which they existed, of the prevalent habits of thinking at that period, and the influence which these causes produced on their writings.

The Reformation had introduced an unbounded freedom of thought—the most awful subjects had been rendered familiar, they were the topics of lonely meditation, and of public discussion;—the same license was probably extended to every other subject that the human mind can grasp or retain—the key of knowledge was wrested from the jealous and tenacious hands of the Romish priesthood, the doors of the temple were thrown open, all were invited to enter, and multitudes obeyed the call.

Men thus born amid controversy, and brought up among the perpetual fluctuations of opposite opinions, are of all others most apt to think and write for themselves. This was eminently the case with the dramatic writers before whom life lay open in all its exhaustless varieties. They were literary *αυτοχθόνες*, they had no precedent to look to, for they were themselves the originators of the English drama; no authority to regard, for though some of them were ‘scholars, and ripe and good ones,’ not one, with the exception perhaps of Jonson, conceived the idea of prescribing as a standard the drama of distant ages and remote nations: they had no dread of their audience—the theatres were frequented by men who, satisfied with the faithful representation of passions and manners, paid little regard to those rules by which succeeding critics have tried to restrain the enthusiasm of composition, or the sympathy of attention, to teach writers that they must please, not by consulting nature but art,—and spectators that they should be satisfied not when they feel they *are* pleased, but when they are informed (and sometimes they need the information) that they *ought* to be. Every variety of passion, however unfit to be exposed, and every modification of character, however difficult to be traced, enter into their representations, which include the whole of human existence. Many incidents in life are mean and trivial, yet they stoop to record them; many passions are foul and loathsome, yet they do not shrink from painting them;—
they

they excel in the representation of mental debility, and of mental derangement, not in a ranting explosion of scenical violence, but in its deep, definite, and settled complexion, not as the passing cloud of the soul, but as its darkened and condensed atmosphere, 'where the light is as darkness.' They turn not aside for danger or delight;—if their drama requires change of place, they waft the spectator without hesitation from Athens to Thebes—if it demands a lapse of years, their first act shews their hero in the weakness of infancy, and their last in the dotage of decrepitude.

The talents of these great writers favoured them much, but the state of the age favoured them also. The moral sensibility of the times, though sufficiently acute to sympathize in natural feelings, was by no means refined: provided moral justice was generally preserved, they little regarded poetical consistency, or even decorous representation: they could endure the sight of every crime provided it was finally punished; and sustain the view of every passion provided it was checked by conscience amid its triumph, and punished by remorse in its defeat. The writers knew what the audience could bear, and all they could bear was certainly laid on them—the last struggles of human feeling in its most direful extremities, the ravings of blasphemy, the impieties of atheism, the presence and actual agency of benevolent or malignant spirits, the whole energies of mortality, and the 'powers of the world to come' were brought in aid of the effect of their drama, and the effect certainly did not disappoint them.

The return of Charles produced a revival of the theatre, which had been suppressed by the rigour of the Puritans, and the age became fertile in dramatic poets. But they had lost the independence of character, the liberty of thought, the poetic *παρρησία* that distinguished their predecessors. The writer was no longer a man who enjoyed the unforced and gratuitous effusions of his genius, and committed his cause with fearless confidence to posterity; he was become a venal scribbler, grasping at ephemeral notoriety, flattering wickedness in high place, and bartering his birthright of fame for a paltry pittance often withheld by caprice, or embittered by insult.

In the writings of these men, there is a strange mixture of licentiousness and poetry, of genius and depravity. The French court had taught them gallantry, but not refinement; they eagerly imbibed all of evil which their teachers could communicate, without the palliatives which those teachers are so dexterous in administering, their gay, easy wit, their apparent heedlessness of the mischief they do, their art in withdrawing our attention from their object, and fixing it on their manner, and their power of giving to the result of deep and painful reflexion, the air of a superficial remark,

mark, or an extemporaneous sally. By these writers *love* is painted only in its physical raptures, beauty its sole incitement, and fruition its only reward; *virtue* (or, as they write it, *vertue*) is employed to signify neither moral excellence in the abstract, nor one of its modes separately exercised, but merely the assemblage of qualities good and bad that exist in the character to which the term is applied, and honour is represented in a whimsical suit of ill-assorted and incongruous appointments, like a preux chevalier of the feudal age, accoutred in the flowing wig, the lace cravat, and the shoe-roses of a gallant in the court of Louis Quatorze, turbulent, war-like and ferocious like the one, full of quaint terms, florid courtesy, and amatory compliment like the other.

The loose opinions of the age with regard to religion are easily discoverable; the usual topics employed even by dramatic writers, of a dependence on the wisdom of the Deity for the ultimate solution of the difficulties of life, of support under its inflictions here, and a confidence of remuneration for its sufferings hereafter, those general palliatives of human wretchedness which the good are anxious to minister, and the miserable are willing to receive, are utterly banished from their pages. In lieu of these we find perpetually occurring the names of fate, destiny, and chance—mysterious words—by whose assistance men under every dispensation have helped themselves to believe that their crimes and sufferings might be ascribed to any agency but their own—with these is mingled a frequent reference to the influence of *the stars*, the belief of which was strongly operative even in that age of irreligion, so closely united are the extremes of superstition and infidelity.

Dryden was one of the first to pay his homage to the new taste by writing his plays in rhyme, a task easy to him from his affluence of language, and his power of confining reasoning within the bounds of verse, but evidently imposed from the practice of the French, whose poverty of imagination or of language allows no difference between poetry and prose but that which is made by rhyme. His example was attempted to be followed by Lee, Otway, and Sir Robert Howard; nor did these writers confine their imitations solely to rhythmical modulation; they began to borrow the *topics*, though not the *conduct*; the *manners*, though not the *passions*, of their plays, from the French. Heroes declaim in elaborate antitheses on the respective claims of passion and duty, and heroines reply in speeches where the *pour et contre* is stated with technical precision in a nearly equal number of verses, with precedents and cases in point from reports of adjudged causes in the court of Cupid. Those who have curiosity or patience to consult the Indian Emperor, the Conquest of Grenada, and Aurengzebe, will find ample proof of the pertinacity of these amorous disputants; the Amazonian heroines

heroines will never be won by those who cannot conquer them in argument, and the heroes return hit for hit with all the expertness of Prince Prettyman and his tailor.

The usurpations of French authority were, however, still confined to the externals of the English drama; its peculiar tone of passion and its poetry had escaped: the powerful imagination of the English writers burst through the restraints imposed on the language and manners of the stage; they still thought and taught others to reason, they still felt and compelled their audiences to feel:—the argumentative and often sublime poetry of Dryden, the wild, but sometimes thrilling pathos of Lee, the lulling tenderness, and the simple nature of Southerne, prove that all was not lost. In the next age, however, the oppression became complete; Rowe acknowledged it by relinquishing the freedom of style that had distinguished his first and most animated production, 'The Ambitious Step-mother:' and Addison confirmed it by his Cato, a performance which may be allowed to make ample amends for all the irregularities of the English tragedies that had dared to touch our hearts; a tragedy reformed according to the strictest canon of classical orthodoxy, and in which the critic (unless he be as merciless as Dennis) can complain of nothing but the omission of a chorus. During this period of coffee-house critics (viz. from the reign of Anne to that of George II.) we find but one tragedy that has become a permanent addition to the stage, Young's *Revenge*—and that play (a lesson to the unsuccessful pupils of the French school) founded not on the fate of kings, or the vicissitudes of empire, but on the powerful operation of individual passion in domestic life; while the other plays of the author, (*Busiris* and the *Brothers*,) though written (like all he wrote) with high poetical talent, and embellished with all the splendour of sententious morality, have been consigned to oblivion. During this period there was no deficiency of dramatic writers, and of writers whose names still survive with all the lustre of poetical reputation: there was only a total deficiency of those powers which have learned the secret of pleasing not from art but from nature, which aim to delight or to terrify not by the observation of rules, but of passions and of life.

We had a Thomson, whose exquisite pencil, while it could paint all the forms of inanimate existence, and give to nature almost the same beauty in the closet that she possesses in the fields, lost all its magic colouring and picturesque fidelity when it attempted to sketch the forms of life—his *landscapes live*, his *groups are corpses*. There is much mention of liberty in his plays and some talk of love; but who was ever kindled by his patriotism, or melted by his passion?

We had a Johnson, whose mighty mind, while it derided the

restraint of artificial tactics, submitted to undergo their discipline and pace in their ranks. There is, however, a kind of reluctant grandeur in his submission. But Johnson, with his gigantic faculties of reasoning, his unequalled penetration of life, and his extensive resources of metrical combination, had no power of affecting the passions. No philosopher can be easily a dramatic poet; in his most acute dissection of human feelings there will be a technical coldness that marks the lectures of a *professor*,—he will write not to make men feel, but to make them learn; the height to which he is elevated will prevent his participation in the views which he exhibits; the storms burst far below his feet, and his representations of them tend rather to make the audience analyse the abstract causes of passion, than to shudder at its visible effects.

We had a Glover and a Mason, who exhibit with sufficient strength the example of perverted genius which we are confirming by these multiplied instances. They seem (especially the latter) to have been men of poetical powers, and the Caractacus of Mason has left us something like a display of fresh and luxuriant foliage interspersed amid the leaves of a *hortus siccus*. The faded colours of the ancient drama revive under his touch, as the paintings of Pompeii are said to resume the vividness of their tints on the affusion of water, and to lose it again when the humidity ceases. It is unnecessary to say how many authors failed in their dramatic attempts from the same cause, unless the warning might be useful to future adventurers.

The history of the stage, indeed, at this period, is as melancholy as the diary of a consumption; the audience yawned at their Sophonisbas, Clytemnestras, Eurydices, and Elviras;—the critics consulted the rules, to be instructed in their verdict—the poet quoted Greece and France in his defence—and the town left them to settle the dispute in empty theatres.

This too was the age of the Franklins, the Murphys, and the Dows, of Roman Fathers and Grecian Daughters, of Sethonas, Cleonices, and Matildas—The English Genius was forced to mince her step, and modulate her accent like Achilles in petticoats—Jephson wrote with occasional spirit, but Jephson was not the Ulysses to discover the latent hero, and restore him to his sex and his majesty. To this lowest state of depression has English tragedy sunk, we say *has sunk*, because the kind of Galvanic existence bestowed on it of late years by the German writers, is by no means an unequivocal symptom of natural vitality. The poets of this age are not likely to be skilful prescribers in this desperate case. They are too gloomy, metaphysical and recherchés, too much wrapt up in their own peculiar conceptions, to attend to those broad and general delineations of life and pas-

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sion that are required in dramatic exhibition. Of those to whom the tragic drama may look with hope of its revival, we confess we cannot regard the author of the *Apostate* as likely to be one. This play has been successful in representation, but that success which arises from a skilful adaptation of character to the powers of a popular tragedian, and an incidental felicity in the use of local allusion and temporary topics of interest, is not what can claim genius for the poet, or celebrity for his performance. The enthusiasm that is felt by an audience for a beautiful and interesting actress extends in some degree to the characters she supports; and thus a play may follow triumphantly in the wake of popularity, and assume the distinction which it only shares:—but the reader feels no enthusiasm of this kind, the attractive names in the *Dramatis Personæ* have no charms for him, and a play must be estimated in the closet not by its borrowed but its genuine powers of giving delight. This tragedy certainly possesses one merit,—that of preserving unremitted interest in the progress of the narrative from the first act to the last; the dramatic excitement never ceases or languishes, it is supported by a rapid succession of events which, though destitute of intrinsic novelty, are at least varied; and by a catastrophe which, though common-place, is certainly unexpected—this is a great and necessary art in dramatic composition; without it poetry fatigues, and passion exhausts us—but still it is rather an art than a talent, it savours more of the experience of the mechanist than of the inspiration of the poet. But let us estimate it as we may, its use on the stage is as indispensable as its effect is resistless, and that which produces a powerful effect must be allowed to possess some share of merit. There are also some prettinesses of composition diffused through the piece—the versification does not resemble that of any other author, and in this age of *schools*, not to be a plagiarist is to be not wholly without praise. The great defect of the piece is that compared with which all other defects are trivial—it is that of mediocrity—there is nothing of the ‘*mens diviniore*,’ nor of the ‘*os magna sonaturum*:’ when we compare the strength of the situations with the feebleness of the poetry, we are half tempted to believe that one author sketched the plot, and another furnished the language, as great painters are said to trace the outlines of their figures and leave the colouring to their pupils.

There is nothing new in the characters.—Hemeya, Malec and Florinda, are Jaffier, Pierre and Belvidera over again; the same iteration of stubborn haughtiness, contemptible facility and mischievous officiousness. It is usual with inferior writers always to confine their characters to certain *casts* which they never lose without a forfeiture of all their powers and privileges:—their villains, like Pescara, are without ‘mitigation or remorse,’ their lovers

without common sense or natural feeling, their priests always superstitious, their tyrants like Bajazets and Herods, and their heroines always beautiful, agonized, much afflicted with fainting fits, and sorely inclined to hereditary madness:—there is no shadowing, no keeping, no perspective in their paintings,—their representations of character and passion are purely *generic*, there is no discrimination of kindred qualities, no dissection of complicated feelings, no operation of mingled motives, all objects appear in the same *plane*, without prominence and without relief. Poverty of imagination is always leading such writers to grasp at any subject of local interest for support, and therefore generally leads them into improprieties. Thus a ranting declamation against the Inquisition is put into the mouth of a Moslem, one of that religion which teaches its professors to propagate their faith with the koran in one hand and the sword in the other. St. Dominic himself, with Torquemada to help him, would have met with his match for persecution in Mahomet—his disciples might well spare us their lectures on religious liberty. There is something too like the cowardice of conscious weakness in delighting to attack what none attempt to defend.

Upon the whole, this play with the powerful assistance of eminent actors and scenical illusion, and burning palaces, and processions with towers of the Inquisition in perspective, and Moors who preach the Gospel to Christians just as they are going to be burnt for not believing it, and half-mad, half-poisoned, heroines who visit their lovers in dungeons with wreaths of flowers on their heads, may produce an effect on the stage,—but what effect will it produce in the closet?

We had purposed to extend our criticisms to the tragedies of Bertram, Manuel, and others of recent date; but circumstances, with which we will not trouble the reader, have (for the present, at least) compelled us to forego our design.

ART. XI.—*France*. By Lady Morgan. 4to. pp. 375. London. 1817.

FRANCE! Lady Morgan appears to have gone to Paris by the high road of Calais and returned by that of Dieppe. In that capital she seems to have resided about four months, and thence to have made one or two short excursions; and with this extent of ocular inspection of that immense country, she returns and boldly affixes to her travelling memoranda diluted into a quarto volume, the title of *FRANCE*! One merit, however, the title has—it is appropriate to the volume which it introduces, for to falsehood it adds the other qualities of the work,—vagueness, bombast, and affectation. This does not surprize us, and will not surprize our readers when they

they are told that Lady Morgan is no other than the *ci-devant* Miss Owenson, the author of those tomes of absurdity—those puzzles in three volumes, called *Ida of Athens*, the *Missionary*, the *Wild Irish Girl*, and that still wilder rhapsody of nonsense, *O'Donnell*—which served Miss Plumptre, kindred soul! in her famous tour through Ireland,* as an introduction to society, a history of the country, and a book of the post-roads.

Lady Morgan remembers—with more anger than profit—the advice which we gave her in our first Number on the occasion of *Ida of Athens*; and, in the Preface to her present publication, treats us with the most lofty indignation—she informs us, that we made ‘one of the most hastily composed and insignificant of her early works, a vehicle for accusing her of licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism. To cure her (she adds) of these vices, we presented a nostrum of universal efficacy; and prescribed (by the way Lady Morgan’s language smells vilely of the shop since her marriage) a simple remedy, a spelling-book and a pocket-dictionary, which, superadded to a little common sense, was to render her that epitome of female excellence, whose price Solomon has declared above riches.’—p. viii.

There is an inveterate obliquity in Lady Morgan’s mind, which prevents her from perceiving, or stating a fact as it really exists. In copying our *recipe* (to accommodate our language to her ear) she has omitted the principal ingredient. We were not so lightly impressed with the danger of her case, as to suppose that it might be alleviated by a spelling-book and a vocabulary only; there was, *as she well knows*, another BOOK, which we recommended her to add to the list; and it was on the humble and serious study of this, (need we add that we spoke of the BIBLE?) that we mainly relied for that amendment in her head and heart, which her deplorable state seemed to render so desirable.

In the wantonness of folly she tells us, that, in ‘pursuance of our advice, she set forth “like Cælebs in search of a wife,”’—not quite, as we shall prove to Lady Morgan before we have done with her—‘and, with her *ENTICK* in one hand, and her *MAVOR* in the other, obtained the reward of her improvements, in the person of a Doctor Morgan; and, in spite of “the seven deadly sins,” which the Quarterly Review laid to her charge, is become, she *trusts*, a respectable, and, she is *sure*, a happy mistress of a family.’ Lady Morgan does well to speak thus modestly of the former part of her position:—of the latter, she may be as positive as she pleases. Happiness is a relative term, or, as it is more correctly explained by Slender to his cousin Shallow, *thereafter as it may be*. We

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXII, Art. III.

have no reason to believe that all the captives of Circe were unhappy. But to proceed—

'The slander thus hurled at her happily fell hurtless; the enlightened public,' as she informs us, 'by its countenance and favour, acquitted her of all the charges; placed her in a *definite* rank among authors, and in no undistinguished circle of society.' As the climax of her triumph over us, she boasts that O'Donnell has been translated into three languages. *What* three languages she does not state; but if the *English* be one of them, we humbly beg to be informed where the work is to be had, that, by the help of the said translation, we may have the pleasure of opening its treasures to our readers.

Lady Morgan, in the passages just quoted, seems strangely anxious to persuade the world that we accused her of *personal* licentiousness, profligacy, &c. but she does both us and herself injustice. We spoke then, as we shall do now, only of her works. We disclaim all personal acquaintance with Lady Morgan—we never saw her; and, except as a book manufacturer, know absolutely nothing about her—and it is not without sincere pain that we feel ourselves obliged to repeat, on the occasion of her *latest and most important* work, the same charges, (but with increased severity and earnestness,) which were forced from us by her *earliest and most insignificant*.

Before we proceed to show how little Lady Morgan is mended of Miss Owenson's graver faults, and how very like FRANCE is to *Ida of Athens*, we must notice a more venial error which we formerly recommended for correction, and which we lament to find as bad as ever. Lady Morgan's readers will recollect that almost the only intelligible passages in her former works were those in which, confessing that her manuscript was 'illegible,' she assured us, that *many* of the errors were merely errors of the *press*; and we therefore thought it not inexpedient to suggest to this young lady, (such, ten years ago, we supposed her to be,) the advantage of taking a few lessons in 'joined-hand' in order to 'become legible.' On the subject of this friendly hint we are sorry to find her still very wrathful, though she affects to receive such criticism with all the dispassionate coolness of Sir Fretful Plagiary: but her *bitter gratitude* carries her too far, when she says that she has profited by our lesson so much, as to have learned to write legibly; or, as she expresses it, 'to have received a reward' (viz. Dr. Morgan) 'for her *caligraphic* acquirements.' Unfortunately for her veracity, we find, in the very next page, the following flat contradiction of this assertion, and downright denial of her *caligraphy*.

'The publisher feels himself called upon to state that the delay which has taken place in the appearance of this work has arisen, in the first

first place, from the very illegible state in which the manuscript was transmitted to him, and which therefore required twice the usual time to print.—*Advertisement.*

This, we must observe, is the publisher's reply to an accusation made against him by the writer, of having '*intirely* caused a delay equally injurious to the interests of the work, and to the reputation of the author:' but this attack on her publisher is, in truth, rather intended to afford an excuse for Lady Morgan's own errors, and to give a colour to the stale apologies by which she has already *more than once* endeavoured to lay her own blunders to the charge of her printer. She tells us, that—

'The following pages have been composed between the months of November and March, from the heads of a Journal kept with regularity during my residence in France, in the year 1816, and having *bound myself* to my publisher to be ready for the press before April, I was obliged to compose à trait de plume, to send off the sheets chapter by chapter, without the power of detecting repetitions by comparison, and without the hope of correction from the perusal of proof sheets.'—p. vi.

This indiscreet squabble (*bellum plusquam civile*) between the author and the publisher, lets the world a little too much behind (as she would call it) the typographical scene: the uninitiated will be shocked to find that the sylphid Miss Owenson, the elegant Lady Morgan, is in fact a mere bookseller's drudge, (we tremble as we write it!) and that this large and valuable quarto volume, so pleasantly denominated *France*, was written under contract, to be delivered, like other Irish provisions, between the months of November and March.

Lady Morgan treats our former strictures as '*unfounded calumnies*,' and with great acrimony appeals from our judgment to that of (what she calls) the public; namely, the 'no undistinguished circle' in which she lives, and the buz of which she fancies to be the voice of renown. As on the present occasion we are obliged to renew, with increased force, all our charges against the former works of this lady, we may be sure that she will be still more indignant; and it therefore behoves us to proceed methodically, and lay the case more fully before the public than we formerly thought it worth while to do: but to anticipate Lady Morgan's future complaints of falsehood, scurrility, and calumny, we shall take the precaution of judging her, absolutely and literally, out of her own mouth: *she shall be her own critic*; all the severity which we shall use will be to quote her own words, and all that we shall think it necessary to do will be to arrange our extracts under the particular heads to which they seem to belong. We trust our readers will excuse us for paying so much attention to what they will find to be so worthless a publication; but the subject of that publication

is important, and the manner in which Lady Morgan treats it deserves the severest reprehension.

Our charges (to omit minor faults) fall readily under the heads of—Bad taste—Bombast and Nonsense—Blunders—Ignorance of the French Language and Manners—General Ignorance—Jacobinism—Falsehood—Licentiousness, and Impiety.—These, we admit, are no light accusations of the work; but we undertake, as we have said, to prove them from Lady Morgan's own mouth.

BAD TASTE.—The work is composed in the most confused manner, and written in the worst style—if it be not an abuse of language, to call that a *style*, which is merely a jargon. There is neither order in the subjects nor connection between the parts. It is a huge aggregation of disjointed sentences so jumbled together, that we seriously assert that no injury will be done to the volume by beginning with the last chapter and reading backwards to the first; and yet it has all the affectation of order: it is divided into *parts*, and the *parts* into *books*; and each *book* has a running *title*, as 'Society,' 'Peasantry,' &c. But Lady Morgan has a very convenient way of getting rid of the trammels of order to which a division into *parts* and *books* might have subjected her excursive genius—she every here and there breaks off her subject and, interposing a long line of asterisks, thus—

* * * * *

proceeds to any other topic which occurs to her. In her first book there are no less than sixteen of these gaps, and if there had been a gap wherever there was a breach in the order of narration, or a change of subject, there would have been several hundreds. As to the running titles of her book, these are convertible amongst themselves, and the chapters which are called 'Peasantry' might be quite as truly denominated 'Paris,' and vice versa.

Of these statements, we cannot, from the nature of the case, lay before our readers such distinct proofs as we shall upon other points. To give them a full idea of the disorder in which Lady Morgan has flung out her observations, our Article must have been as long as her volume. Of her bad taste in other respects instances will be found hereafter, but one is too remarkable not to be here especially quoted. *Lady Morgan despises Racine*: to be sure, he was guilty, in her eyes, of the atrocious offence of piety; and for this she rather more than sufficiently sneers at his imbecillity.

'Dieu m'a fait la grâce, (says the *faible* Racine to Madame de Maintenon,) en quelque compagnie que je me suis trouvé, de ne jamais rougir de l'évangile ni du roi.' 'Racine, who associates the king and the Gospel so intimately in his familiar letters, talks in his work on the Port-Royal of the great designs of God on the mère Agnès, (one of the founders of that religious community,) such was the intellectual *calibre* of the author of *Phédra*.' (Phèdre).—Part i. 48.

But

But her rage against his memory is carried so far that, in defiance of the unanimous voice of France, and the assent of all Europe, and in contempt of a century of fame, she (Lady Morgan, who does not understand his language, and cannot write correctly the name of his best known tragedy) has the wonderful audacity to pronounce him no poet!—ii. 95, 98.

BOMBAST and NONSENSE.—This also would be a very long chapter if we were to do full justice to our subject, but we shall only select a specimen or two.

—A clock gives rise to the following observations.

‘To count time by its *artificial* divisions, is the resource of inanity. The unoccupied ignorance of the very lowly, and the inevitable *ennui* of the very elevated, alike find their account in consultations with a time-piece. It is in the hour-glass of energy and of occupation, that the sand is always found lying neglected at the bottom.’—i. p. 37.

—Some profound remarks on national character are introduced in this simple, elegant, and intelligible manner.

‘National *idiosyncrasy* must always receive its first colouring from the influence of soil and of climate; and the *moral* characteristics of every people be resolvable into the peculiar constitution of their *physical* structure. Religion and government, indeed, give a powerful direction to the principles and modes of civilized society, and debase or elevate its inherent qualities, by the excellence or defect of their own institutes. But the complexional features of the race remain fixed and unchanged, the original impression of nature is never effaced.’—i. p. 85.

—The following pathetic exclamation breaks forth at the sight of some tulips growing at a cottage door in France.

‘Oh! (these groans are very frequent with Lady Morgan,) ‘Oh! when shall I behold near the peasant’s hovel in my own country, (Ireland,) *other flowers* than the bearded *thistle*, which there waves its lonely head and scatters its down upon every passing blast, or the scentless *shamrock*, the unprofitable blossom of the soil which creeps to be trodden upon, and is gathered only to be plunged in the inebriating draught, commemorating annually the fatal illusions of the people, and drowning in the same tide of madness their emblems and their wrongs.’—i. 29.

We do not pretend to guess what this passage can mean; but we will readily pay Lady Morgan the compliment of saying that the flowers of her eloquence are just such *flowers* as the *thistle* and *shamrock*.

—Having a note to write in French she consults her footman, and, in return for his assistance, she compliments him with the title of an *illiterate literatus*, (p. 207.) an expression which we the more readily adopt into our language, as it seems to afford a generic name for the very class of writers to which Lady Morgan belongs;
we

we really know not how we could better express her merits than by calling her an *illiterate literata*.

—Lady Morgan thinks the period at which she visited Paris was very favourable for observation—

‘The agitated surface, still heaving with recent commotion, was strewn with the relics of remote time thrown up from the bosom of oblivion.’—p. 109.

—Diderot had said, foolishly enough, that to paint a woman, you should dip your pen in the hues of the rainbow, and dry the writing with the dust of butterflies’ wings—Lady Morgan contrives to turn this silly hyperbole into still ranker nonsense.

‘To paint the character of a woman,’ says Diderot, ‘you must use the *feather* of a butterfly’s wing.’—i. 163.

BLUNDERS.—This also is a plentiful crop—we shall only amuse our readers with some samples of the article, which savour very strongly, not of French but Hibernian origin.

—During a royal visit to the theatre, at which Lady Morgan was present, she was afflicted with such a *squint* in her *mind’s eye* as to see

‘That the King and Royal Family occupied a *centre box* on *one side*.’—ü. p. 134.

—In her admiration of General La Fayette, she intends to dignify him with the title of *patriarch*, but by an unhappy ignorance of her own language contrives to make the general’s children and grand-children the *patriarchs*.

‘We found General La Fayette surrounded by his *patriarchal family*, his son and daughter-in-law, his two daughters and their husbands, and eleven grand-children.’—ii. p. 183.

—But this is not quite so extraordinary as the fact which she has discovered, that, in the families of the emigrant nobility, the children are all the same age or nearly so with their own parents; ‘the old emigrant nobility, and their scarcely younger offspring.’ (i. 113.) After this sensible exordium, she goes on to pour out a torrent of falsehood and jacobinism upon that ‘prejudiced,’ ‘ignorant,’ ‘selfish,’ ‘bloody’ and ‘revengeful faction,’ the royalists of France.—Although it does not belong to this part of the subject, we cannot refrain from asking Lady Morgan to instance one drop of blood shed by the emigrants since the restoration.

—The rights attached in most other countries to primogeniture, have been abolished in France. This fact Lady Morgan pleasantly blunders into the abolition of a practice which, except in the case of twins, has obtained in all countries since the world began.

‘There is no primogeniture in France!’—i. 22.

—In the same blundering way she transforms the ‘*Palais du sénat conservateur*,’

conservateur,' into the '*Palais conservateur*', (ii. 34.) a title which all the directories, councils and senates which have in turn inhabited it, regret that it so little deserves.

—The king's *surgeon*, because he was one of the *frères de la Charité*, she mistakes for the king's confessor, and on this low and stupid blunder of her own, insults Louis XVIII. and builds a comparison between the spiritual influence of the former and that of the *Père de la Chaise*, the confessor of Louis XIV.—ii. 131.

—Milton sings of *towers and battlements*,

'Where perhaps some beauty lies

The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.'

Our learned Lady believes that the place and not the beauty is the *cynosure*, and informs us that the court of the Grand Monarch

'Was the fatal cynosure of the women of France.'—i. 160.

—In the dispute between the real and pseudo Amphitryons in Molière's play, one of them, to establish his identity, appeals to the company whether he had not invited them to dinner, upon which Sosia, in pleasant ridicule of the way in which parasites decide in doubtful cases, says

'Le véritable Amphitryon

Est celui chez qui l'on dîne.'

This, Lady Morgan had heard, we presume, applied with pleasantry and success; and resolved to make the most of so good a joke, although she does not see where it lies, she quotes the words in a dozen different places, and in every one of them with about as much success as he of whom Joe Miller relates that he let fall a shoulder of mutton and then begged pardon for a *lapsus linguae*.

'Cider is not held in any estimation by the *véritables amphitryons* of rural savoir vivre.'—i. 71.

'The Countess De Hossonville (who had invited Lady Morgan to breakfast) was the *véritable amphitryon* of this delightful day.'—i. 229.

The other instances are equally pointless and absurd.

IGNORANCE OF FRENCH LANGUAGE and MANNERS.

—The allegation that the manuscript was illegible and the long list of Errata prefixed to the work, induced us to impute to *mistake* a thousand instances which we might otherwise have introduced under this head; but enough remains to show, that of the manners of France ancient or modern, and of the language, with which she so affectingly,—et usque ad nauseam,—interlards her pages, she is more ignorant than a boarding-school girl.

—She describes the cottages in Normandy as

'Deeply buried in their *bouquets d'arbres*, or knots of fruit and forest trees.'—i. p. 33.

If it were not for Lady Morgan's own officious translation we should have thought *bouquet*, nosegay, a mere error of the press for *bosquet*, a grove or tuft of trees; but, with the assistance of the translation, it becomes evident that Lady Morgan found the word *bosquet* in her notes, and not remembering what it meant she turned it into *bouquets*: but on consideration, not very well understanding what a *bouquet d'arbres* could mean, she recollects that *bouquet* is a *knot* of flowers and that it may therefore also be a *knot* of oaks.

—The word 'Menin,' the name of some young officers who attend the Dauphin of France, Lady Morgan translates the *minions* of the Dauphin, (i. p. 99). We could not guess where she found this strange mistranslation, but happening to look into Boyer's School Dictionary, we there found '*menin, minion*:' how it got there we cannot tell, but if Lady Morgan knew any thing of the French language or French history she would have known that the English minion comes from the French *mignon*, and that this name, in its peculiar, offensive meaning, was applied to Joyeuse, d'Espernon, &c. well known as '*the minions of Henry the Third*.'

In speaking of Buonaparte, Lady Morgan says—'He was quite a different personage to the few who had *les petites entrées*, and the many who had ONLY *les grandes*.'—i. p. 213.—The fact is itself false—and a story which Lady Morgan builds on it, is miserably silly; but we only quote the passage as a proof of her ignorance of the French language and manners. Deceived by the term *petites*, which seems to apply itself to the few, as *grandes* to the many, she reverses the true meaning of the words. The ordinary reception at court which is given to every body is called *les petites entrées*—the more intimate admission into the royal society is called *les grandes entrées*. This blunder is not a mere slip of the pen, for Lady Morgan repeats it in more than one place; and we notice it the rather, because, ignorant as it proves her to be of the very terms which were used in the old court of France, she on all occasions affects to be a nice critic in its etiquettes, and a severe censurer of its manners.

—We shall presently see how she can bungle a Greek name into something which is both Latin and French, and yet neither.—The whole Ægean family is fatal to poor Lady Morgan.—She assures us that she saw with her own eyes Gerin's (she means Guerin's) picture of Phædra and *Hyppolita*. She may have seen a picture; but she certainly could not have understood it, nor even have read Racine's play, from which it is taken.—The fact, we take to be, that this learned Lady's knowledge of the history of Theseus has been supplied by the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which there happens to be no Hypolitus, and to be an *Hypolita*.

—Of

—Of the Place du Carrousel she says,

'In 1622 Louis XIV. gave here his famous fête to Mad. La Valière, and strove to win her heart by flying Turks, whose sorties from the angles of the court, are said to have given it its present name, by a forced etymology of *Quarré-aux-ailes*, originating the modern appellation of Carrousel.'—ii. 24.

Here is a delightful bunch of blunders. The Carrousel is not a modern appellation—it was not first called by that name in the time of Louis XIV. It is derived not from *Quarré-aux-ailes*, but from *Carouse*, *Carousel*, meaning in old French, as in old English, feast, festivity; and Louis XIV. was not born for nearly twenty years after Lady Morgan describes him as a flying Turk.—Some French wag, seeing her taking notes, must have imposed this story on her simplicity.

—Lady Morgan is mightily familiar with the princesses, duchesses, countesses, &c. &c. of France, and intimates pretty roundly that her own 'personal talents and celebrity' obtained her admission into French society to which few if any other foreigners were received. i. 241, 242. Yet there is hardly one of those 'dear,' 'beautiful,' 'gracious,' and 'witty' friends, (for this is the coin in which she repays her entertainers,) whose name she can spell; and though she talks as familiarly of these Parisian 'lions

As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs,

she is so portentously ignorant as to confound the husband of her 'dear' friend Madame Lefebvre Desnouettes, with Lefebvre Duke of Danzick. ii. 258. Another 'dear' friend she calls the Duchess of Biron-Gonteau. She confounds Madame de Staal and Madame de Staël; calls the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe the daughter of the Duke de Richelieu, and throws away a wonderful deal of applause, meant for the painters Girodet, Gerard, and Guerin, upon three phantoms called Gerodet, Girard, and Gerin. She places *la bonne et bourgeoise Mad. Geoffrin*, as the French call her, in 'the first class of nobility,' to evince her acquaintance with the great; and in her rage for fine writing, talks of '*the glance of an ennuyée Du Deffand*.' ii. 154. Madame Du Deffand was as well known for her blindness, as celebrated for her conversational and epistolary wit. These would be trivial mistakes, if they were not so numerous as to be the proofs of ignorance and not of inadvertency; and if they were not delivered in a tone of the most impertinent self-sufficiency.

—But amidst all her pyebald quotations and her arrogant criticism from French authors and on French language and society, a confession slips out which shows how well fitted she is to be the judge of such subjects: when she visited the Institute

'She held in her hand the "*ordre des lectures*;" and, though acquainted with

with the subjects which were to be discussed, she found it extremely difficult to follow the speakers, or rather the readers.—ii. p. 161.

Notwithstanding this avowal, that she could not follow, that is, understand, what was said, though she was previously apprised of the subject of the discourses, she fearlessly gives an account of the several speeches, and finally concludes by condemning the whole Institute in a lump.

‘Something wearied by the discordant and declamatory tones I had so long listened to, and not particularly edified or entertained by the subjects or compositions of the various discourses, I felt both my ear and spirits relieved by the breaking up of the Institute, which upon the whole gave me an impression little favourable to incorporated bodies of learning, or confraternities of taste.’—ii. p. 163.

And this condemnation of academies in general she supports by the shrewd observation, that ‘neither Homer nor Ossian belonged to an academy.’—ii. 163.

We shall conclude this topic, with producing a witness whose authority Lady Morgan will not deny, namely, the translator, *hired by herself*, or, (to use the publisher’s more gentle term,) *procured*, to bring out a Paris edition of her work.—On the occasion of some of her French scraps, the poor perplexed translator subjoins a note to say ‘that, though the words are printed in the original to look like French, he honestly confesses he does not understand them.’—Vol. i. p. 84.—*French edition*. And he slyly adds, ‘*Nous sommes fûchés de ne pouvoir les TRADUIRE à nos lecteurs.*’ It is, we believe, peculiar to Lady Morgan’s works, that her English readers require an English translation of her English, and her French readers a French translation of her French.

GENERAL IGNORANCE.—This chapter would properly be a recapitulation of the greater part of the volume. As to quotation, we are in an absolute ‘embarras de richesses,’ or, as we should rather say, de *pauvretés*: we must, therefore, take what we find next our hand.—She is told

‘that in Auvergne, LA Bretagne, and THE Béarnois, the subject of the modern *idylliums* may be found not less touching, or *naïve*, than the ancient. Nor indeed are the Theocriti and Sannazaris of the Théâtre des Vaudevilles et de la Variété, unfaithful to their originals.’—p. 43.

We beg our readers to ponder a little on this passage, and to try to discover (for we cannot) why the French article should be prefixed to *La Bretagne*, and the English to *the Béarnois*—why the adjective *naïve* should be in the feminine gender and singular number, to agree with a plural neuter or masculine, we know not which? why this exact writer should talk so carefully of Theocriti and Sannazaris, and give the Greek name a Roman, and the Roman name an English declension? why, amid so much pretension to scholarship,

scholarship, she offends our ears with modern idylliums? and finally, why she supposes that Theocritus and Sannazari wrote farces, and whereabouts in Paris she found the *Théâtre de la Variété*?

—But there is another writer for the stage, with whose plays Lady Morgan seems not much better acquainted than with the farces of Theocritus, we mean Shakspeare. ‘The belles lettres of national literature seem to come to the French youth as reading and writing did to *Touchstone*, by nature.’—p. 149. We do not recollect any thing in *As You Like It* which resembles this, and we vehemently suspect that Lady Morgan alludes to the observation of our old friend Dogberry; which she may have *heard* quoted in company: if she had *read* the admirable scene in which it is to be found, she could not have forgotten it.

—Lady Morgan is desperately enamoured of Buonaparte and all his generals, for which, indeed, the best excuse seems to be that she knows little or nothing about them. In page 214 she tells a flaming story of the devoted attachment of General Rapp to Napoleon, which story is probably a fabrication; but in the course of it, to excite a greater interest in favour of her hero, she calls him a *veteran*. Unhappily for Lady Morgan’s accuracy, Rapp was hardly thirty when he was made aide-de-camp to Buonaparte; even now he cannot be more than forty-five years of age, and the circumstance, if any thing like it ever occurred, must have taken place ten years ago; and if Lady Morgan had looked with attention at some of the pictures which she so flippantly attempts to describe, (ii. 21.) she could not have forgotten the figure of Rapp, which is any thing but that of a veteran.

—But her ignorance upon all other subjects is a blaze of light—her arrangement is the perfection of lucid order, compared with the confusion which she makes of every thing connected with the reign of Louis XIV. (a portion of history the best known even to ordinary readers) and her floundering efforts to persuade the world of the meanness and pride, prodigality and penury, refinement and bad taste of that too-long-mistaken monarch, and of his so much boasted age.

She begins, as we have seen, by exhibiting him at a masquerade twenty years before he came into the world;—she would have had him a patron of learning at the same early period, and she is mightily indignant that he waited to be born before he began to patronize Molière.

‘Amid the false glare which has been flung over the reign of Louis XIV. the ascribing a more than proportionate share of talent to the day he flourished, and the attributing its existence to the munificent patronage of the sovereign, are positions equally false and unfounded;—Molière had already nearly *ran* (run) his great career of glory, and was crowned

crowned with fame and opulence beyond his desires, before his pieces formed the amusement of the Court—He was already entertaining the Marshals of France at his villa near Paris, when the sun of royal favour first turned its rays upon him.—When he first arrived with his troupe in Paris in 1635, he played at the sign of La Croix Blanche, in the Faubourg of St. Germain—He did not receive his patent from the king for his theatre till 1660.—ii. 115, 116.

Louis was born in 1638, so that he could hardly have seen Molière at the Croix Blanche in 1635; and it seems his tardy patronage of Molière commenced when he was only twenty-two years old. And Lady Morgan, it appears, does not consider the *Tartuffe*, the *Misanthrope*, *L'Ecole des Femmes*, *L'Ecole des Maris*, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, or *Le Médecin malgré lui*, as contributing to Molière's glory, as they were all produced under the royal countenance.

—In two several places she mentions Cardinal Richelieu as the minister of Louis XIV. (ii. 116—150); and to his councils she attributes the vanity and despotic disposition of that monarch. Louis must indeed have had earlier and more extraordinary talents than even the flatterers whom Lady Morgan so indignantly censures, attribute to him, as he was only four years old when the Cardinal died.

—If she is ignorant of the time when this remarkable sovereign was born, she is no less so of that of his death; for she gravely assures us that she herself saw and conversed with or was present at a conversation between two officers who had served in the armies of Louis XIV. or, as she impudently calls them, in the revolutionary jargon which insults age and loyalty, 'two *voltigeurs de Louis XIV.*' (i. 117.) As these gentlemen go to court and walk up and down the stairs of the Tuileries, Lady Morgan cannot suppose them to be more than eighty years of age; and if they were only fifteen when they began to serve, it follows that according to Lady Morgan's chronology, Louis (dancing with his mistress in 1622, and living till 1750) must have attained the age of at least 150 years. And all this ignorance she betrays in her blundering and mischievous anxiety to ridicule the ancient nobility, men as respectable for their early loyalty as for their subsequent devotion to their duties.

—In the same way she fancies that the battle of Fontenoy was fought in the reign of Louis XIV.; and she has here divested herself of the shift to which she usually has recourse,—of laying the blame on the printer for substituting that monarch instead of Louis XV.; for in the same spirit of ridiculing all that belonged to the ancient monarchy, she laughs immoderately at the bloodless and inglorious campaigns of Louis XV. *les campagnes à la rose*, (i. 115.) as she calls them. We presume that even Lady Morgan's ignorance cannot

cannot mean to treat the battle of Fontenoy as a 'campagne couleur de rose,' which is what she must mean by her jargon of *campagnes à la rose*.

—After this our readers will not be surprized to find that 'the great Condé' was incarcerated in Vincennes, and that 'his original crime, and the cause perhaps of all his after errors, was his devotion to a beautiful wife whom he refused to resign to the romantic passion of—Henry the VIth.'

This is certainly the best apology we have yet heard for the errors of the great Condé; but we fear that it cannot be admitted to be valid by those who, like ourselves, venture to believe that the great Condé was not born, and of course (we presume) not married, till many years after the death of the supposed paramour of his 'beautiful wife.'

—Lady Morgan is equally well informed in architectural history.

'The palace of the Tuileries, as it now stands, was built by Catherine de Medicis, in 1564. It is curious to observe, that in the apartments of the rez de chaussée occupied by Catherine de Medicis, Napoleon Buonaparte, ex-king of Rome, held his fairy court; and while the baby king dispensed smiles and sugar-plums in one of the wings of the palace, the holy representative of St. Peter lavished demi-francs and benedictites from the windows of the other.'—ii. 28, 29.

Catherine, unluckily, did not build the Tuileries as they now stand; she began the palace, but it was not till the degraded reign of Louis XIV. that it was finished as it now stands: and we are sorry to be obliged to spoil Lady Morgan's excellent jokes upon the Pope, who lavished his benedictites from one wing, while young Napoleon dispensed sugar-plums from Catherine de Medicis' apartments on the rez de chaussée (how topographically accurate Lady Morgan is!) in the other wing. Alas! the wings are precisely those parts which were not built nor even begun till after Catherine's death.

—With equal accuracy she describes another palace.

'The Palais Bourbon, one of the most splendid palaces in Europe, was built by Louis XIV. for his natural daughter, the Princesse de Condé, after the design of Gerardin.

'Although the origin of its foundation be now forgotten,' (which it is not, except by Lady Morgan who pretends to remember it,) 'the Hotel de Bourbon, or the Palais du Corps Législatif, whatever name it may bear, must always be a monument of interest, and an object of admiration: its Corinthian portico; its Grecian peristyle; its elegant pavilions; its vestibules; its colonnades, &c. &c. still remain.'—ii. p. 9.

This whole passage is a tissue of the grossest ignorance.

The Palais Bourbon was not built till several years after the death of Louis XIV. and this learned lady, who so carefully distinguishes Grecian from Corinthian architecture, and the Corinthian portico

from the rest of the building, will be a little astonished to learn, that the *whole* edifice is Corinthian, and that there is no peristyle, (Grecian, Roman, French, or even Irish,) to be found in the structure: it is quite clear that she does not know the meaning of the word peristyle; and it is equally so, that she thinks the *Corinthian portico* is of the same date as the rest of the palace, though the former was built about the year 1730 and the latter about 1800.

—She is equally flippant, equally ignorant, on all subjects connected with the arts.

‘The majestic Parthenon frowns beside the superb temple of Pæstum, and contrasts in its severe simplicity,’ &c.—ii. 42.

She imagines that there is but one temple at Pæstum, and that it is *superb*, compared with the frowning and severe simplicity of the Parthenon; and yet she tells us that she had seen the models of these edifices: if so, she must have mistaken the one for the other; for our readers well know that the temples at Pæstum are in the earliest and severest style, and that the Parthenon, though in the purest taste, was adorned with all the splendour of sculpture.

—Lady Morgan hardly knows, surprizing as such ignorance must appear, the difference between sculpture and architecture.

‘Sculpture, an art which peculiarly belongs to a free country, and which has rarely flourished amongst slaves, wholly declined in the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. and, with the exception of the Porte St. Denis, left nothing of these times in France that is not inferior,’ &c.—i. 19.

The pompous assertion with which this passage begins, is unfounded; it might be more justly said that sculpture never flourished in any free state except Athens, and there only during the *dictatorial* administration of Pericles. But the truth is, that all such generalities are nonsense. No nation, which is sufficiently enlightened to have any taste in the fine arts, can be enslaved to such a degree as to affect the genius of the sculptor more than any other artist: and Lady Morgan would be very much puzzled to produce specimens of any great works of the fine arts produced by what she would call *free* countries. Where are the statues of the Roman republic—where are the paintings of the Commonwealth of England?

But the Porte St. Denis is a specimen, it seems, of sculpture,—we had always thought it was a specimen of architecture. All ornamented architecture must have a certain degree of sculpture in the first and extended meaning of the expression; but it so happens that, of all the triumphal arches in the world, the Porte St. Denis has the least sculpture on it, even in this sense; and in the more technical meaning in which we and Lady Morgan use the word *sculpture*, as the representation of animal life, it has none at all.

As

As the apex of her ignorance in these points, she calls Buonaparte's arch in the Carrousel, 'the GRAND triumphal arch:'—it is not only smaller than the three other arches which Lady Morgan must have seen at Paris, but it is unluckily the smallest in size, and most trifling in execution of all the arches in the world!

—We have seen how well skilled Lady Morgan is in French,—she also favours us with a few specimens of her knowledge of Italian. She talks with great indulgence of 'the frailties of a French woman of fashion, as long as they are *peccate celate*.'—i. 185. and when she would describe the comfort of having a home to one's self, she employs the following phrase, which we copy punctatim: 'Casa-mia, piccolina, che sia.'—ii. 8. We are much mistaken if her Italian translator (if she can *procure* one) does not lament his inability to translate her Italian, as her French translator despaired of her French.

—Lady Morgan, who never lets pass the double opportunity of shewing her ignorance and her irreverence for sacred things, talks of 'the aerial character of the little *cherubim*, the *maudit page* in Beaumarchais' play of Figaro.'—ii. 47. Some one, however, seems to have informed her that the word *cherubim* is plural, and thereupon the learned lady, as usual, charges the mistake upon her printer, and in her elaborate list of Errata requests us to alter *cherubim* into *cherubin*, which latter she takes to be the singular number of the former.

'Thus fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

—When Lady Morgan talks of the litterati of France, she takes occasion to tell us, in a tone of regret, that 'even the superior effusions of Parny, author of *Eloge à Eléonore*, *Les Guerres des Dieux*, &c. &c. are scarcely known in this country by name.'—ii. p. 206.

Will our readers believe that this Parny—whose *superior effusions* Lady Morgan would have known in England—is the most beastly, the most detestably wicked and blasphemous of all the writers who have ever disgraced literature! that the *Eloge* (as she calls it) of Eléonore, is neither more nor less than a system of debauchery, detailed in the language of the brothel!—the language, did we say?—it is detailed

'——— cum verbis, nudum olido stans

Fornice mancipium quibus abstinet!'

and that the other work which she quotes with eulogium, *Les Guerres des Dieux*, (or, as we believe it is called, 'La Guerre des Dieux,') is the most dreadful tissue of obscenity and profaneness that the devil ever inspired to the depraved heart of man; and that, while we write this, we still tremble with horror at the guilt of having read *unwittingly* even so much of the work as enables us

to pronounce this character of it! We will be fair with Lady Morgan. We do not believe it possible that she could have seen or known what she was talking about;—and we therefore rather set it down amongst the proofs of her flippant and arrogant ignorance than impiety.—Lady Morgan, however, is better read in the virtues of Buonaparte; and, determined that none of them shall be lost to her countrymen, she adds, in a tone of triumph over the wretched taste and parsimony of the Bourbons, ‘*PARNY was protected and pensioned by Napoleon!*’

JACOBINISM.—Lady Morgan, though a knight’s *Lady*, is, we are afraid, somewhat of a democrat, and we strongly suspect that her present rank does not sit naturally upon her; she certainly takes all the opportunities she can find, and liberally makes them when she cannot find them, to sneer at and depreciate the legitimate government, the royal family, and nobility of France, and to extol the enemies of France, of her own country and of the civilized world.

—‘The horrors of the revolution’ are, it seems, ‘bug-bears dressed to frighten children,’ (i. 91.) and, what is still more surprizing, the legitimate monarchy of France, and not the revolution, is answerable for all those enormities, because

‘the generation which perpetrated these atrocities were the legitimate subjects of legitimate monarchs, and were stamped with the character of the government which produced them, and the Marats, Dantons, Robespierres belong equally to the order of things which preceded the revolution, and to that which filled up its most frightful epochs.’—i. 92.

If this, which we take to be the greatest discovery of modern times, be true; if the monarchy be really guilty of the crimes of the republic; if Louis and not Marat, if Maleherbes and not Danton; if the Princesse de Lamballe and not Theroigne de Mericourt are the real perpetrators of the regicide and the massacres of September because the regicides and *massacreurs* were born under the legitimate monarchy, we appeal to Lady Morgan’s impartiality whether the same rule must not be further extended, and whether all the glories in arms and arts, all the private virtues and public bounties of her idol Napoleon ought not to be attributed to the ancient government, under which he was not only born but carefully educated both in arts and arms? Our readers smile at this argument, and at the virtues of Napoleon. We assure them that there is hardly any virtue, and no kind of merit which Lady Morgan’s blind devotion does not attribute to ‘the child and champion of jacobinism.’ In addition to being ‘the greatest captain of the age,’ (i. 97.) (she does not except the greater who conquered him,) Lady Morgan assures us that ‘his manners were kind and gracious,’ and ‘his feelings generous’ (ii. 181.)—that he was ‘popular for many

many little acts of generosity and bonhomie,' (i. 97.) and that 'his personal bravery' rendered him 'worthy the devotion of his soldiers.' (i. 151.) 'His policy,' she acquaints us, 'was merciful,' (i. 106.) and 'during the first period of his reign' (in which Palm, Wright, and D'Enghien were murdered) 'his popularity was unsullied,' (i. 98.) his public deportment put the exhibition of vice out of fashion, (i. 102.) as a sovereign he was '*grand*' (i. 102.) in his conceptions; forgiving in his temper, even to his personal enemies, (i. 106.) and munificent and discriminating in his bounty, (i. 98.) In private life, he was a sincere and ardent friend, (i. 165.) and 'even his enemies acquit him of ever forgetting a favour or neglecting a friend.' (i. 107.) Such are a few of the topics of Lady Morgan's loyal and judicious admiration of Buonaparte; we trust them, without a comment, to the execration of every lover of truth.

—In the same way she heaps her jacobinical admiration upon every person and thing which belongs to the revolution, and vilifies and libels all that is connected with the legitimate government.

'How true Frenchwomen can be in feeling and sympathy to their husbands has been painfully evinced during the horrors of the revolution, the struggles of twenty-five years of emigration, and, *above all*, during the political vicissitudes and conflicts in France which have occurred since the return of the Bourbons.'—i, 179.

Thus Lady Morgan asserts that the trials to which domestic feeling has been subjected have been more numerous and more cruel since the restoration, than during the revolution;—a restoration which has exhibited the execution of two traitors taken with arms in their hands, and convicted in due course of law; and a revolution in which (to omit the *noyades* and *fusillades* which tainted the rivers, and drenched the soil of France with innocent blood) 5000 persons were massacred, in the streets of Paris alone, within six and thirty hours, and fifty or sixty a day sent to the guillotine, without the forms of a trial, for ten or twelve successive months.

For the devoted wives of the royalists she has only a cold and general phrase; for the heroic attachment of the injured queen to all the duties of a wife and mother, she has not a word; for the sorrows and sufferings of the orphan of the Temple, no feeling; no tears—nothing but clumsy ridicule, envenomed calumny, and jacobinical rancour—while the griefs of the Buonapartists, victims of the restoration, are recited in a catalogue (a short one indeed, but as large as she could make it) of their names, and in bursts of Lady Morgan's finest and tenderest style of sorrow.

'The young and unfortunate Madame La Bedoyere, dying of a broken heart for him, whom her tears and supplications could not save;—the struggles, the exertions, the almost manly efforts, made by

Madame Ney, are cited even by their enemies, as incomparable. The ready self-immolation of Madame La Valette, who knew not, and feared not, the results of the task she had undertaken; and the sacrifices of Madame Bertrand, who so willingly gave up a world, where she still reigned supreme in the *unproscribable* influence of fashion and beauty, to follow her brave husband into a voluntary and dreary exile; these are splendid instances of conjugal virtue.—i. 179—181.

Ney, indeed, is a particular object of her lamentation; because, we presume, he was the greatest and most infamous traitor of the Hundred Days. He is with her 'the gallant Ney, the theme of every soldier's praise,'—p. 237. and his death is one of 'those views of human conduct, one of those scenes of human suffering which sicken the heart and wither up its powers. Here civilized society seems to lose its splendour, and the development of the human faculties seems but to multiply the power of doing evil.'—p. 238.

—But the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, her ladyship coolly palliates by an observation 'on the fatal *policy* which *may*, or *may not* have necessitated his death.'—p. 239. The sentence itself is nonsense, but the meaning is tolerably plain and sufficiently atrocious; she sometimes, however, *speaks out*, and does not leave us to infer her sentiments.

The royalists she calls 'a long-forgotten *faction*,' (i. 113); and when she overhears a lady observing at court, comme Madame d'Angoulême est embellie ce soir! et sa Majesté, qu'il a l'air d'un père de famille! she sets it all down with indignant contempt, as the '*jargon of loyalty*.' i. 20. She lavishes upon Brissot the most enthusiastic praises for bold and fearless eloquence, and for public spirit, good sense, genius and patriotism. Brissot (as every one knows) was a spy, a libeller, a jacobin, a murderer, and a regicide, who had neither talents nor courage. For Monge, the bloodiest satellite of Robespierre and the meanest slave of Buonaparte, who signed the death warrant of Louis and voted a crown to Napoleon—for him she cannot find a lower epithet than 'the *illustrious*!' But the chief gods of her idolatry (our readers will see by-and-bye that this is hardly a figurative expression) are the vain, feeble, doting coxcomb Lafayette, who, after indulging his vanity by insulting his king and overturning the throne, fled basely from the storm which he had raised, and only returned to public life to take a seat in Buonaparte's Champ-de-Mai; and Gregoire, the ex-bishop of Blois, one of the first of the clergy who in 1789 abandoned his duty, his order, and his sovereign—who proposed in the infernal Convention the abolition of royalty; who asserted that 'kings were in moral life what monsters were in nature,' and who crowned his infamy by volunteering (for he was absent on a mission at the time of the king's trial) a letter to the Convention, in which,
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with a hypocritical cant more disgusting than the naked cruelty of Sieyes, he says that 'his holy-profession (*his* holy profession!) forbids him to pronounce the penalty of death on any criminal, but that as a greater punishment he condemned him to live;—such was the 'virtuous,' 'venerable,' 'religious,' 'enlightened,' 'beneficent,' 'humane and philosophical' friend of Lady Morgan. We need not quote any more of her personal panegyrics; they are all upon persons of the same stamp, men of blood, whose only celebrity is that they belonged to the worst times of the revolution.

We shall conclude this chapter, which we could easily make as long as a volume, with stating that Lady Morgan gives at full length, and as excellent productions, several infamous songs, in which the king, the royal family, &c. are grossly libelled. Our anxiety that Lady Morgan should stand convicted (as we have said) out of her own book induces us to conquer our reluctance to propagate slander by quoting a stanza from one of them as a specimen of its jacobinism, a word which includes disloyalty and impiety.

'Quand Berri, D'Artois, D'Angoulême

De ville en ville ont colporté,

Des héritiers du diadème

La dilittanté Trinité.

Ils se donnoient pour des grands Princes,

Mais bientôt chacun dit, tout bas,

Pour leurs grandeurs, ils sont trop minces,

Ça ne tiendra pas, ça ne tiendra pas.'—i. 139.

FALSEHOOD.—Of Lady Morgan's offences in this way we have incidentally given several examples already, and we might quote more than half her book;—but we shall only select a few specimens.

—In speaking of the profligacy of the court of Louis XIV. she expresses her high indignation at the unblushing fidelity in which the Memoir writers describe those details of depravity, and by way of having a *hit* at a *duke* and of course an *aristocrat*, whom she hates, though he has been nearly a century dead, she says, sneeringly, 'It is the illustrious St. Simon who attests the enormities he so gaily pictures.'—p. 39. Now our readers well know that the Duke de St. Simon is the most severe and merciless castigator of the scenes which he records; that his Memoirs are written in a style of misanthropism and indignation which resembles that of Juvenal; and that so far from his having given *gay pictures* of profligacy, his capital fault is that he saw every thing in the blackest colours, and wasted upon trifles, or suspected faults, too much of his gloomy castigation. But Lady Morgan slanders the living, and, à fortiori, has no respect for the dead, unless they have been shot for treachery.

—Lady Morgan, whose conscience perhaps increased the ordinary

delusions of her imagination, fancied on one occasion, that she was about to be arrested.

'Bastilles, lettres de cachet, mysterious arrestations and solitary confinements started upon my scared imagination, and I had already classed myself with the Iron Mask and caged Mazarine, the Wilsons, Hutchinsons and Bruces.'—p. 136.

This is the *lie* by implication.—Wilson, Hutchinson and Bruce had grievously violated the laws of France:—they were openly arrested, legally confined, publicly tried, leniently sentenced, and generously pardoned: and this is the case which this wretched woman chooses to associate with Bastilles, lettres de cachet, and iron cages. But the falsehood of falsehoods, is the old and impudent one which we have so often refuted, that England has been guilty of treachery and bad faith in her treatment of Buonaparte: we shall not condescend to enter into any discussion of subjects of this nature with such a person as Lady Morgan; but content ourselves with submitting to the indignation of our readers the whole passage, which is as false in fact as it is disgusting in principle and contemptible in style.

'Napoleon, always greater in adversity than in prosperity, chose to trust to the generosity of the English nation, and to seek safety and protection amidst what he deemed a great and a free people. This voluntary trust, so confidently placed, so sacredly reposed, was a splendid event in the history of England's greatness—it was a bright reflection on the records of her virtues! It illuminated a page in her chronicles on which the eye of posterity might have dwelt with transport! It placed her pre-eminent among contemporary nations! Her powerful enemy, against whom she had successfully armed and coalesced the civilized world, chose his place of refuge, in the hour of adversity, in her bosom, because he knew her brave, and believed her magnanimous!

'Alone, in his desolate dwelling; deprived of every solace of humanity; torn from those ties, which alone throw a ray of brightness over the darkest shades of misfortune; wanting all the comforts, and many of the necessities of life; the victim of the caprice of petty delegated power; harassed by every-day oppression; mortified by mean, reiterated, hourly privation; chained to a solitary and inaccessible rock, with no object on which to fix his attention, but the sky, to whose inclemency he is exposed; or that little spot of earth, within whose narrow bounds he is destined to wear away the dreary hours of unvaried captivity, in hopeless, cheerless, life-consuming misery! Where now is his faith in the magnanimity of England? his trust in her generosity? his hopes in her beneficence?'—ii. 189, 190.

This is, perhaps, the proper place to notice a circumstance which has forcibly pressed upon us, from the first opening of Lady Morgan's book.

Oh l'ennuyeux conteur!
Jamais on ne le voit sortir du grand seigneur;
Dans le brillant commerce il se mêle sans cesse,
Et ne cite jamais que duc, prince, ou princesse.

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It would appear from her pages that nothing had taken place at Paris during her short residence there, in which she was not, in some way or other, personally concerned. To her every event in every party of politics or pleasure, occurred; and to her every remark was addressed. The eternal exordium to all her anecdotes is—*La princesse de ——— said to me; la duchesse de ——— said to me; la marquise de ———, —for Lady Morgan realizes the visionary grandeur of Malvolio,—la comtesse de ——— said to me, &c.* Now we will take upon ourselves to dispute most of these *dites à moi*. That something like them was said, or rather told to Lady Morgan, we well believe; but not by the persons represented.

The French critics politely attribute this *égoistique perfidy* to that invention, which (as they say) ‘*doit rarement abandonner Lady Morgan.*’ Invention, however, had little to do in the affair; as, perhaps, these gentlemen could have told us. The fact is, (as we have said,) that they were told to her, as good things;—and this, and this alone, accounts for that utter confusion of dates, names, and titles, with which she has repeated them in her book. Many of them took place before she was born; and we could point out not a few that were actually printed and published at Paris several years before it was honoured with her presence. Of all this Lady Morgan knew nothing. Jests and repartees, stale even to a French lacquey, appeared to her pure novelties; and she saw (in the simplicity of her ignorance) neither difficulty nor danger in appropriating them to conversations of her own, and taking the lion’s share of their merit and importance to herself.

LICENTIOUSNESS.—Lady Morgan quizzes (to borrow her own phraseology) with great taste, the respect which a catholic people pays to the Holy Virgin; but she grows particularly facetious, or, as they say in Ireland, *roguish*, in relating that, on a procession at Boulogne-sur-mer, in honour of the Mother of our Saviour,

‘The priests, to their horror, could not find a single virgin in that maritime city, and were at last obliged to send to a neighbouring village to request the *loan of a virgin*—A virgin was at last procured; a little indeed the worse for the wear; but this was not a moment for fastidiousness, and the Madonna was paraded through the streets.’—i. p. 59.

We say nothing of the staleness of this joke, borrowed from the loose tales of Boccaccio and La Fontaine, nor of the ignorance that travesties a French Notre Dame into an Italian Madonna: we only request our readers to consider what manner of woman she must be that revives and displays such false and detestable grossness of which even a modern jest book would be ashamed.

—In the same spirit, she slyly denominates the priests who walked in company with some young women at a religious procession, ‘*STOUT young priestlings,*’ and she summarily dismisses all the

rest

rest of the persons who attended this pious ceremony as 'the corps dramatique.'—i. 57.

—Some of our readers may have heard the title of a most profigate French novel called '*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.' We had hoped that no British female had ever seen this detestable book; it seems we were mistaken. Lady Morgan sneers at the Court of Louis XVIII. 'because all "*Liaisons Dangereuses*" are banished from it.' p. 132. And, lest her meaning should be mistaken, she distinguishes '*Liaisons Dangereuses*' by marks of quotation, and goes on to say that when *piety* usurps *their* place, (i. e. the place of deliberate seduction and debauchery, or, as she delicately words it, of 'gallantry and the graces,') it is as if chimney sweepers were to usurp the place of Cupids. *ibid.* But even upon this subject she contrives to evince her ignorance, and attributes this work and the other abominable works of La Clos, to the respectable historian Duclos.

But Lady Morgan appears equally well read in the loose volumes of Pigault Le Brun, and recommends the character of a prostitute in one of them, in the following terms:—

'The charge of coarseness made in France against the author, is too well founded to admit of defence; but the mind that originated the frail but *fascinating* character of *Fanchette*, in the *Macédoine*, one of the most amusing and philosophical of his tales, is surely capable of great elegance and refinement of conception. But for her "*Vertu de moins*," there are few female writers, however delicate or celebrated, who would have disdained the creation of such a character, as the tender, generous and devoted *Fanchette*,'—ii. p. 227.

This *vertu de moins* is a gay and civil mode of expressing one of the deadly sins, &c. and Lady Morgan quotes with great apparent delight an observation of one of her friends on this subject.

'Speaking on this subject to a very clever and very witty French woman, Mad. d'E***d, she observed respecting the decency, even of the women most notably gallant, "*Les Françaises sont les seules femmes peut-être à qui il soit permis d'avoir des torts; car elles seules s'attachent à leurs devoirs et à la décence, quand même elles ont une vertu de moins*"!'—i. 190.

But Lady Morgan appears to go beyond even the indulgence to crime which these words imply, for she says distinctly in another place:—

'It is no uncommon thing in France, to see the most lasting attachment succeed to the most lively passion; and *all* that was faulty, in unlicensed love, become *all* that is respectable, in disinterested friendship.'—i. 163, 164.

In no very delicate phrase Lady Morgan violently reproaches D'Alembert that his connexion with Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was too Platonic—she would have had it a little more substantial.

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'The Academy was to D'Alembert another Mademoiselle de l'Es-pinasse. In his connexion with either, there was not a trace of energy of character, or of mental manhood.—All was feebleness and subjection. He carried the love letters of the one to his rivals, and he seconded the tyranny of the other in his discourses.'—ii. 151. 152.

With these principles we are not surprized to find Lady Morgan applauding the farce of Figaro as one of the most amusing and *philosophical* which any language has produced.—ii. p. 46. 'The representation of which (she says) she could have attended every night it was played, while the inimitable Tartuffe inimitably acted, almost put her to sleep.'—ii. 118.

In this philosophical farce the chief character is a young page who longs for every woman he sees, while all the others are employed in different ways in the same kind of pursuit; whereas in poor Molière, the lady, in whose character Mademoiselle Mars exhausted the patience of Lady Morgan, was a woman of *virtue*, and this tedious play ends in the discomfiture of the adulterer.

—But the climax of Lady Morgan's laxity will be found in nine pages (169 to 177) of eulogy upon a Madame D'Houdetot, an avowed adulteress, and, if we are to believe Lady Morgan's friendly account, a prostitute: we shall not sully our pages by more particular extracts, we shall only say that Lady Morgan, after telling us that this Madame D'Houdetot passed through the hands of Voltaire, St. Lambert, Rousseau, &c. and became, in old age, the mistress of a Monsieur S. concludes by

'lamenting that she arrived too late to have seen this interesting and extraordinary woman; but occasionally associating with those who once had the happiness to live with her, and *delightedly tracked* the print of her steps in those elegant circles, over which she once presided.'—p. 176.

Lady Morgan is so very figurative in her expressions that we apprehend, however blameable the countenance given in this passage to vice may be, it would be uncandid and unjust to take her *au pied de la lettre*, and suppose that she would *really have found delight in tracing the steps* of Madame D'Houdetot.

IMPIETY.—Madame de Maintenon declares that some of the gay men of the court were 'pleins de grandes impiétés, et de sentimens d'ingratitude envers le roi.' To us, who have been taught to 'fear God and honour the King,' this does not seem a very extraordinary, nor a very hazardous remark; but Lady Morgan is of a different mind, and parodies Scripture for the purpose of turning it into ridicule.—'It was the *fashion* of that pious day to confound the sovereign and the Deity, and to consider the king both "*as the law and the prophets*" within the *purlieus* of his own court.'—p. 47.

—Lady Morgan is enamoured 'of the highly-prized petits soupers of Paris, the point de rassemblement of wit, pleasure, and fashion,'

and

and these, in her impious jargon, she calls 'the PASSOVER of family re-union;' words which have really no meaning, and excite no idea but that of disgust and horror at the profanation on which this audacious worm seems to pride itself.—p. 225. In another place she calls the 'civic dinner' given under the tyranny of Robespierre, (the mere triumph of one bloody faction over another,) 'the *passover* of an *emancipated* people.'

On the subject of a port-folio of water-colour drawings she says:

'These transcripts of the *prima intenzione* of superior genius always appear to me more precious and interesting, than the long-studied, long-laboured task, that time and judgment work into faultlessness. It is like the sublime command, "*Let there be light; and there was light.*"'—ii. 64. 65.

—When she would describe the streets of Paris, it is by a profane allusion—their narrowness is 'an original sin without redemption.'

—On the occasion of the homage paid to the King, she takes the favourable opportunity of uttering another horror. She laments that he is obliged to hear so much flattery, because, 'as the Chevalier de Boufflers says, with more levity than becomes the subject, *Il n'y a que DIEU qui ait un assez grand fond de gaieté pour ne pas s'ennuyer de tous les hommages qu'on lui rend.*'

Levity!—'more levity than becomes the occasion'!—and, with this gentle observation, she registers and disseminates a blasphemy which we dare not translate, and which, if any of our readers has patience to read a second time, he will find to be as silly as it is impious.

—The infamous Volney,—or, in Lady Morgan's opinion, 'the *sublime* Volney, withdraws his *high-born* genius from its devoted career, and descends to the cold and tame pursuit of chronological calculation. His *Histoire de la Chronologie* is undertaken in a very philosophical, and, from some passages which I heard cited, a very sceptical mood. He attempts to prove the history of Moses is a compilation of astronomical facts, that Abraham was a brilliant constellation, and Moses himself Bacchus, or the sun.'—p. 213.

We shall not stop to notice the incredible ignorance even of her *sublime* and *high-born* genius's own works, which this mad woman shews, when she fancies that these 'dreams of the devil' are at all new. We shall merely add, that instead of the horror which our readers feel at this threadbare impiety, Lady Morgan treats it with great coolness as simply 'an attempt to disturb the genealogical line of patriarchal nobility.'

Some of these expressions would have led us to suppose that this Lady Morgan was an atheist; she seems to intimate, however, towards the conclusion of her work, that she is only a deist, and that she has as much and the same kind of religion as the American savages. She says that at a certain fête made for *her*, the manuscripts of the atheist

Voltaire

Voltaire were displayed, and the *sublime* ode of the atheist Chenier, in praise of the said Voltaire, was recited with an emotion on the part of the audience

'only to be felt and understood by this ardent people to whom *genius* is but another word for *divinity*, and who, next to the GREAT SPIRIT, venerate THOSE whom he has most informed with the rays of his own intelligence.'—p. 243.

That is to say, *Voltaire* and *Chenier* are worshipped by Lady Morgan's ardent friends next to what she calls, in imitation of the Iroquois, the *Great Spirit*! and lest any one should mistake her distinct meaning, she distinguishes the words *Great Spirit* by a peculiar type. On the daring blasphemy of the concluding line, which represents the God of all purity as illuminating, with the brightest rays of his own intelligence, the minds of such monsters of vice and infidelity, we almost tremble to think again.

Once more, and we have done.—If it be asked why, with the feelings which we have expressed, we proceed to notice such abominations, we answer, with a pious father of the church, LEGIMUS, NE LEGANTUR.

'Truth wants no ornament; religion is in itself an *abstraction*; "the evidence of things unseen." It is ever to be regretted that the first religious ceremony, mentioned in holy writ, caused the first murder, in the first and only family then upon earth.'—i. p. 60.

Our readers cannot have gone far in this work without being struck with the wonderful similarity of its sentiments and language to those of the *Letters from Paris*,* reviewed in a former Number. Both exhibit the same slavish awe when speaking of the usurper, the same impudent familiarity when noticing the lawful monarch; both profess the same admiration of all that was feeble, and treacherous, and bloody in France; the same hatred of all that was firm, and loyal, and virtuous: both evince the same proneness to profanation, the same audacious contempt of every thing savouring of religion and piety. Both mistake the whinings of a few obscure Jacobins for the general voice of the French people; and both,—more insane than the madman in Horace who kept his seat after the curtain had dropped, and heard *miros tragædos* in an empty theatre,—at a period when every moment brings fresh proof of the return of France to its characteristic loyalty and attachment to its ancient line of kings, can see nothing, can hear of nothing, but plots to overthrow the government, and bring back the golden age of their day-dreams, the reign of rebellion, plunder, and blood.

We shall not, of course, be accused of attributing to Mr. Hobhouse the portentous ignorance and folly of Lady Morgan.—Mr.

* The Substance of some Letters written from Paris, by John Hobhouse, Esq.

Hobhouse, unfortunately for himself, is not ignorant, unless of existing circumstances:—but Lady Morgan (and we record it to her praise) possesses one substantial advantage over him. She insults and vilifies the royal family of France, it is true, but she does not outrage humanity so far as to term them ‘bone-grubbers,’ because they piously sought to give the remains of their sovereign and father, a decent burial.

We must now have done:—to confess the truth we have long since been weary of Lady Morgan, and shall not therefore offend our readers by any further exposure of the wickedness and folly of her book; of both of which we have given an idea less perfect, we readily admit, than we had materials for, but one which will, we hope, prevent, in some degree, the circulation of trash which under the name of a *Lady* author might otherwise find its way into the hands of young persons of both sexes, for whose perusal it is utterly, on the score both of morals and politics, unfit.

The volume closes with four bulky ‘Appendices on Politics, Finance, Law, and Physic, by Sir T. Charles Morgan, M. D.’ thrown in, we presume, as a kind of makeweight to the literary cargo which his lady, *as per contract*, ‘was bound to deliver between the months of November and March.’ Three of them are on subjects of which the Doctor is utterly ignorant; and we therefore think that he has been prudently, as well as kindly, advised ‘to confine his literary mania in future to the ambition of being read by apothecaries.’

We have just received a second edition of Lady Morgan’s *France*, in two volumes, octavo, preceded by a flourishing preface, in which she affects all the intoxication of literary triumph that the rapid success of her quarto should have necessitated a second edition. This is, we fear, of a piece with all the rest, or, in other words, a downright falsehood; we have compared the octavo edition with the quarto, and have no doubt that the former has been printed off from the same types which were set up for the latter, a species of manœuvre which enables a publisher to make two editions out of one; and what puts it beyond doubt that Lady Morgan’s *triumph* is reducible to this trick, is the fact that in this *second* edition not one of the numerous errors of the first (of which both Lady Morgan and her printer had grievously complained) is corrected; nay, the very table of *errata* which accompanied the quarto is carefully reprinted in the octavo. So much for the glory of a rapid sale, and the triumph of a second edition!—And thus Lady Morgan concludes as she began.

NOTE

NOTE on the Article on 'Java.'

The horrible tragedy of 'Dutch cruelty' has already commenced in Java; and it will not stop here.—Scarcely was the ink dry with which we penned the sentence in page 74, to which this refers, when we received the following account of a most atrocious transaction, to which we scarcely know where to look for any parallel, unless it be that of the Black Hole in Calcutta, the massacre of the English in Amboyna, or of the Chinese in Batavia, when the streets of that capital literally ran with blood. We pledge ourselves for the truth of the statement, and by exposing to the whole world a scene of such infamy, feel that we are performing a public duty. May we hope that this exposure will be the means of creating such universal indignation against the parties concerned in the bloody deed, as may prevent the recurrence of such inhuman and disgraceful transactions!

'Towards the latter end of November last, the Petingee or chief of the village of Chipamoonchong, in the district of Chatsem, named Keysa, observing dissatisfaction to prevail among the inhabitants of the district, in consequence of some unauthorized exactions of the Kapala Chootack, and other native chiefs in authority over them, took advantage of the circumstance, and getting several other heads of villages to join, prevailed on a number of the lower class to assemble, under the ostensible plea of going to Indramayo, to lay their grievances before the "Landrost," as the President's assistant who had charge of the police in those districts was usually called.

'Having thus collected together a body of men in the first instance, small parties, under active emissaries, were dispatched to the neighbouring districts to beat up for recruits, and many cases occurred of poor people being actually tied and forced to join the party.

'As they increased in numbers, the party moved towards the river Chimanoek, the boundary between the Indramayo districts and Cheribon, and in their route were joined by all who had, or fancied they had, any grievance to complain of. Among these, it is understood, that very few were from Kandang-houses, but some heads of villages, and a considerable number of the lower class are stated to have joined from the district of Indramayo, and of the latter a number from the lowland Crawang districts.

'At this stage of their progress, it appears to have been first circulated among them that Pungairan Kanooman might be expected from the "sea-side," to join them as their chief. This Pungairan Kanooman, who 'I understand was banished during the insurrection of Bagoos Rangun, is represented to be a descendant of one Seedan, who was the first promoter of the disturbances in Cheribon formerly, and his family have always possessed great influence in the western part of that district.

'Whatever the real object or expectations of the leaders of these deluded people may have been, it is clearly ascertained that not a single chief of rank above the head of a village joined them, or appeared in any manner to give them support or countenance.

'By

' By the time they arrived at Lobenar, a village situated on the banks of the Chimanook, seven palls from Indramayo, the party amounted to about 900 men, which number it never exceeded. It is a fact well worthy of notice, that in the course of a desultory march of near fifty palls, from Chasam to Lobenar, not an instance is known to have occurred of property of any kind having been injured, and although they remained stationary at Lobenar for many days, during which the rice, paddy, cattle, and other property of Mr. Muntsinghe was most temptingly in their way under the charge only of a few slaves, not a single article was touched, nor a human being molested.

' Preparations were now in forwardness by the residents of the Prianger Regencies and Cheribon to attack the insurgents, if they may be so called, and it was carried into execution at Lobenar on the 20th of December. Previous to this, however, they had been attacked more than once by the assistant resident at Indramayo, or under his orders, but he was repulsed, and on one occasion, I understand, with the loss of either four or six European soldiers.

' I cannot pretend, nor is it necessary for me, to describe the operations of Mr. Motman (the Dutch resident) on the 20th; but, as I am informed, his arrangements, however long delayed, doubtless from unavoidable causes, seem to have been judicious and perfectly adequate to the object in view: and his conduct, as well as that of his head assistant, Mr. Van de Poel, during the contest, is represented on all sides as meriting praise for courage and humanity.

' It is estimated that 100 of the insurgents fell in the engagement, and 594 were made prisoners. Keysa, the Petingee who first commenced the insurrection, was observed to be very actively encouraging his men to repel Mr. Motman's attack, and this man was found among the killed.

' When the prisoners were disarmed, Mr. Motman delivered them over to the military, in order that they might be securely guarded to Indramayo: On their arrival there, they were all put into a coffee storehouse within the fort, and the storehouse was surrounded by sentinels. In the course of the night it is stated that an attempt was made, on the part of the prisoners, to escape from confinement,—the soldiers on guard fired upon them, and, horrible to relate, it ended in the massacre of about 300 souls, in cold blood, by the military, under the orders and in the presence of their own officers!

' Mr. Motman, I am told, did all that was in his power to stop this dreadful sacrifice of human blood, but without effect: no attention seems to have been paid to his representations, and he was obliged to submit, as he himself declares, with feelings not to be described, to the spectacle of an unarmed multitude of poor misled creatures whom he had vanquished and made prisoners in the morning, massacred by their own guards, commanded by two officers, one bearing His Netherland Majesty's commission of Captain, and the other of Lieutenant, under the weak, inconceivable, and inhuman pretext that they could not be otherwise responsible for the security of the prisoners, or for their own safety, as the prisoners intended to run "Amook"!

' Will it be credited that a number of unarmed wretches, confined in a secure

a secure teakwood building within a fort, should ever think of attacking a military force surrounding them as guards, and to whom they had but a few hours before surrendered themselves as prisoners, while they had yet arms in their hands?—He must be credulous indeed who can bring his mind to believe this!—If ever the truth comes to light, it will then, I am convinced, be found that an effort to give themselves fresh air, quite natural to so large a body of men confined in a building of comparatively small dimensions, the doors and windows of which were no doubt closed for security, was, by the pusillanimity, if not the cruelty, of their guards, considered as an attempt to escape,—and the scene of blood once begun, the prisoners, apprehending what was to follow, made such resistance as they had in their power in the vain hope of saving their lives.

'But let this be as it may, those who remained alive from the massacre were embarked in coffee prows, and dispatched up the river to Canony Sambong,—and while on the river, the second act of the tragedy took place. An attempt is said to have been again made by the prisoners to escape, and on this occasion many more were sent to the other world to join their companions in misfortune. Indeed so insatiable appears to have been the thirst for Javanese blood, that of 594 taken prisoners by Mr. Motman on the day of the engagement, but 113 arrived alive at this place, where they are now in confinement!

'Many of these men have been examined before the commission appointed by his Netherland majesty's government to investigate the cause of the late insurrection; and as far as I can learn, they agree in stating that their only object was to go to Indramayo, and lay their grievances before the Landrost. In general, their complaints are against the Kapala Chootacks and other native chiefs in immediate authority over them;—and this affords an obvious excuse for their assembling in a body to complain to the European local authority;—which I believe in my soul was the only object the lower class had in view, whatever plans of a more extended or dangerous nature may have actuated Keysa and others of their leaders.'

Chianchore, 22d January, 1817.

It is added that the Dutch had taken to themselves great merit for the gallant conduct displayed by their troops on this occasion—Poor Javanese! what a dreadful change of masters have you experienced!

•• In No. XXXI. (p. 165) we had occasion to mention a very curious Globe, 'in the Library of the Inner Temple,' and which (as our information stated) had been recently whitewashed. The word was not very happily chosen; but we never understood (nor suspected that our readers would understand) by it, that the aforesaid Globe had been literally coated over with lime, but merely painted and embellished. It appears, however, that we were misinformed both as to the situation and condition of this venerable Globe. Sir William Scott, (who is a Bencher of the *Middle Temple*), laudably anxious for the credit of his brethren, directed an inquiry to be made into the facts; and has obligingly favoured us with the result. We believe that the most effectual mode of setting ourselves right with this learned Society and the public in general, will be to print Mr. Phillips's letter.

'Sir William

'I am desired by Mr. Reaston to acquaint you that the Globes stated by the Quarterly Review to have been whitewashed are in the *Middle Temple Library* in excellent preservation

'*Middle Temple, March 5, 1817.*

'I am, &c.

'J. PHILLIPS.'

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